Aug. 18, 1951

THE NEW YORKER

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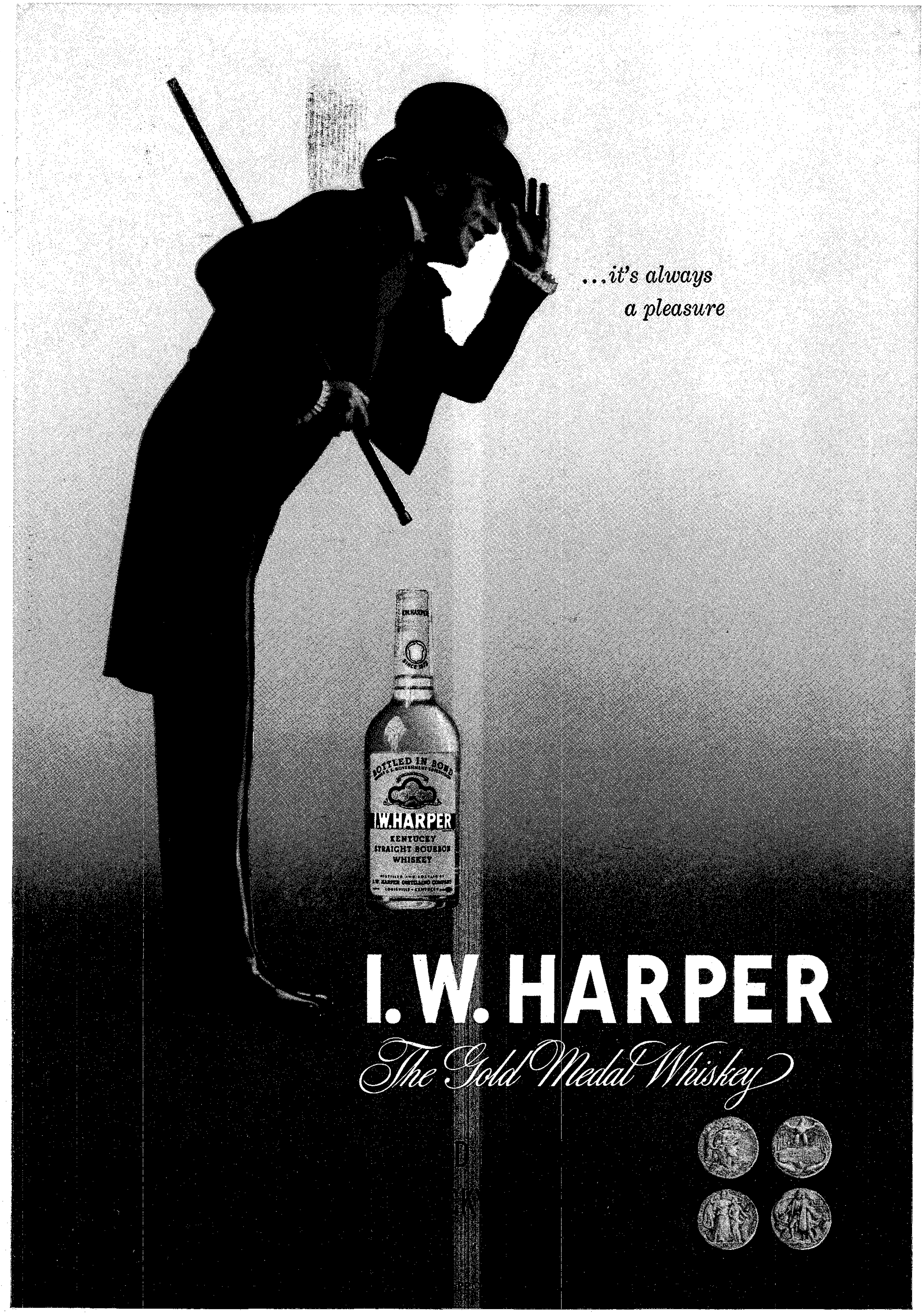
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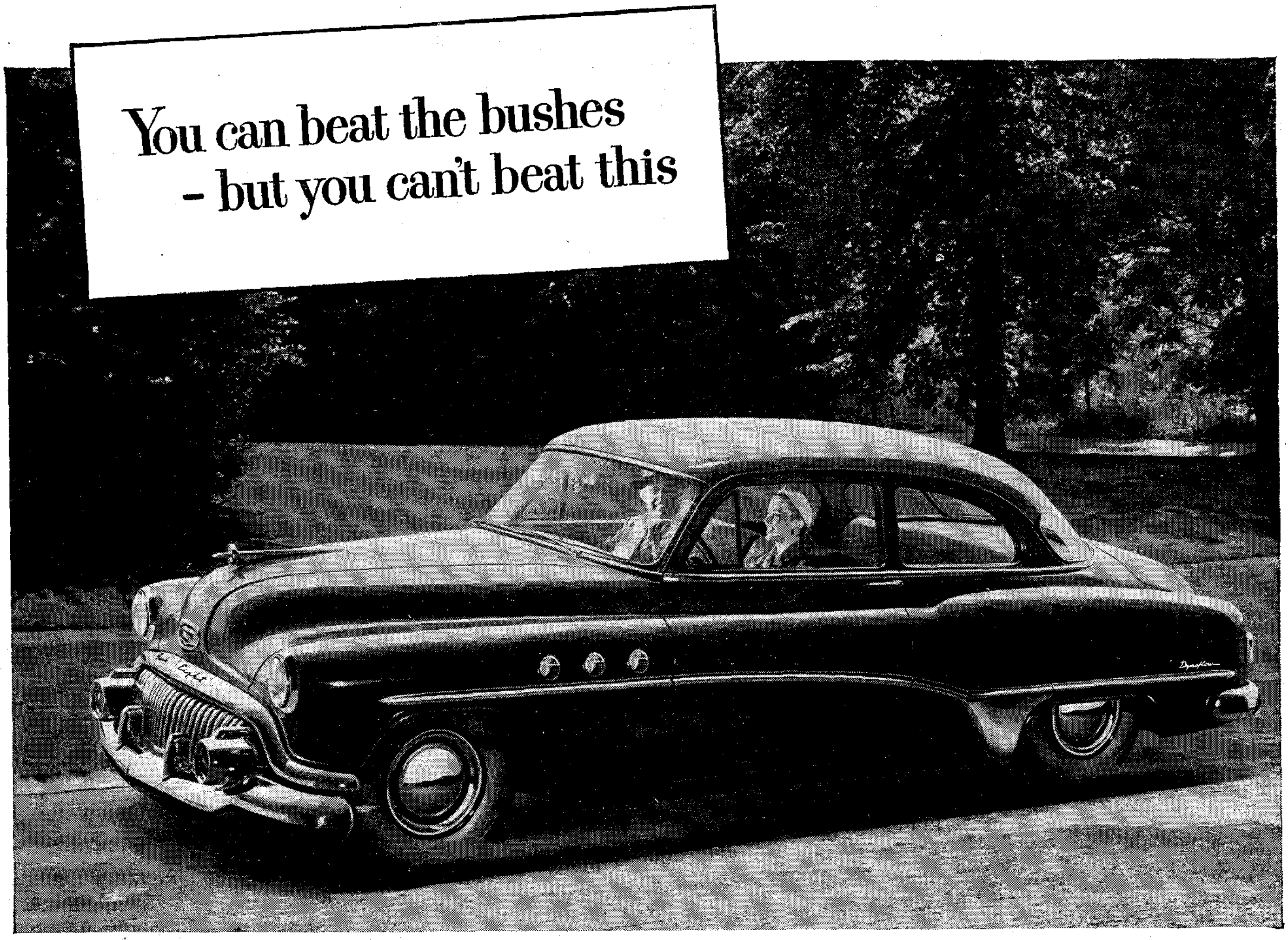

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

THE THEATRE

(E. and W. mean East and West of Broadway.)

PLAYS

The Moon Is Blue—A glossy comedy by F. Hugh Herbert, in which Barry Nelson, Donald Cook, and Barbara Bel Geddes figure as an upstanding architect, an affable roué, and a talkative virgin, respectively. All are likable, and Mr. Herbert's lines are often bright. (Henry Miller, 43rd St., E. BR 9-3970. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Thursdays and Saturdays at 2:30.)

The Rose Tattoo—Like his previous plays, Tennessee Williams' latest is laid in the South, but his heroine this time is neither doomed nor demented, and the result on the whole is very appealing. Maureen Stapleton and Eli Wallach are wonderfully adept in the leading roles. (Martin Beck, 45th St., W. CI 6-6363. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:40.)

Stalag 17—This rather old-fashioned melodrama, tricked out with some pretty rough jokes, will clearly please its own particular public, though it may well distress the fastidious. José Ferrer is the director, and in the cast are John Ericson, Robert Strauss, Harvey Lembeck, Laurence Hugo, and Frank Maxwell. (48th Street Theatre, 48th St., E. CI 5-4396. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:40.)

Long Run—AFFAIRS OF STATE: June Havoc involved with love and politics in Washington, D.C. (Music Box, 45th St., W. CI 6-4636. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:30.)

MUSICALS

Guys and Dolls—A triumphant comedy taken from one of Damon Runyon's stories. The book is the work of Abe Burrows and Jo Swerling, Frank Loesser wrote the music and lyrics, and the dashing cast is headed by Isabel Bigley, Sam Levene, and Robert Alda. Martha Stewart has replaced Vivian Blaine, who is on vacation. (46th Street Theatre, 46th St., W. CI 6-4271. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:30.)

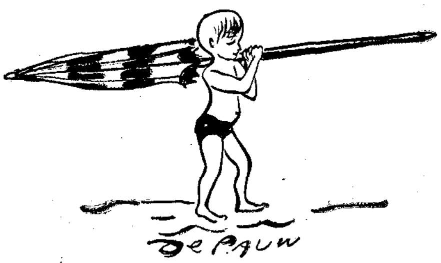
The King and I—Rodgers and Hammerstein again, and again with a diverting book and tunes. The story has to do with the effect a strong-willed English teacher has upon a royal Siamese. Gertrude Lawrence and Yul Brynner head a top-notch cast. (St. James, 44th St., W. LA 4-4664. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:25. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:25.)

Seventeen—An orthodox but not unattractive musical version of the Tarkington classic, with a book by Sally Benson. The cast includes Ann Crowley, Kenneth Nelson, Frank Albertson, and Doris Dalton. (Broadhurst, 44th St., W. CI 6-6699. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:30.)

A Tree Grows in Brooklyn—Shirley Booth gives a really superb comic performance in this gay and touching adaptation of Betty Smith's novel. George Abbott helped Miss Smith with the book, Arthur Schwartz and Dorothy Fields turned out the excellent songs, and Jo Mielziner designed the sets. The cast, in addition to Miss Booth, includes Johnny Johnston, Marcia Van Dyke, and Nathaniel Frey. (Alvin, 52nd St., W. CI 5-5226. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:30.)

Two on the Aisle—A revue with Bert Lahr, Dolores Gray, and Elliott Reid. Like most revues, it has some good things in it and more that are not so good. (Mark Hellinger, Broadway at 51st St. PL 7-7064. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:30.)

Long Runs—CALL ME MADAM: Ethel Merman, the lady ambassador, surrounded by, among others, Paul Lukas, Alan Hewitt, and Pat Harrington. (Imperial, 45th St., W. CO 5-2412. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:30.) . . . **GENTLEMEN PREFER BLONDES:** Carol Channing is Lorelei Lee, and Shirl Conway and Jack McCauley some of her peculiar friends in the Anita Loos story. (Ziegfeld, Sixth Ave. at 54th St. CI 5-5200. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:30.) . . . **SOUTH PACIFIC:** Melodious life on an island within small-boat distance of Bali Ha'i. Roger Rico is currently playing opposite Martha Wright. (Majestic, 44th St., W. CI 6-0730. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:25. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:25.)



A CONSCIENTIOUS CALENDAR OF EVENTS OF INTEREST

S	M	T	W	T	F	S
				16	17	18
19	20	21	22	23	24	25

THE SUMMER CIRCUIT

(A more or less arbitrary listing of summer theatres and their program schedules. Dates and billings are subject to frequent revision.)

Abingdon—Through Saturday, Aug. 18: "Some Sweet Day," a new play. Monday and Tuesday, Aug. 20-21: "The Merchant of Venice." Wednesday and Thursday, Aug. 22-23: "Two on an Island." Friday and Saturday, Aug. 24-25: "Mr. Thing," a new play by Mary Chase. (Barter Theatre, Abingdon, Va. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:15. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturday, Aug. 25, at 2:30.)

Andover—Through Saturday, Aug. 18: Joan Blondell in "Come Back, Little Sheba." Monday through Saturday, Aug. 20-25: Ruth Chatterton in "O Mistress Mine." (Grist Mill Playhouse, Andover, N.J. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2:30.)

Cape May—Through Saturday, Aug. 18: "Death of a Salesman." Monday through Saturday, Aug. 20-25: "Come Back, Little Sheba." (Cape Theatre, Cape May, N.J. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40.)

Chatham—Through Saturday, Aug. 18: "While the Sun Shines." Wednesday through Saturday, Aug. 22-25: "The Browning Version" and "The Country Slicker." (Monomoy Theatre, Chatham, Mass. Wednesdays through Saturdays at 8:30. Matinées Thursdays at 2:30.)

Page
BOOKS 74
THE CURRENT CINEMA 54
MUSICAL EVENTS:
POPULAR RECORDS 62
ON AND OFF THE AVENUE:
ABOUT THE HOUSE 56
THE RACE TRACK 73

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CHANGE OF ADDRESS

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Clinton—Through Saturday, Aug. 18: John Loder in "Second Threshold." Monday through Saturday, Aug. 20-25: Constance Bennett in "Skylark." (Clinton Playhouse, Clinton, Conn. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays and Fridays at 2:30.)

Cohasset—Through Saturday, Aug. 18: "Brigadoon." Monday through Saturday, Aug. 20-25: "Song of Norway." (South Shore Music Circus, Cohasset, Mass. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Thursdays at 2:30.)

Coonamessett—Through Saturday, Aug. 18: Betty Field in "They Knew What They Wanted." Monday through Saturday, Aug. 20-25: Jessica Tandy and Hume Cronyn in "The Fourposter," a new play by Jan de Hartog. (Falmouth Playhouse, Coonamessett-on-Cape Cod, Mass. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:30.)

Cragsmoor—Through Sunday, Aug. 19: "Blithe Spirit." Tuesday through Sunday, Aug. 21-26: "The Whole Town's Talking." (Cragsmoor Theatre, Cragsmoor, N.Y. Nightly, except Mondays, at 8:45. Matinées Sundays at 2:45.)

Danbury—Through Saturday, Aug. 18: "Rose Marie." Thursday through Saturday, Aug. 23-25 (final performances of the season): "Blossom Time." (Danbury Fair, Danbury, Conn. Thursdays through Saturdays at 8:30.)

Dennis—Through Saturday, Aug. 18: Roddy McDowall in "The Youngest." Monday through Saturday, Aug. 20-25: Imogene Coca in "Happy Birthday." (Cape Playhouse, Dennis, Mass. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Fridays at 2:30.)

Duxbury—Through Saturday, Aug. 18: "The Family Upstairs." Wednesday through Saturday, Aug. 22-25: "The Bat." (Duxbury Theatre, Duxbury, Mass. Wednesdays through Saturdays at 8:30.)

East Hampton—Through Saturday, Aug. 18: Eddie Dowling in "Border Be Damned," a new play by Paul Vincent Carroll. Monday through Saturday, Aug. 20-25: "Alice in Wonderland," a new musical. (John Drew Theatre, East Hampton, L.I. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:45. Matinées Wednesdays and Fridays at 2:40.)

Fayetteville—Through Sunday, Aug. 19: "Brigadoon." Tuesday through Sunday, Aug. 21-26 (final performances of the season): Olivia de Havilland in "Candida." (Country Playhouse, Fayetteville, N.Y. Nightly, except Monday, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesday and Saturday at 2:30.)

Fitchburg—Through Saturday, Aug. 18: "The Chocolate Soldier." Monday through Saturday, Aug. 20-25: William Bendix in "Detective Story." (Lake Whalom Playhouse, Fitchburg, Mass. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:20. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:20.)

Hyannis—Through Saturday, Aug. 18: "The Red Mill." Monday through Saturday, Aug. 20-25: "Rose Marie." (Cape Cod Music Circus, Hyannis, Mass. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Thursdays and Saturdays at 2:30.)

Ivoryton—Through Saturday, Aug. 18: Carol Bruce in "Pal Joey." Monday through Saturday, Aug. 20-25: Eve Arden in "Here Today." (Ivoryton Playhouse, Ivoryton, Conn. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:45. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:30.)

Lambertville—Through Sunday, Aug. 19: "High Button Shoes." Tuesday through Sunday, Aug. 21-26: "Naughty Marietta." (Lambertville Music Circus, Lambertville, N. J. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8:30, and Sundays at 8. Matinées Saturdays at 2:30.)

Mahopac—Through Saturday, Aug. 18: "A Streetcar Named Desire." Tuesday through Saturday, Aug. 21-25: "Angel Street." (Put-

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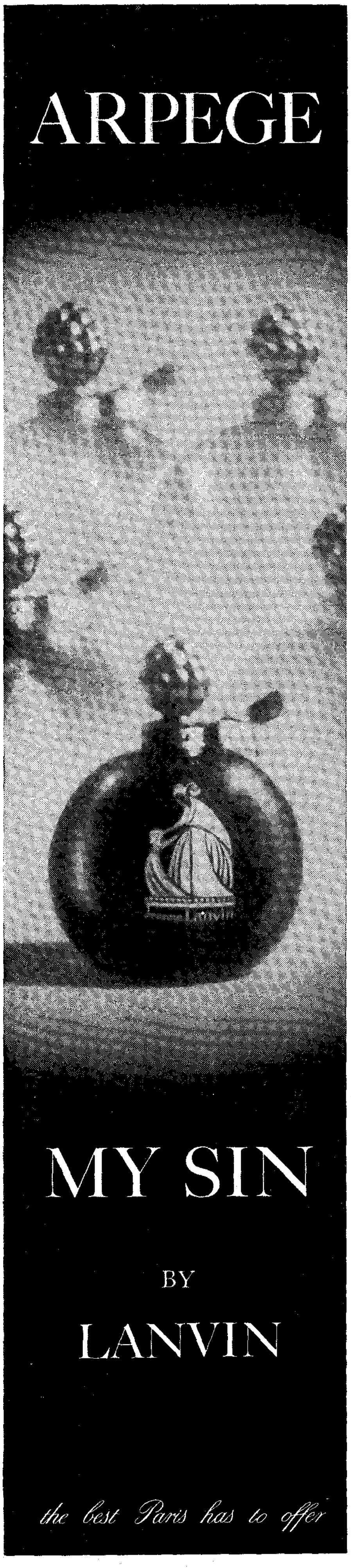

BOTTLED AND PACKAGED IN FRANCE

nam County Playhouse, Mahopac, N.Y. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8:40.)

Marblehead—Through Saturday, Aug. 18: Kay Francis in "Mirror, Mirror," a new play by George Oppenheimer. Monday through Saturday, Aug. 20-25: Melvyn Douglas and Signe Hasso in "Glad Tidings," a new play. (Marblehead Playhouse, Marblehead, Mass. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2:40.)

Millburn—Through Saturday, Aug. 18: "Sweethearts." Starting Monday, Aug. 20: "Sally." (Paper Mill Playhouse, Millburn, N.J. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:30.)

Mountainhome—Through Saturday, Aug. 18: Dane Clark in "Heaven Can Wait." Monday through Saturday, Aug. 20-25: "The Silver Whistle." (Pocono Playhouse, Mountainhome, Pa. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:40.)

Mount Kisco—Through Saturday, Aug. 18: J. Edward Bromberg in "They Knew What They Wanted." Monday through Saturday, Aug. 20-25: Nancy Walker and Paul Hartman in "Anything Goes." (Westchester Playhouse, Mount Kisco, N.Y. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturday, Aug. 25, at 2:40.)

Moylan—Thursday, Aug. 16: "The Imaginary Invalid." Friday, Aug. 17: "Thunder on the Left." Saturday, Aug. 18: "No Exit." Tuesday, Aug. 21: "Six Characters in Search of an Author." Wednesday, Aug. 22: "The Man Who Corrupted Hadleyburg." Thursday through Saturday, Aug. 23-25: "In the Summerhouse," a new play. (Hedgerow Theatre, Moylan, Pa. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8:30.)

New Hope—Through Saturday, Aug. 18: Katharine Bard and Philip Bourneuf in "Pygmalion." Monday through Saturday, Aug. 20-25: John Loder in "Second Threshold." (Bucks County Playhouse, New Hope, Pa. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:30.)

Newport—Through Saturday, Aug. 18: Joan Bennett in "Susan and God." Monday through Saturday, Aug. 20-25: Dane Clark in "Heaven Can Wait." (Casino Theatre, Newport, R.I. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:30.)

Norwich—Through Saturday, Aug. 18: "Lend an Ear." Monday through Saturday, Aug. 20-25: Miriam Hopkins in "Told to the Children," a new play. (Norwich Summer Theatre, Norwich, Conn. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:30.)

Ogunquit—Through Saturday, Aug. 18: Arthur Treacher in "Clutterbuck." Monday through Saturday, Aug. 20-25: "Brigadoon." (Ogunquit Playhouse, Ogunquit, Maine. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:30.)

Olney—Through Sunday, Aug. 19: Basil Rathbone in "The Gioconda Smile." Tuesday through Sunday, Aug. 21-26: Kay Francis in "Mirror, Mirror," a new play by George Oppenheimer. (Olney Theatre, Olney, Md. Nightly, except Mondays, at 8:40. Matinées Saturdays and Sundays at 2:40.)

Pawling—Through Sunday, Aug. 19: "The Curious Savage." Tuesday through Sunday, Aug. 21-26: "The Happy Time." (Starlight Theatre, Pawling, N.Y. Nightly, except Mondays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2:30.)

Peterborough—Through Saturday, Aug. 18: "Over 21." Starting Wednesday, Aug. 22: "Look Ma, I'm Dancing." (Peterborough Players, Peterborough, N.H. Wednesdays through Saturdays at 8:40.)

Princeton—Through Saturday, Aug. 18: William Bendix in "Detective Story." Monday through Saturday, Aug. 20-25: Joan Bennett in "Susan and God." (Princeton Summer Theatre, Princeton, N.J. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:30.)

Provincetown—Through Saturday, Aug. 18: "An Innocent in Time," a new play. Monday through Saturday, Aug. 20-25: "The Chief Thing." (Provincetown Playhouse, Provincetown, Mass. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30.)

Saratoga Springs—Through Saturday, Aug. 18: Burgess Meredith in "The Silver Whistle." Monday through Saturday, Aug. 20-25: Carol Bruce in "Pal Joey." (Spa Theatre, Saratoga Springs, N.Y. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:40.)

Sea Cliff—Through Saturday, Aug. 18: "Brigadoon." Monday through Saturday, Aug. 20-25: Joan Blondell in "Come Back, Little Sheba." (Sea Cliff Summer Theatre, Sea Cliff, L.I. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Thursdays and Fridays at 2:30.)

Skowhegan—Through Saturday, Aug. 18: Zasu Pitts in "Post Road." Monday through Saturday, Aug. 20-25: "Present Laughter." (Lakewood Theatre, Skowhegan, Maine. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:30.)

Smithtown Branch—Through Saturday, Aug. 18: "The Voice of the Turtle." Monday through Saturday, Aug. 20-25: "Dracula." (Old Town Theatre, Smithtown Branch, L.I. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Thursdays at 2:40.)

Spring Lake—Through Saturday, Aug. 18: "Death Takes a Holiday." Tuesday through Saturday, Aug. 21-25: "My Sister Eileen." (Ivy Tower Playhouse, Spring Lake, N.J. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8:45. Matinées Tuesdays at 2:30.)

Stockbridge—Through Saturday, Aug. 18: "The Silver Whistle." Monday through Saturday, Aug. 20-25: Leo G. Carroll in "Home at Seven," a new play by R. C. Sherriff. (Berkshire Playhouse, Stockbridge, Mass. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:45. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:30.)

Westhampton Beach—Through Saturday, Aug. 18: Lawrence Tibbett in "Rain." Monday through Saturday, Aug. 20-25: "Angel Street." (Westhampton Playhouse, Westhampton Beach, L.I. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays at 2:30.)

Westport—Through Saturday, Aug. 18: "Alice in Wonderland," a new musical. Monday through Saturday, Aug. 20-25: Edna Best in "The Foreign Language," a new play by S. N. Behrman. (Westport Country Playhouse, Westport, Conn. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays and Fridays at 2:40.)

Woodstock—Through Sunday, Aug. 19: "Night Must Fall." Tuesday through Sunday, Aug. 21-26: "The Respectful Prostitute" and "Goodbye, Miss Lizzie Borden." (Woodstock Playhouse, Woodstock, N.Y. Nightly, except Mondays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays at 2:40.)

Note—**JACOB'S PILLOW DANCE FESTIVAL:** Programs of ballet and modern and ethnic dancing. Friday and Saturday, Aug. 17-18: Kurt and Grace Graff, La Meri and Di Falco, and others. Friday and Saturday, Aug. 24-25: Melissa Hayden and Herbert Bliss, José Limón and his company, and Ruth St. Denis. (Lee, Mass. Fridays and Saturdays at 4 and 9. The Festival will continue through Saturday, Sept. 1.) . . . **AMERICAN DANCE FESTIVAL:** Dance programs, including several new works, with José Limón and his company, the Dudley-Maslow-Bales Trio, Pauline Koner, and Charles Weidman. (Palmer Auditorium, New London, Conn. Thursday through Saturday, Aug. 16-18, at 8:30, and Saturday and Sunday, Aug. 18-19, at 3.)

NIGHT LIFE

(Some places at which you will find music or other entertainment. They are open every evening, except as indicated.)

DINNER, SUPPER, AND DANCING

Ambassador, Park Ave. at 51st St. (PL 5-1000)—In the indoor but airy Garden, the dance orchestra of Jules Lande stirs a mild breeze at dinner and supper every night but Sunday.

Astor Roof, Broadway at 44th St. (JU 6-3000)—Under one of the biggest rooftrees in the world, Sammy Kaye's orchestra provides dance music after eight-thirty. Closed Sundays.

Biltmore, Madison Ave. at 43rd St. (MU 7-

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

7000)—There's string music every day but Sunday in the Palm Court at cocktail time, and on the Cascades Roof, which is closed Sundays, during dinner. No dancing in either place.

Carlton House, Madison Ave. at 61st St. (TE 8-3000)—Most of the cast of the late Ritz-Carlton's Oval Room, including Emery Deutsch's gentle musicians, is around the restaurant here at dinner, except Sundays. No dancing.

El Morocco, 154 E. 54th St. (EL 5-8769)—A famous wayside inn with a palm garden, a small bar, and some interesting old Michael Arlen characters. Chauncey Gray's orchestra and Chiquito's rumba band for dancing. Closed Sundays.

New Yorker, Eighth Ave. at 34th St. (LO 3-1000)—The Terrace Room's show manages to cram an amazing amount of skating onto one small cake of ice. Dancing on dry land to Bernie Cummins' orchestra. Closed Sundays.

Pierre, Fifth Ave. at 61st St. (TE 8-8000)—Stanley Worth's quartet plays for cocktail, dinner, and supper dancing in the Café Pierre.

Plaza, Fifth Ave. at 58th St. (PL 9-3000)—The Rendez-Vous Room, a seigneury devoted to the comfort of those who are fond of light wines and dancing, offers Maximillian Bergere's and Nicolas Matthey's orchestras after eight-thirty. Closed Sundays. . . . ¶ Leo LeFleur's music tinkles in the Palm Court during the cocktail hour. No dancing. Closed Saturdays and Sundays.

Roosevelt, Madison Ave. at 45th St. (MU 6-9200)—Mark Monte and his Continentals are the principal purveyors of dinner and supper dance music in the Grill. Closed Sundays.

St. Regis, Fifth Ave. at 55th St. (PL 3-4500)—The Roof is a big and beautiful débutantes' delight. The dance bands of Horace Diaz and Milt Shaw, which perform all evening, abet the mood it implies. Closed Sundays.

Savoy-Plaza, Fifth Ave. at 59th St. (EL 5-2600)—Irving Conn's dance orchestra is in the Café Lounge at dinner and supper, as well as for tea dancing every afternoon.

Stork Club, 3 E. 53rd St. (PL 3-1940)—An orchestra and a rumba band play for dancing in one of the alcoves, though the customers would rather just talk to and about each other. Closed Sunday, and closes Tuesday, Aug. 21, until after Labor Day.

Tavern-on-the-Green, Central Park W. at 67th St. (SC 4-8100)—The tree-lined terrace is ideal for nights when it's so warm the only covering you want is a blanket of stars. Dancing.

Versailles, 151 E. 50th St. (PL 8-0310)—Headquarters (fortunately cooled to a turn) for the rumba fiends, who are egged on, after nine, by Panchito's band and Emile Petti's orchestra.

Waldorf-Astoria, Park Ave. at 49th St. (EL 5-3000)—Miguelito Valdes' and Mischa Borr's dance bands deploy at dinner and supper on the Starlight Roof, and the three Hamiltons knock off a few dance steps. On Sundays, Mr. Borr's group plays until twelve all by itself.

Note—The high-in-the-sky Rainbow Room, an enormously spacious oasis, is open, but only for cocktails, from four-thirty to nine. There is soft music now and then by Chico-Relli's trio, and not a single taxi horn. Closed Sundays. The address: 30 Rockefeller Plaza. The phone: CI 6-5800.

SMALL AND CHEERFUL

(No dancing, unless noted.)

LE COQ ROUGE, 65 E. 56th St. (PL 3-8887): Eddie Davis, who practically invented the coming-out party, starts his bouncy music at eight-thirty. Phil D'Arcy's trio is here, too. Closed Saturdays and Sundays. . . . **TONI'S CAPRICE**, 112 E. 52nd St. (PL 3-6255): One of the town's best-dressed hideaways, with piano music by Alex Fogarty from nine until curfew. Closed Saturdays and Sundays. . . . **LITTLE CLUB**, 70 E. 55th St. (PL 3-9425): Hustle and bustle, hustle and bustle all week long. Ex-

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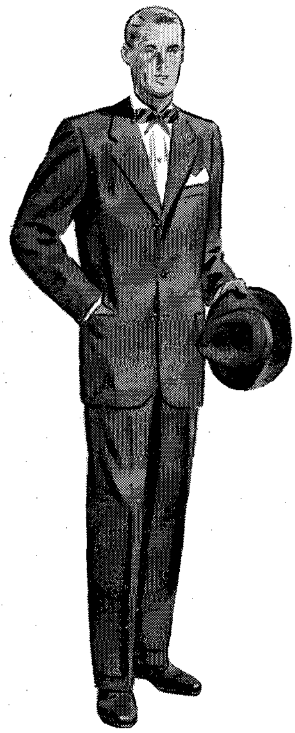

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

cept Sundays, Ira Brant's trio thumps away after ten. . . . **ARMANDO'S**, 54 E. 55th St. (PL 3-0760): An almost prehistoric play pen, affording piano and violin (of sorts) after nine-thirty for relaxed romanticists. Closed Sundays. . . . **EL CHICO**, 80 Grove St., at Sheridan Sq. (CH 2-4646): Spain the way it looks in the posters, with furious indigenous dances by both cast and clients. Closed Sundays and Mondays. . . . **NINO**, 10 E. 52nd St. (PL 3-9014): In the bar of this busy example of 1960 décor, Harry Meyerowitz plays piano from cocktails through supper. Closed Saturdays and Sundays. . . . **LA ZAMBRA**, 127 W. 52nd St. (CI 7-9131): A casual setting in which Vicente Gomez offers his dinner and supper guitar sessions. Closed Tuesdays. . . . **DRAKE ROOM**, 71 E. 56th St. (PL 5-0600): Addison Bailey is at the piano during dinner and supper, except Sundays. . . . **LA COMMEDIA**, 59 W. 52nd St. (PL 9-3477): Sheila Barrett, a mordant old-timer whose caricatures are the equivalent of burnings in effigy, has returned to the wars. Laurie Brewis is at his piano most of the evening. Closed Sundays.

BIG AND BRASSY

(Dancing, unless otherwise noted.)

RIVIERA, Fort Lee, N.J. (Fort Lee 8-2000): Country life in the Times Square manner, with an unparalleled view of the George Washington Bridge. There's a good deal of nourishing humor in what Peter Lind Hayes and Mary Healy have to say to one another. On Thursday, Aug. 23, Victor Borge, a gabby and generally amusing pianist, will move in. . . . **LATIN QUARTER**, Broadway at 48th St. (CI 6-1737): The show here can take a long time to pass a given point, but there's Juanita Hall, intoning unusual ballads in an unusual voice, as well as the light-as-air waltzings of François and Giselle Szony.

SUPPER CLUBS

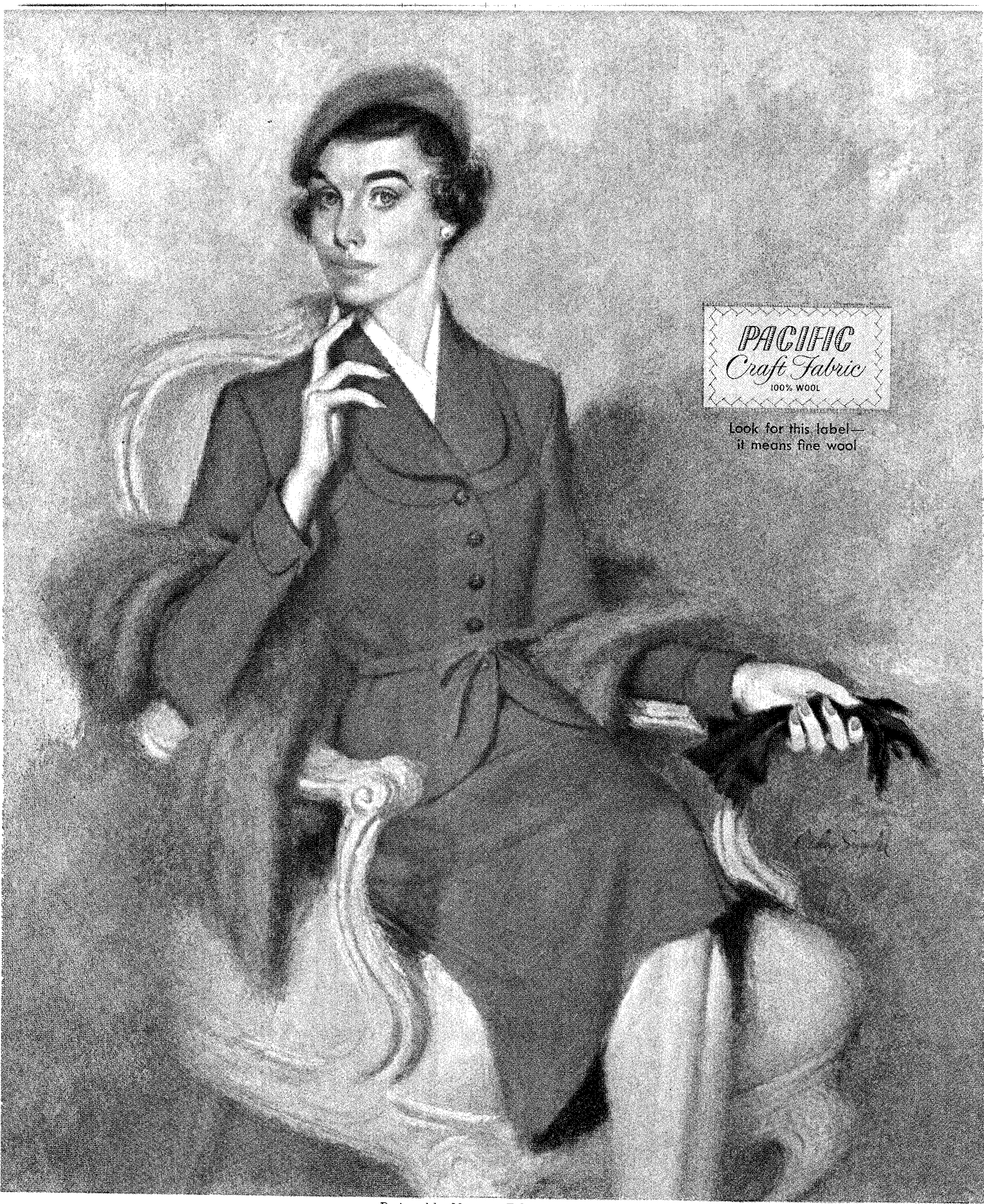
(No dancing, unless noted.)

BLUE ANGEL, 152 E. 55th St. (PL 3-5998): In the lounge, starting about ten, Eadie and Rack play the prettiest, gayest, and most complex four-hand piano south of the Juilliard School. Closed Sundays. . . . **VILLAGE VANGUARD**, 178 Seventh Ave. S., at 11th St. (CH 2-9355): Shoshana Damari, a fetching nightingale from Israel, and Orson Bean, a bland conversationalist who may turn out to be the most comical newcomer of the year. Between shows, the brisk dance music of Clarence Williams' trio, which includes Karl Lynch. Closed Sundays. . . . **ONE FIFTH AVENUE**, Fifth Ave. at 8th St. (SP 7-7000): Bob Downey and Harold Fonville rip off some peppery piano duets, and Hazel Webster, of course, is the solo pianist. Herb Corey is in charge of the humor. Antique movies on Sundays. . . . **BYLINE ROOM**, 137 E. 52nd St. (PL 3-4759): Except Sundays, Mabel Mercer offers her lyric research into the pastimes of us moderns. Sam Hamilton is at the piano. The scene is the small loft over the tumultuous Show Spot bar. . . . **BON SOIR**, 40 W. 8th St. (OR 4-0531): Norene Tate's songs are full of sweet sorrow; those of Alice Ghostley and G. Wood are full of stuff and nonsense. Gene Fields' trio raps out jump music at the drop of a hat. Closed Mondays.

MOSTLY FOR MUSIC

(No dancing, unless noted.)

EDDIE CONDON'S, 47 W. 3rd St. (GR 5-8639): There's been no break in the heat wave here for over five years. The prime mover is Wild Bill Davison, and Cutty Cutshall, Buzzy Drootin, Edmond Hall, Bob Casey, Gene Schroeder, and sometimes Mr. Condon help him let joy reign unrefined. Ralph Sutton plays spontaneous-combustion piano between sets. On Tuesdays, visiting tooters compound the chaos. Closed Sundays. . . . **THE EMBERS**, 161 E. 54th St. (PL 9-3228): Amid far more than the comforts of home, there's a sentimental journey to Dixieland by Bobby Hackett's sextet (nice brass trim by Mr. H. and Vic Dickenson, and tasty clarinet marmalade by Gene Sedric) and the out-of-this-world music of Red Norvo, aided by two new names-to-remember—Tal Farlow on guitar and Charles Mingus on bass. Closed Sundays. . . . **NICK'S**,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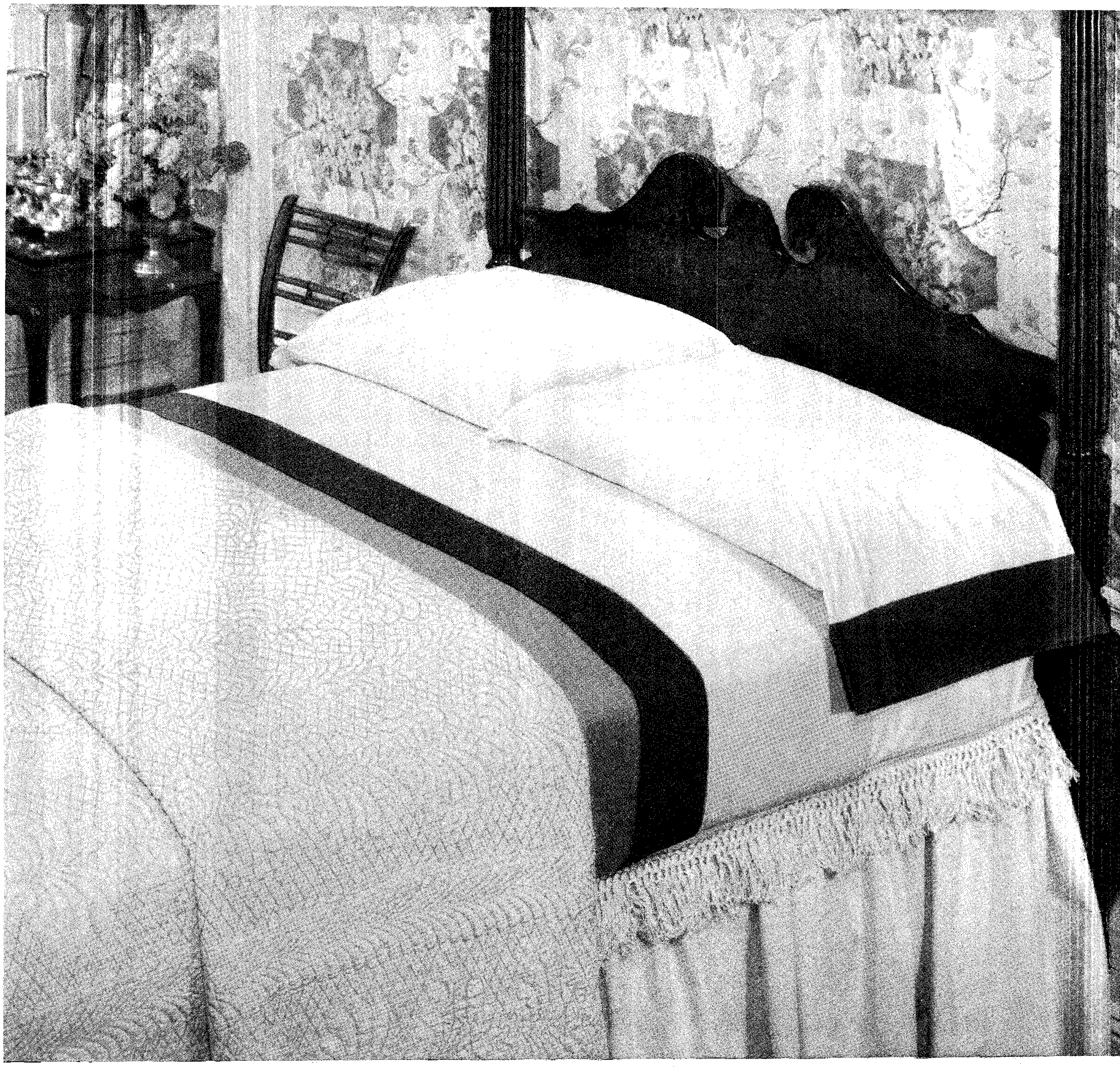

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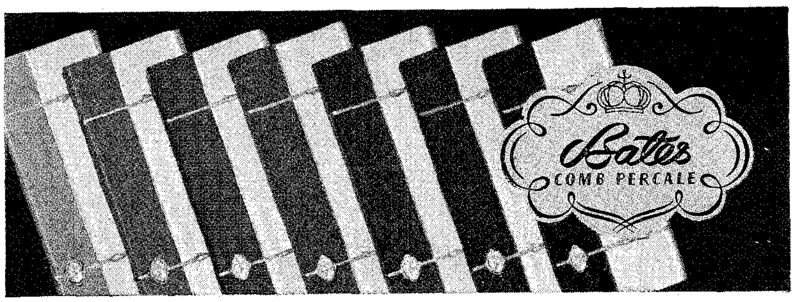

GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

Seventh Ave. S. at 10th St. (CH 2-6683): A group headed by the bumptious Billy Butterfield engages in frequent sessions of rafter-ringing. Jam sessions on Sunday afternoons. Closed Mondays. . . . **JIMMY RYAN'S**, 53 W. 52nd St. (EL 5-9600): A hard-riding posse made up of Jimmy Archey, Henry Goodwin, Pops Foster, Benny Waters, Tommy Benford, and Dick Wellstood. Don Frye, the interlude pianist, goes with the lease. Jam sessions Monday nights; closed Sundays. Dancing. . . . **BIRDLAND**, 1678 Broadway, at 52nd St. (JU 6-1368): There's a high labor turnover in this bustling emporium. At the moment, it's possible that Roy Eldridge, Lennie Tristano's sextet, and Terry Gibbs' band will be on deck when you look in. On Thursday, Aug. 23, George Shearing is expected. . . . **STUYVESANT CASINO**, 140 Second Ave., at 9th St. (GR 3-5289): Those Friday-night shivarees. On Aug. 17, the rumpus will be in charge of Wild Bill Davison, Max Kaminsky, Peewee Russell, Bud Freeman, George Wettling, Yank Lawsen, Bob Haggart, Roy Eldridge, and Ray McKinley. . . . **CENTRAL PLAZA**, 111 Second Ave., at 6th St. (AL 4-9800): More Friday-night fun in a boiler factory. This week (Aug. 17), Willie the Lion Smith, Big Chief Russell Moore, Art Trappier, Sol Yaged, Bobby Sherwood, and Conrad Janis's jazz band will hold forth. Dancing.

DINNER IN THE COUNTRY

(Places to dine while out motoring. Telephoning ahead is always wise; a few places insist on it. No dancing, unless noted.)

BANKSVILLE, N.Y.: La Crémaillère (Bedford Village 4-9311); closed Mondays. . . . **BETHPAGE, L.I.:** Beau Sejour (HIcksville 3-0091); closed Tuesdays. . . . **CITY ISLAND, N.Y.:** Ryan's (CIty Island 8-9807); dancing on Wednesday, Friday, and Saturday evenings. . . . ¶ Thwaite's (CIty Island 8-1023); dancing on Friday and Saturday evenings. . . . **CONGERS, N.Y.:** Jean's (Congers 8-6178); closed Mondays. . . . **DANBURY, CONN.:** White Turkey Inn (Danbury 3-2726). . . . **EAST NORWICH, L.I.:** Rothmann's Inn (OYster Bay 6-0266). . . . **FISHKILL, N.Y.:** Boni's Inn (Beacon 167); closed Mondays. . . . ¶ Gertrude Hart's (Beacon 979). . . . **GARRISON, N.Y.:** Bird and Bottle (Garrison 4-3342); closed Mondays and Tuesdays. . . . **GLENWOOD LANDING, L.I.:** Swan Club (ROslyn 3-0037); dancing every evening except Monday. . . . **HARTSDALE, N.Y.:** Tordo's (WHite Plains 8-0597). . . . **HUNTINGTON, L.I.:** René's (Huntington 4-2309); closed Tuesdays. . . . **LAKE SUCCESS, L.I.:** Mori's (GReat Neck 2-3600); closed Tuesdays. . . . **NORWALK, CONN.:** Silvermine Tavern (Norwalk 6-2588). . . . ¶ Stirrup-Cup (Norwalk 6-5044); dancing on Saturday evenings. . . . **PORT WASHINGTON, L.I.:** Nino's (POrt Washington 7-1604); dancing on Friday and Saturday evenings. . . . ¶ Riviera (POrt Washington 7-0354); dancing on Friday and Saturday evenings. . . . **POUND RIDGE, N.Y.:** Emily Shaw's Inn (Pound Ridge 4-9371); closed Mondays. . . . **RIDGEFIELD, CONN.:** Stonehenge (Ridgefield 6-6511); Peter Walters at the piano, except Mondays. . . . ¶ Fox Hill, on Route 7 between Ridgefield and Danbury (Ridgefield 6-7628). . . . ¶ Hearthstone Outpost Inn (Ridgefield 6-7613). . . . **ROSLYN, L.I.:** Blue Spruce Inn (ROslyn 3-3300); closed Mondays. . . . **SMITHTOWN, L.I.:** Frank Friede's Riverside Inn (Smithtown 1016); closed Tuesdays. . . . ¶ Mont d'Or Inn (Smithtown 1997); closed Mondays. . . . **SOUTH HUNTINGTON, L.I.:** Round Hill (Huntington 1371); closed Mondays. . . . **SYOSSET, L.I.:** Villa Victor (SYosset 6-1706). . . . **TARRYTOWN, N.Y.:** Tappan Hill (TArrytown 4-3031); dancing on Friday and Saturday evenings. . . . **WESTBURY, L.I.:** Westbury Manor (WEstbury 7-2184). . . . **WESTPORT, CONN.:** Red Barn (Westport 2-9883); closed Tuesdays.

ART

(Unless otherwise noted, galleries are open Mondays through Fridays from around 10 to between 5 and 6.)

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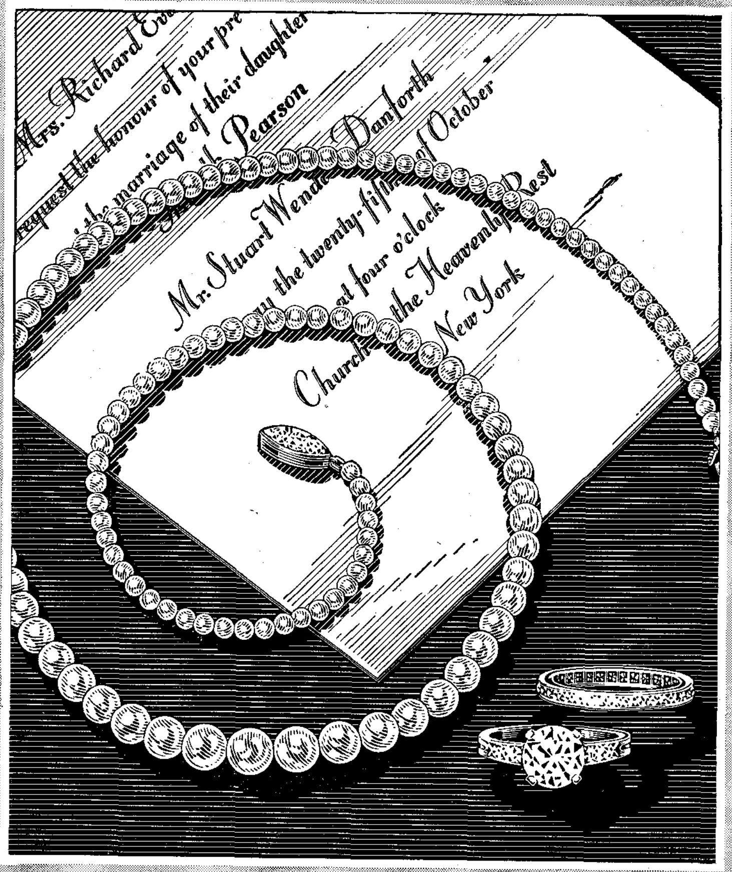
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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

by these two nineteenth-century contemporaries. (Wildenstein, 19 E. 64th St.; through Sept. 28.)

THE SEA—*Marine paintings* by Frederick J. Waugh, Gordon Grant, Alphonse J. Shelton, and others. (Grand Central, 15 Vanderbilt Ave., at 43rd St.; through Aug. 31.)

SIAMESE SCULPTURES—An exhibition of pieces dating from the ninth through the fifteenth centuries. (Carlebach, 937 Third Ave., at 56th St.; through Oct. 27.)

GROUP SHOWS—At the **BABCOCK**, 38 E. 57th St.: Canvases by such Americans as Hassam, Inness, and Ryder, of the nineteenth century, and Sol Wilson, Will Barnet, and Henry Botkin, of the twentieth; through Aug. 31.... **BORGENICHT**, 65 E. 57th St.: Milton Avery, Jimmy Ernst, Peter Grippe, José de Rivera, and others, in an exhibition of paintings, small sculptures, and prints; through Sept. 7.... **CONTEMPORARY ARTS**, 106 E. 57th St.: "The Evening Meal," a showing of paintings and sculptures by, among others, Harold Baumbach, Theo Hios, Ellis Wilson, and Joseph Konzal. *Mondays through Fridays, 10 to 5:30*; Monday evenings, 8:30 to 10:30; through Aug. 31.... **DOWNTOWN**, 32 E. 51st St.: Paintings and sculptures by Americans, among them Marin, Zorach, and Shahn; through Aug. 17.... **KRAUSHAAR**, 32 E. 57th St.: Summer is the theme of paintings by a number of members of the gallery, among them William Glackens, John Sloan, and Louis Bouché; through Sept. 7.... **LEVITT**, 559 Madison Ave., at 56th St.: A selection of paintings and sculptures by Everett Spruce, Virginia Berresford, Leo Manso, and other gallery artists; through Sept. 7.... **MILCH**, 55 E. 57th St.: Oils and water colors by nineteenth- and twentieth-century Americans, including Childe Hassam, Ernest Lawson, and Stephen Etnier; through Sept. 28.... **NEW ART CIRCLE**, 41 E. 57th St.: Oils by Paul Klee, Randall Morgan, Max Beckmann, and other moderns; through Aug. 31.... **NEW GALLERY**, 63 W. 44th St.: Seong Moy, Adja Yunkers, and others are featured here in a display of prints. Thursday and Friday, 10 to 7; Saturday, 10 to 4; through Aug. 18.... **PASSEDOIT**, 121 E. 57th St.: Oils by Morris Davidson, B. J. O. Nordfeldt, J. M. Hanson, and others; through Aug. 31.... **ROSENBERG**, 16 E. 57th St.: Oils by French and American artists, including Picasso, Braque, Max Weber, and Karl Knaths; through Aug. 31.

MUSEUMS

BROOKLYN MUSEUM, Eastern Parkway—Prints of Parisian scenes and personalities by Degas, Toulouse-Lautrec, Dufy, Villon, and other French artists; through Sept. 16.... ¶ Japanese prints and paintings, mainly by nineteenth-century artists; through Oct. 14. (Weekdays, 10 to 5; Sundays, 1 to 5.)

METROPOLITAN MUSEUM, Fifth Ave. at 82nd St.—Seventy of Winslow Homer's water colors, drawings, and prints. (Weekdays, 10 to 5; Sundays, 1 to 5; through Sept. 16.)

MUSEUM OF MODERN ART, 11 W. 53rd St.—The major summer show is an exhibition of paintings and sculptures lent by five New York collectors. (Weekdays, noon to 7; Sundays, 1 to 7; through Sept. 9.)

IN THE COUNTRY

ANDOVER, MASS. Addison Gallery of American Art: A hundred student works selected from twenty-five professional art schools and college art departments. (Weekdays, 9 to 5; Sundays, 2:30 to 5; through Sept. 23.) ... **BLUE HILL, MAINE.** Rowantrees Pavilion: Paintings by Julia Thecla, collages by Robert Nickle, and mobiles by Donald Outerbridge. (Weekdays, 10:30 to 5:30; Sundays, noon to 6; through Aug. 27.) ... **CANAAN, N.Y.** The Berkshire Art Center: Contemporary American artists, among them Hopper, Marsh, B. J. O. Nordfeldt, and Sol Wilson. (Daily, 2:30 to 6; through Sept. 3.) ... **DENNIS, MASS.** Cape Arts Center: Paintings by Karl Knaths, Adolph Gottlieb, Lawrence Kupferman, and others, as well as sculptures by Arnold Geissbuhler. (Weekdays, 10:30 to 9; through Aug. 31.) ... **EAST HAMPTON, L.I.** Guild Hall: The

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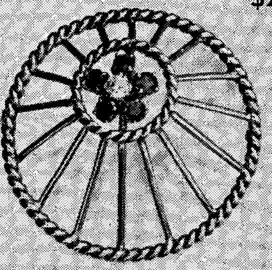

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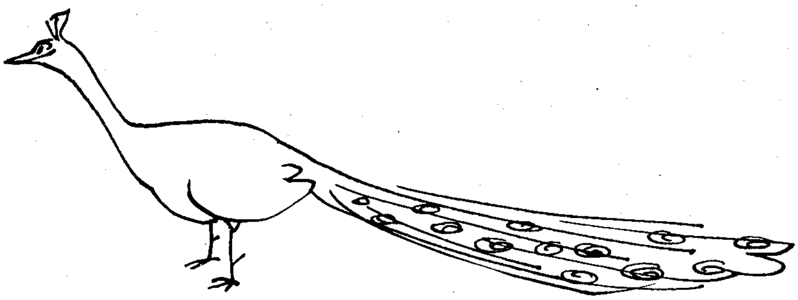

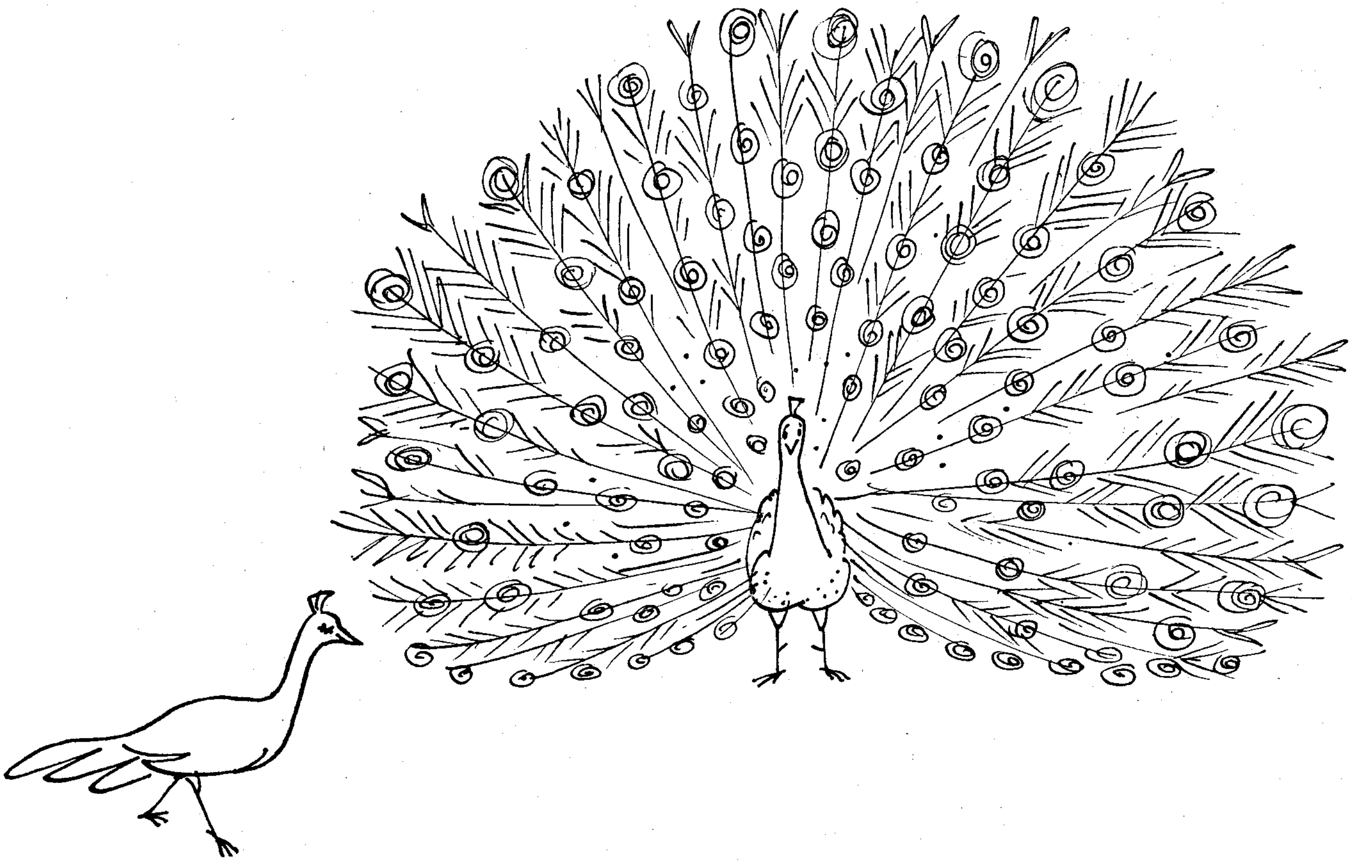

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

thirteenth annual members' exhibition. (Weekdays, 10 to 5; through Aug. 28.) . . . ESSEX, CONN. Essex Art Association: Two painters, Henrik Mayer and Fuller Potter, and a sculptor, Henry Kreis. (Daily, 1 to 5; through Aug. 27.) . . . HARTFORD, CONN. Wadsworth Atheneum: A showing of about fifty paintings, sculptures, and prints, all done by New England artists. (Tuesdays through Fridays, noon to 5; Saturdays, 9 to 5; Sundays, 2 to 5; through Sept. 2.) . . . KENT, CONN. Kent Art Association: The twenty-third annual showing of work by member artists. (Daily, 2 to 6; starting Aug. 18.) . . . MYSTIC, CONN. Mystic Art Association: Robert Brackman, Jacques Maroger, and others, in the second part of the Association's twenty-seventh Annual. (Weekdays, 10 to 5:30; Sundays, 2 to 5:30; through Sept. 3.) . . . NEWPORT, R.I. Art Association of Newport: A joint showing by Hazard Durfee and Frank Duncan, plus a solo show by Jane Gray. (Weekdays, 10 to 5; Sundays, 2 to 5; starting Aug. 18.) . . . OGUNQUIT, MAINE. Ogunquit Art Association: Among the contributors to the large exhibition here are Ernest Fiene, Chris Ritter, and Edward Betts. (Weekdays, 10 to noon and 1 to 5:30; Sundays, 2 to 5:30; through Sept. 3.) . . . OLD LYME, CONN. Lyme Art Association: Fiftieth annual summer show of oils, plus some pastels, water colors, prints, and drawings. (Weekdays, 10 to 6; Sunday, 1 to 6; through Aug. 19.) . . . PITTSFIELD, MASS. Berkshire Museum: Sketches and pen-and-ink drawings by the late Charles Dana Gibson, along with a memorial showing of works by E. Barnard Lintott. (Tuesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 5; Sundays, 2 to 5; through Aug. 31.) . . . PROVINCETOWN, MASS. Provincetown Art Association: A mixed-mediums exhibition by Hans Hofmann, George Biddle, Karl Knaths, and others. (Weekdays, 10 to 10; Sundays, 2 to 6 and 7 to 10; through Sept. 3.) . . . ROCKLAND, MAINE. William A. Farnsworth Art Museum: The current fare here includes a group of water colors by Maine artists and a collection of paintings and drawings by Andrew Wyeth. (Tuesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 5; Sundays, 1 to 5.) . . . ROCKPORT, MASS. Rockport Art Association: The second part of a jury show of works by Gifford Beal, Ted Kautzky, and others. (Weekdays, 10 to 5:30; Sundays, 3 to 6; through Sept. 16.) . . . SOUTHAMPTON, L.I. Parrish Museum: Paintings and sculptures by both professional and amateur artists of eastern Long Island. (Mondays, 2 to 5; Tuesdays through Saturdays, 11 to 5; Sundays, 3 to 5; Thursday evenings, 8 to 10; through Sept. 9.)

MUSIC

Salmaggi Opera—"La Traviata." (Triborough Stadium, Randalls Island. Tentatively scheduled for Saturday, Aug. 18, at 8:45. For tickets, call LA 4-3900.)

Music Mountain—The Berkshire Quartet in a series of chamber-music concerts. (Music Mountain, Falls Village, Conn. Sundays at 4; through Sept. 2.)

Vermont Symphony Orchestra—Alan Carter conducting, with Richmond Gale, piano. (Manchester Central School Auditorium, Manchester, Vt. Sunday, Aug. 19, at 4.)

SPORTS

Baseball—At the POLO GROUNDS: Giants vs. Dodgers, Thursday, Aug. 16, at 1:30. . . . ¶ Giants vs. Cincinnati, Tuesday and Wednesday, Aug. 21-22, at 1:30. . . . ¶ Giants vs. St. Louis, Friday and Saturday, Aug. 24-25, at 1:30. . . . YANKEE STADIUM: Yankees vs. Philadelphia, Friday, Aug. 17, at 8:30; Saturday, Aug. 18, at 2; and Sunday, Aug. 19, at 2:05. . . . EBBETS FIELD: Dodgers vs. St. Louis, Tuesday, Aug. 21, at 8:30, and Wednesday and Thursday, Aug. 22-23, at 1:30. . . . ¶ Giants vs. Chicago, Friday, Aug. 24, at 8:30, and Saturday, Aug. 25, at 1:30.

Boxing—Joey Maxim vs. Bob Murphy, 15 rounds, for the World Light Heavyweight Championship. (Madison Square Garden. CO

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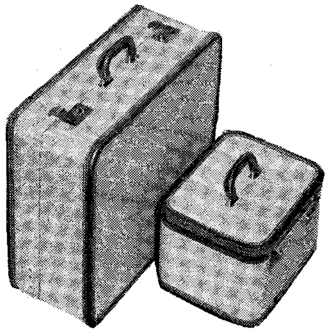

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5-6811. Wednesday, Aug. 22. Preliminaries at 8:30; main bout at 10.)

Motorboat Racing—Albany-New York Outboard Marathon. (Sunday, Aug. 19.)

Polo—Sundays at 3:30—**BLIND BROOK POLO CLUB,** Purchase. . . . **BOSTWICK FIELD,** Westbury. . . . **MEADOW BROOK CLUB,** Westbury.

Racing—At Saratoga Springs: Weekdays at 2:30; through Saturday, Sept. 1. The Saratoga Special and the Travers, Saturday, Aug. 18; the Diana, Tuesday, Aug. 21; the Spinaway, Wednesday, Aug. 22; and the Grand Union Hotel and the Saratoga Handicap, Saturday, Aug. 25.

Tennis—U.S.L.T.A. Doubles Championships. (Longwood Cricket Club, Chestnut Hill, Mass. Through Sunday, Aug. 19.) . . . ¶ Wightman Cup Matches. (Longwood Cricket Club. Friday and Saturday, Aug. 24-25.) . . . ¶ U.S.L.T.A. Singles and Mixed Doubles Championships. (West Side Tennis Club, Forest Hills. Saturday, Aug. 25, through Monday, Sept. 3. Tickets may be obtained at Spalding's, 518 Fifth Ave., at 43rd St.; the U.S.L.T.A., 120 Broadway, at Wall St.; and the West Side Tennis Club.)

Trotting—At **YONKERS RACEWAY:** Weekdays at 8:40; through Tuesday, Aug. 28. (Trains leave Grand Central Station for the track Mondays through Fridays at 6:57, 7:28, and 7:40, and Saturdays at 7:20.) . . . **ROOSEVELT RACEWAY,** Westbury: Weekdays at 8:40; through Saturday, Sept. 22. (Trains leave Penn Station for the track at 6:49 and 7:04.) . . . **SARATOGA RACEWAY,** Saratoga Springs: Weekdays at 8:15; through Saturday, Aug. 25.

Yachting—Hyannis Yacht Club Regatta. (Hyannis, Mass. Friday and Saturday, Aug. 17-18.) . . . ¶ New Bedford Yacht Club Regatta. (New Bedford, Mass. Friday and Saturday, Aug. 17-18.)

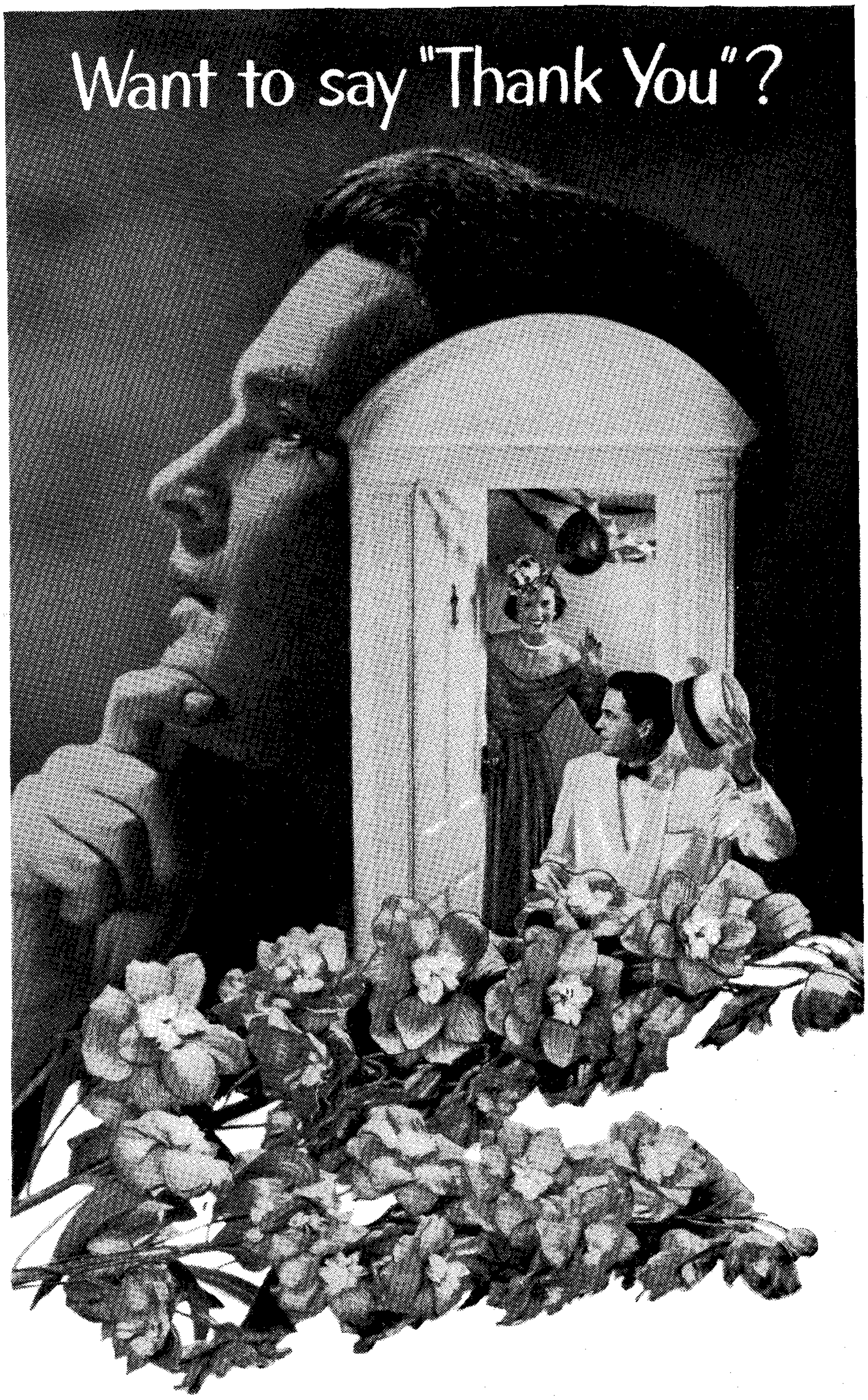
OTHER EVENTS

United Nations—At Flushing Meadow, Mondays through Fridays, the Security Council, the Commission on Conventional Armaments, the Atomic Energy Commission, and the Interim Committee of the General Assembly hold occasional meetings to which the public is admitted. For information about tickets and transportation, call PLaza 4-1234, Ext. 634, the day before you want to go. Questions about the United Nations will be answered by the Information Center for the United Nations, 220 W. 45th St., JU 2-0233.

Bird Cages—An exhibition that runs the gamut from tenement to palace, with even a few live residents. Many of the cages—there are about forty, dating from 1714 to the present—reflect various phases of architecture in different countries, with designs ranging from a Swiss chalet to a Venetian bridge. (Cooper Union, Cooper Square at 7th St. Mondays through Fridays, 10 to 5; through Aug. 31.)

•

Note—Volunteers are still sorely needed in each of the city's civil-defense departments, among which are Transportation, Medical Emergency, Public Health, Public Welfare, and the Fire and Police Auxiliaries. Telephone operators, messengers, air wardens, hospital aids, clerical workers, and such are wanted to fill jobs in nearly a hundred and fifty different categories. Some of these posts involve technical or professional skills, but for most of them the qualifications are merely time, heart, and, possibly, muscle. All hospitals, precinct police stations, and district firehouses are prepared to take applications, and additional recruiting centers have been opened in motion-picture theatres, libraries, and other public buildings. Further information can be had from the five borough recruiting offices: 500 Park Ave., at 59th St. (MU 8-6940), in Manhattan; 2 Court St. (MAin 4-7681), in Brooklyn; Borough Hall, 120-55 Queens Blvd. (BOulevard 3-2324), in Queens; Bronx County Court House, 161st St. and Grand Concourse (LUdlow 8-9634), in the Bronx; and Borough Hall, St. George, S.I. (GIbraltar 2-8836), in Richmond. . . . ¶ Blood donations for the armed forces are, of course, also urgently sought. To make an appointment call the Manhattan Red Cross Chapter, 70 W. 40th St., MU 9-1000, or the Brooklyn Chapter, 57 Willoughby St., MAin 4-6001.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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

MOTION PICTURES

FILMS OF MORE THAN ROUTINE INTEREST ARE DESCRIBED IN THIS SECTION

Bright Victory—How one veteran blinded in the last war finds peace in a sightless world. Superbly acted by Arthur Kennedy and Peggy Dow. (Victoria, B'way at 46th, JU 6-0540.)

The Emperor's Nightingale—A beautiful and fantastic film from Czechoslovakia, in which animated dolls do most of the acting. The picture has an English commentary, written by Phyllis McGinley and recited by Boris Karloff, and a lively score. (Trans-Lux 60th St., Madison at 60th, PL 5-2746.)

Four in a Jeep—A film made in Vienna, in many languages, and dealing with a patrol of international M.P.s—American, Russian, English, and French—assigned to keep order in the International Zone of that city. Not as penetrating as it might be, but there are some expert performances. Ralph Meeker and Viveca Lindfors head the cast. (Lexington, Lexington at 51st, PL 3-0336; Loew's 72nd St., 3rd Ave. at 72nd, BU 8-7222; Orpheum, 3rd Ave. at 86th, AT 9-4607; Sheridan, 7th Ave. at 12th, WA 9-2166; Loew's 83rd St., B'way at 83rd, TR 7-3190; and Olympia, B'way at 107th, AC 2-1019; Aug. 19-21.)

The Frogmen—Underwater maneuvers by some alleged Navy swimmers, led by Richard Widmark, who tote dynamite around in the depths, to the chagrin of the Japanese in the last war. (Trans-Lux 85th St., Madison at 85th, BU 8-3180; Aug. 17-18. . . . ¶ Trans-Lux Colony, 2nd Ave. at 79th, BU 8-9468; and Gracie Square, 1st Ave. at 89th, SA 2-2478; Aug. 19-20. . . . ¶ Greenwich, Greenwich Ave. at 12th, WA 9-3350; starting Aug. 22.)

God Needs Men—A peculiar but arresting French film about a fisherman on an island off Brittany who decides to take over the job of ministering to the religious needs of his fellows after priests from the mainland have given them up as a hopelessly bad lot. Pierre Fresnay makes a believable character of the fisherman. (Thalia, B'way at 95th, AC 2-3370; Aug. 19-20.)

Kon-Tiki—Six men on a raft, drifting to Polynesia, in order to prove that the first settlers of some of the Pacific islands were Peruvians. A fascinating documentary, narrated by Thor Heyerdahl. (Sutton, 3rd Ave. at 57th, PL 9-1411.)

Marie du Port—Some highly amusing and subtle Gallic byplay, with Jean Gabin superb as a man who appears to have all that life offers but finds something better and eighteen years old (Nicole Courcel). A French film, directed by Marcel Carné. (Paris, 4 W. 58th, MU 8-0134.)

Oliver Twist—The Dickens novel, converted into a movie by Robert Neame and David Lean, the Englishmen responsible for "Great Expectations." Not quite up to its predecessor, the film is nevertheless a very worthwhile affair. Alec Guinness is fine as Fagin, and John Howard Davies makes a persuasive Oliver. (Park Avenue, Park at 59th, PL 9-7241.)

Show Boat—As if you didn't know. The tunes are still appealing, even if the craft is a bit top-heavy in this version. William Warfield, with "Ol' Man River," establishes himself as the best singer of the piece, and Kathryn Grayson, Howard Keel, and Ava Gardner kick the other celebrated numbers around. (Music Hall, 6th Ave. at 50th, CI 6-4600.)

Strangers on a Train—Alfred Hitchcock has certainly done better than this, but even here he has a lot of ingenious tricks to show his fellow-moviemakers. The thing has to do, as you might expect, with murder, the chase, and incidental whimsies. Farley Granger, Robert Walker, and Ruth Roman do their best for the Master. (Gramercy, Lexington at 23rd, GR 5-1660; through Aug. 18. . . . ¶ Art, 36 E. 8th, GR 3-7014; through Aug. 20. . . . ¶ Murray Hill, Park at 42nd, MU 2-1431; Aug. 17-18. . . . ¶ Trans-Lux 85th St., Madison at 85th, BU 8-3180; starting Aug. 22.)

Tales of Hoffmann—A big British omelet composed of opera, ballet, and cinematography. It only goes to show that looking into a kaleidoscope for two hours and more can grow rather wearisome. With Moira Shearer, Robert Helpmann, and Robert Rounseville. (Bijou, 209 W. 45th, CO 5-8215. Showings are at 2:30 and 8:30; extra performances Saturdays and Sundays at 5:30, and Saturday evenings at 11:30. Reserved seats only.)

Tony Draws a Horse—The English having some amiable fun at the expense of a number of their own social customs. Cecil Parker and Anne Crawford are included in a highly capable cast. (Art, 36 E. 8th, GR 3-7014; starting Aug. 21.)

REVIVALS

Adam's Rib (1949)—Fun in the law courts, with Spencer Tracy, Katharine Hepburn, and Judy Holliday. (Trans-Lux 72nd St., 1st Ave. at 72nd, BU 8-9304; Aug. 20-22.)

The Astonished Heart (1950)—Noel Coward on the perils of adultery. A British film, with Celia Johnson and the author. (8th St. Playhouse, 52 W. 8th, GR 7-7874; through Aug. 17.)

Black Narcissus (1947)—Some nuns on a Himalayan mountain peak. An English picture, with Deborah Kerr. (Trans-Lux 85th St., Madison at 85th, BU 8-3180; Aug. 16.)

Born Yesterday (1950)—Judy Holliday in the Garson Kanin comedy concerning a junkman's paramour who takes up political science. (Trans-Lux 72nd St., 1st Ave. at 72nd, BU 8-9304; Aug. 20-22.)

Dead of Night (1946)—An excursion into the supernatural. An English film, with Michael Redgrave. (5th Ave. Playhouse, 5th Ave. at 12th, OR 5-9630. . . . ¶ Gramercy, Lexington at 23rd, GR 5-1660; Aug. 19-21.)

Great Expectations (1947)—An English picture, based on Dickens' story, with Valerie Hobson and John Mills. (Beverly, 3rd Ave. at 50th, EL 5-8790; Aug. 17-20, tentative.)

I Know Where I'm Going (1947)—Wendy Hiller and Roger Livesey stormbound in the Hebrides. An English film. (Trans-Lux Colony, 2nd Ave. at 79th, BU 8-9468; Aug. 21-22. . . . ¶ Beverly, 3rd Ave. at 50th, EL 5-8790; starting Aug. 21, tentative.)

Major Barbara (1941)—The screen version of Shaw's Salvation Army comedy. An English picture, with Wendy Hiller. (Thalia, B'way at 95th, AC 2-3370; Aug. 22. . . . ¶ 68th St. Playhouse, 3rd Ave. at 68th, RE 4-0302; starting Aug. 22.)

Mr. Smith Goes to Washington (1939)—A Frank Capra film, with Jean Arthur and James Stewart. (Terrace, 9th Ave. at 23rd, CH 2-9280; Aug. 19-20.)

Paisan (1948)—An Italian picture concerning the invasion of Italy. Directed by Roberto Rossellini. (Thalia, B'way at 95th, AC 2-3370; Aug. 21.)

Pygmalion (1938)—More G.B.S. A British picture, with Leslie Howard and Wendy Hiller. (68th St. Playhouse, 3rd Ave. at 68th, RE 4-0302; Aug. 18-21. . . . ¶ Thalia, B'way at 95th, AC 2-3370; Aug. 22.)

Theodora Goes Wild (1936)—A lady writes a best-seller. Irene Dunne and Melvyn Douglas. (Trans-Lux 72nd St., 1st Ave. at 72nd, BU 8-9304; Aug. 18-19.)

They Got Me Covered (1943)—Bob Hope as a foreign correspondent, with Dorothy Lamour tagging along. (Academy of Music, 126 E. 14th, GR 7-9653; R.K.O. 58th St., 3rd Ave. at 58th, EL 5-3577; R.K.O. 86th St., Lexington at 86th, AT 9-8900; R.K.O. 23rd St., 8th Ave. at 23rd, CH 2-3440; and Coliseum, B'way at 181st, WA 7-7200; Aug. 19-21.)

This Happy Breed (1947)—Noel Coward's hymn of praise to the British middle classes. An English film, with Celia Johnson and Robert Newton. (Beverly, 3rd Ave. at 50th, EL 5-8790; starting Aug. 21, tentative.)

Thunder Rock (1944)—The dreams of a disillusioned journalist in a Lake Michigan lighthouse. An English film, with Michael Redgrave. (Thalia, B'way at 95th, AC 2-3370; Aug. 21.)

Up in Arms (1944)—Danny Kaye and Dinah Shore in an unreasonable facsimile of Army life. (Academy of Music, 126 E. 14th, GR 7-9653; R.K.O. 58th St., 3rd Ave. at 58th, EL 5-3577; R.K.O. 86th St., Lexington at 86th, AT 9-8900; R.K.O. 23rd St., 8th Ave. at 23rd, CH 2-3440; and Coliseum, B'way at 181st, WA 7-7200; Aug. 19-21.)

Museum of Modern Art Film Library—Through Aug. 19: "The Wedding of Palo" (1937), a documentary film on Eskimos. . . . ¶ Starting Aug. 20: Two early sound films—"Shaw Talks for Movietone" (1927), and "Hallelujah" (1929), directed by King Vidor. (Showings are at 3 and 5:30. A limited number of reservations are available, but only to those applying for them in person at the Museum, 11 W. 53rd, after noon on the day of the showing.)

Note—"Marius," "Fanny," and "César," the full-length films that make up Marcel Pagnol's trilogy about Marseille and some of its raffish inhabitants, will be shown together, as a triple feature, at the Thalia, B'way at 95th, AC 2-3370, Aug. 17. In French, with Raimu and Pierre Fresnay.

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THE BROADWAY AREA

FILMS OF MORE THAN ROUTINE INTEREST APPEAR IN HEAVY TYPE AND ARE DESCRIBED IN THE SECTION ABOVE

Astor, B'way at 45th. (JU 6-2240)
"Happy Go Lovely," David Niven, Vera-Ellen.

Bijou, 209 W. 45th. (CO 5-8215)
TALES OF HOFFMANN.

Capitol, B'way at 51st. (JU 2-5060)
"The Law and the Lady," Greer Garson, Michael Wilding.

Criterion, B'way at 44th. (LU 2-1796)
"Alice in Wonderland," a full-length Walt Disney film.

Globe, B'way at 46th. (JU 6-5555)
"The Secret of Convict Lake," Glenn Ford, Gene Tierney.

Holiday, B'way at 47th. (CI 5-5530)
"Tomorrow Is Another Day," Ruth Roman, Steve Cochran.

Mayfair, 7th Ave. at 47th. (CI 5-9800)
"No Questions Asked," Arlene Dahl, Barry Sullivan.

Music Hall, 6th Ave. at 50th. (CI 6-4600)
SHOW BOAT.

Palace, B'way at 47th. (PL 7-2626)
"The Guy Who Came Back," Paul Douglas, Linda Darnell.

Paramount, B'way at 43rd. (LO 3-1100)
"That's My Boy," Dean Martin, Jerry Lewis.

Rivoli, B'way at 49th. (CI 7-1633)
"David and Bathsheba," Susan Hayward, Gregory Peck.

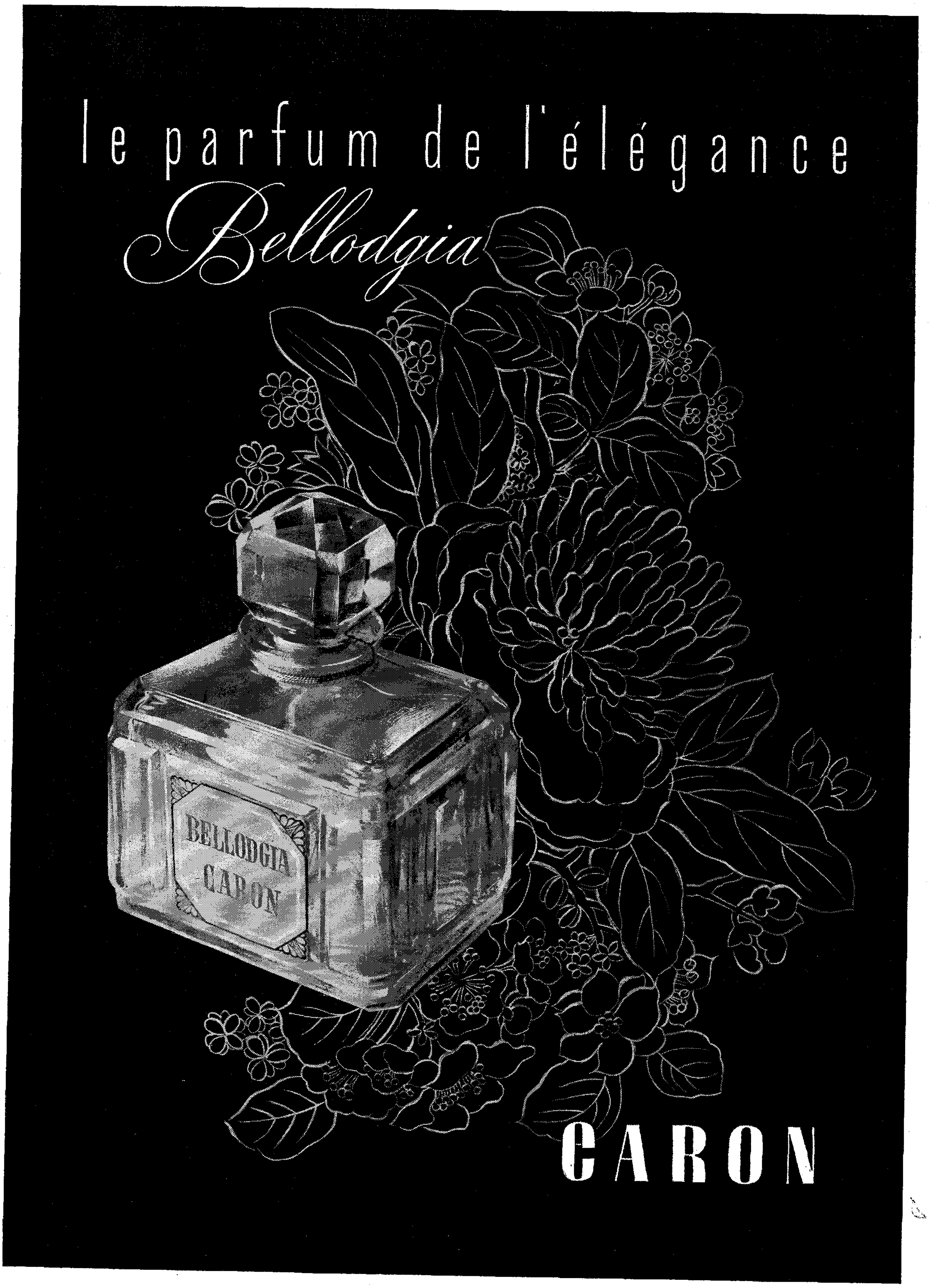
Roxy, 7th Ave. at 50th. (CI 7-6000)
"Meet Me After the Show," Betty Grable, Macdonald Carey.

State, B'way at 45th. (LU 2-5070)
Through Aug. 22 (tentative): "Cattle Drive," Joel McCrea, Dean Stockwell.

Victoria, B'way at 46th. (JU 6-0540)
BRIGHT VICTORY.

Warner, B'way at 47th. (CI 7-5900)
"Force of Arms," Nancy Olson, William Holden.

World, 153 W. 49th. (CI 7-5747)
"Women Without Names" (in four languages), Valentina Cortesa, Simone Simon, Françoise Rosay.


le parfum de l'élégance
Bellodgia
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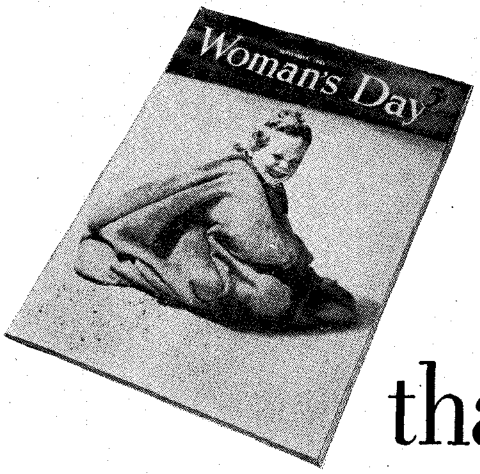
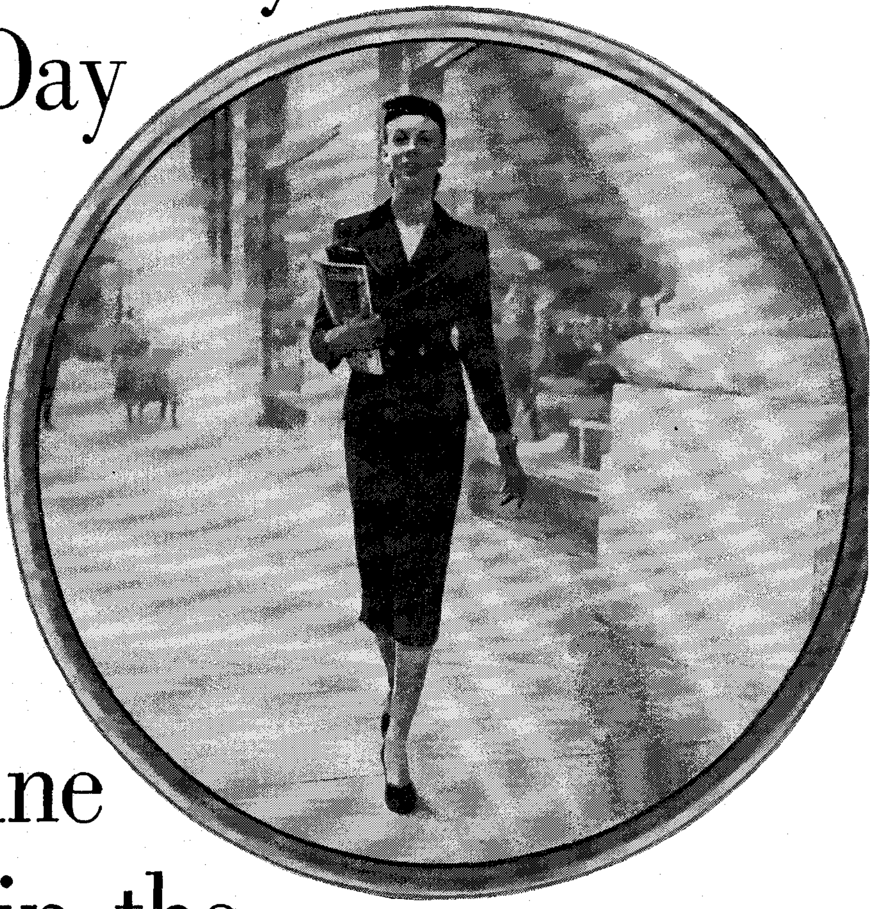
More
women
go out
and buy
Woman's Day





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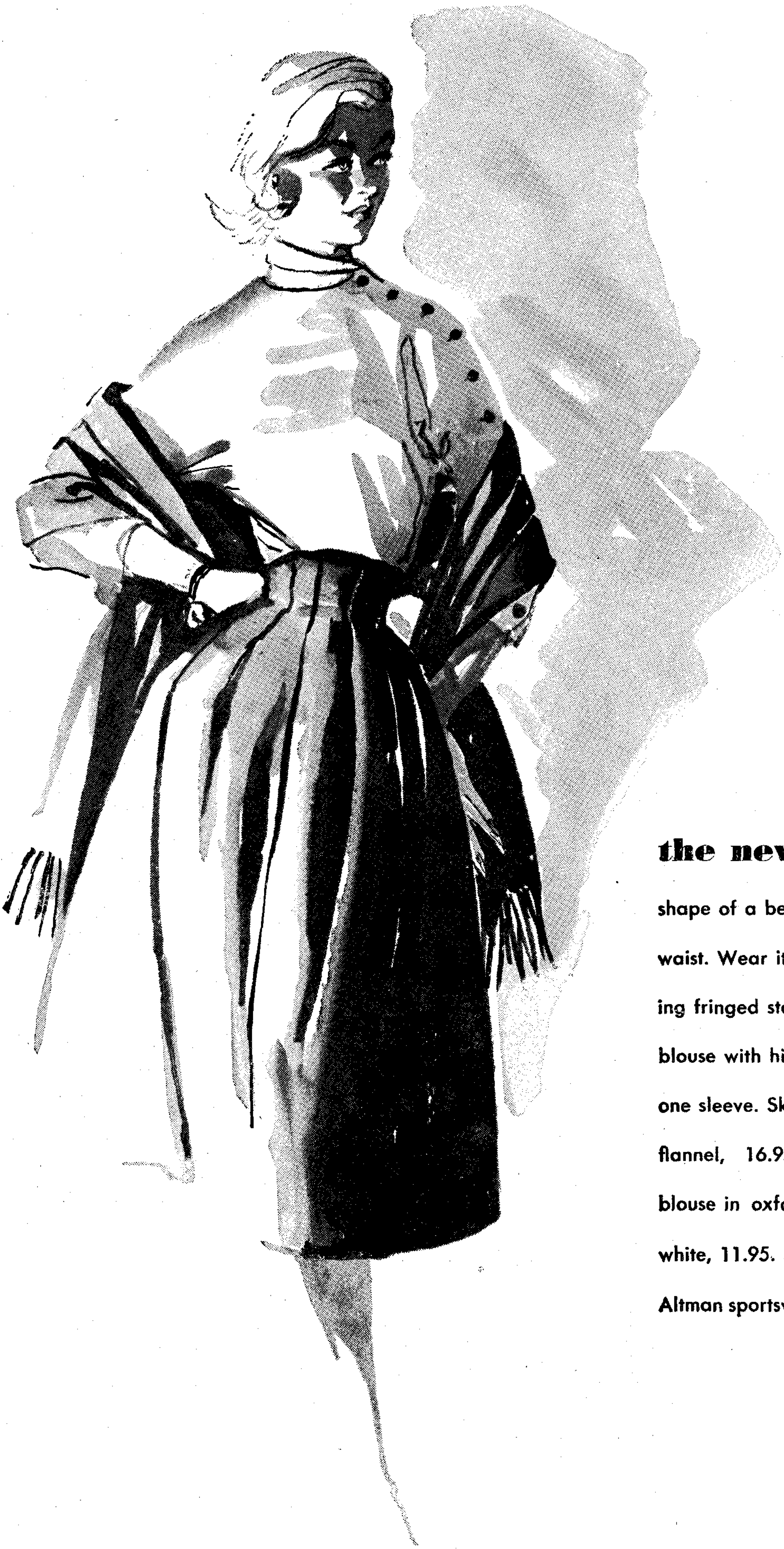

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THE NEW YORKER

THE TALK OF THE TOWN

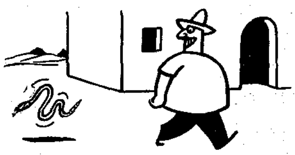
Notes and Comment

WE were recently invited to a cocktail party to celebrate the opening of the new offices of Dreyfus & Co., a downtown brokerage firm. We didn't make it, but so vivid was the publicity release accompanying the invitation that we feel as though we had been there.

> Spanking new glass and walnut modern offices [we read] . . . A cheerful, friendly atmosphere . . . Rubber-backed, sound-absorbing carpeting in a two-tone gray was laid on the floor. Lighting fixtures were recessed to cut down surface brightness. . . . A customer-conference room is painted in off-white and has one solid wall of blue. The Research Department's room is in blue-gray, the Order Room in gold and the Municipal Bonds room in tan, gray, and off-white. Touches of color are introduced via coral-red seat covers and chairs for customers and brokers.

These innovations made us realize how far the world has wagged and how widely the pendulum swung since Henry Clews & Co. installed its dim, monotone board room on Broad Street in 1882 (a room frequently visited in 1917 by Leon Trotsky, or Bronstein, when he was living in the Bronx), and for a moment we thought about them admiringly. Presently, however, doubts assailed us. "To screen the distracting view on the Broadway side," we read, "modern vertical screens of split-bamboo were selected. . . . Astute use of large glass panels . . . gives the Board Room considerable daylight from the Broadway windows and adds to the illusion of space and airiness." Well, should stockholders, or even municipal-bond holders, be protected from the hustle and bustle that is the lifeblood of business and that makes municipalities great and their bonds sound? Should they be cozened into thinking their surroundings are more spacious and airy than in point of fact they are? Or will not one deception breed another, or the suspicion of another? (Who wants to buy an airy, or watered, stock? Remember Jay Gould and the airy Erie.) Should they be cocooned in soundproofed rooms, like Marcel Proust and the late Joseph Pulitzer, shielded from surface brightness, cushioned in coral red? The more we reflected on the release, the more it sounded like the description of a damn yacht, peopled with pleasure-mad beneficiaries of trust funds managed by others, every seat cover a life preserver against the inevitable day of shipwreck.

TWO disparate news items wafted in from Texas caught our attention the other morning. According to one, W. Lee O'Daniel, the old "Pass the Biscuits, Pappy" senator, announced in Dallas that he was a candidate for the Democratic nomination for President of the United States. "Only God can save this nation," O'Daniel said. "I'm willing to help Him." According to the other, a rattlesnake in San Antonio bit a man named Demetrio Gomez, had convulsions, and crawled off to die, leaving Gomez undamaged. Gomez explained that his bloodstream was loaded with sodium cyanide absorbed during the course of his work in a plating plant, that he had a tolerance for it, and that the snake apparently did not. These two pieces of intelligence oddly complemented each other, like champagne and stout, to produce a consoling effect. A state where the voters are tough enough to poison rattlesnakes can probably handle O'Daniel, and the Lord can undoubtedly take care of the forty-seven others without administrative assistance.



Blue Streak

WE were told that if we went over to the home of Chester Murphy, on Branton Street, in Brooklyn, we could see the bicycle that his father, Mile-a-Minute Murphy, rode fifty-two years ago to set the world's record for the mile on a bicycle—fifty-seven and four-fifths seconds—and, after receiving cordial confirmation by telephone, over we went. Chester, indeed, said he'd meet us at the Newkirk Avenue subway station, and he was waiting for us in a 1929 Lincoln coupé when we got there, a pleasant, husky fellow with thick white hair. He drove us on to his house and took us down cellar, where the distinguished bicycle, a Tribune Blue Streak, was resting against a wall. It is still blue and still looks capable of streaking. Its front sprocket wheel is conspicuously large—eight and a half inches in diameter. "Pop always rode a bicycle with a high gear," Murphy said, "and he was always getting pulled in for scorching."

Murphy then told us about the ride; he saw part of it, at the age of seven, and, of course, heard plenty about it later. It was held on planking laid between the rails of a straight three-mile stretch of Long Island Railroad track between Maywood and Babylon, Long Island, and Mile-a-Minute, or Charles, Murphy was paced by a Long Island Railroad locomotive. The idea was that Murphy would get up speed for one mile, sprint for one mile, and use the third mile to slow down in. The locomotive furnished by the railroad was the heaviest and fastest on the line—a lighter one, tried earlier, couldn't do a mile a minute—and it pulled a passenger car, on the rear end of which a wooden shield had been built to break the wind. At 5:10 P.M. on June 30, 1899, Murphy, his eyes glued to a white strip of wood attached to the shield, began pedalling. Sam Booth was the engineer. Dr. McMunn Holly, Murphy's physician, was one of the party in the car, and five timers and a referee were aboard.

Murphy was in trouble from start to finish. The planking jumped up and down like a seesaw; the locomotive and car raised so much dust that he occasionally lost sight of the shield; pebbles flew against him so violently that he thought the nails were popping up out of the planking; and once, when someone called out to him from the platform, through a megaphone, "How're you doing?," he fell back fifty feet in raising his head to answer. At the end of the second mile, Booth slowed down so abruptly that Murphy ran into the car and was catapulted up onto the platform. The observers caught him, eased him down, and laid him on a cot. Dr. Holly examined him and found that his pulse had increased six beats a minute. Booth said that from the time he got under way he hadn't been able to see anything behind for the dust, and that he was exceedingly glad to learn that Murphy wasn't dead. What Chester Murphy saw of the ride—the locomotive, the car, and the cloud of dust, but not his father, going by—he saw in the company of his mother and sister, from the top of a tallyho stationed along the middle mile.

Chester Murphy told us that at one time or another his father held seven world's speed records for cycling and seventeen national ones. After the Long Island ride, he raced on a stationary bike in various theatres for several years and then joined the New York Police Department, in which he was successively a patrolman, a bicycle cop, a plainclothesman, and a motorcycle cop; he later tried, prematurely, to be this city's first airplane cop. Chester said that as a plainclothesman he was always darting in and out of the house in various disguises, and that during one particularly baffling investigation he shaved off his mustache, of which he had been proud all his adult life. He never grew it back. After he retired from the force, he was active in political and civic affairs in Brooklyn. He died last year, at the age of seventy-nine.

The Tribune Blue Streak was lost for thirty-eight years, and Chester was responsible. The year after the great ride, his father let him use it to visit a friend. He left it outside the friend's house, and it was stolen. There was no trace of it till 1939, when an old-time bike rider told Charles Murphy that he'd seen a Blue Streak in a bike shop in Belleville, New Jersey, and that it might be *the* one. By the time Murphy got there, it had been sold, but the owner of the store, Joseph Kopsky, reached the purchaser, who was willing to resell it for twenty-five dollars. Murphy ascertained that the bike was his, by the serial number and some secret marks under the seat, and bought it. It was presented to him formally in Astoria by Kopsky's daughter Doris, who was then the women's national amateur bicycle champion. Chester grew up to become a husband, the father of two sons, and a district manager for the Union Carbide & Carbon Co., a position from which he is now retired. He never went in for bicycle racing, preferring track. He once ran the mile in 4:35.

Report

A FATHER who left his six-year-old son in the care of his nine-year-old brother for several hours was, on his return, handed the following note by the older boy:

what Ralph did
ate a prune
cut a crayon with moms sissors pestered out of me
almost took something out of the refrigerater
Ralph called you a skunk

The Clothes Moth

THE depredations of clothes moths have been a household problem for around twenty-five thousand years, or, anyhow, as long as man has been wearing woollen clothing. Archeologists have been unable to hit on a date with precision because the defendants in the case have done away with the evidence; any woollen clothing that may have been placed in early tombs has been eaten by moths. The Bible contains a number of references to moths; when Job was feeling especially depressed, he compared himself to a moth-eaten garment. Moths are to be found in temperate climates all over the world. Clothes moths were brought to this country from Europe by early settlers. Of the forty families of moths north of the Mexican border, all but three are leaf-and-vegetable eaters. The villains that eat clothes are the webbing clothes moth, otherwise known as *Tineola bisselliella;* the case-making moth, *Tinea pellionella;* and the tapestry moth, *Trichophaga tapetzella.* None of these moths eat the wool of live sheep, and the question naturally arises: What did they feed on before man provided them with clothes to eat? The likeliest theory is that they were scavengers, dining off carrion, and that they gradually adapted themselves to furs, feathers, wool cloth, and other animal products. Some moth experts hold that moths are still unused to their new diet—that it is not only hell on their digestive tracts but poorly balanced. For one thing, it doesn't give them enough vitamins, and what they may be after when they attack food stains in cloth is Vitamin B.

Clothes moths are active all the year round, but are at their most voracious in summer, especially in hot, humid weather. The big moths you see wheeling around electric-light bulbs aren't clothes moths. Clothes moths avoid light, and are small, with a wingspread of only half an inch. Any that you may see fluttering about the house these days cannot damage clothing. They are beyond that point, being adult moths, or imagoes, which don't eat, their sole function being reproduction. Most of the clothes moths seen flying around have already taken care of that, for it's the only subject on their minds when they leave their cocoons. The female starts laying eggs with unself-conscious promptness, and continues laying them for up to twenty-four days. She lays as many as three hundred eggs, though two hundred is more like it, and then dies. Toward the end of this period, as she gets lighter, she may flutter around some. The male may cruise about for a couple of weeks longer. Then he dies. The chances are that any clothes moth on the wing is a male; a female heavy with eggs will run if disturbed.

The eggs of the clothes moth are smaller than the head of a pin and are laid in dark places, preferably deep in the nap of wool or at the base of the hairs of fur. They hatch in from eight to ten days in a warm room, in from three to four weeks in a cool room. The larvae—translucent white caterpillars about a millimetre long—immediately begin feeding on the animal fibres in which they hatched. As a rule, it takes them from six to eight weeks to develop, though under adverse conditions it may take them up to four years. They grow fastest on wool, cow's hair, and rabbit's fur. Dark cloth retards them; no one knows why. There was once an old wives' tale to the effect that moths wouldn't eat green cloth; it was later discovered that a chemical used in most green dyes was unappetizing to them. As soon as the larva is mature, it spins a cocoon. Then it spends four weeks pupating, and emerges as an imago.

It has been estimated that the clothes-moth larvae of the world eat about a thousand tons of wool annually. In this country alone, they're said to do two hundred million dollars' worth of damage every year. Practically all homes are infested with them to some degree. Among the moth preventives that have been tried in the past are tobacco, camphor, wormwood, slaked lime, powdered sulphur, salt, pepper, and allspice. Alas, none of them work. A standard joke among researchers into the problem is that mothballs are absolutely lethal if the user has good aim. No cedar chest has an odor of cedar oil strong enough to kill large clothes-moth larvae. One can be useful, however, in the same way that any box or bag is if it's sealed tightly enough to keep moths from crawling in and depositing eggs. The fumes of paradichlorobenzene or of naphthalene distributed in a confined space at a ratio of one pound to every ten cubic feet of space will kill all larvae. They will also kill a man. Some sprays will kill any larvae on which they score a direct hit, but the other larvae are left alive and sneering. Dry-cleaning will remove all larvae and eggs, as will a good washing, or even a very thorough brushing. Both extreme heat and extreme cold are effective in killing larvae and eggs. Even if the creatures aren't killed, they remain dormant in cold storage. The best means of dealing with the problem is to impregnate woollens with chemicals that moths find unpalatable and that won't wash out, and a few such mothproofed woollen materials are on the market. No way of mothproofing furs has yet been found. Moth experts predict gloomily that no matter what happens, moths will find *some*thing around the house to eat. They pulled a switch once, and they'll probably do it again.

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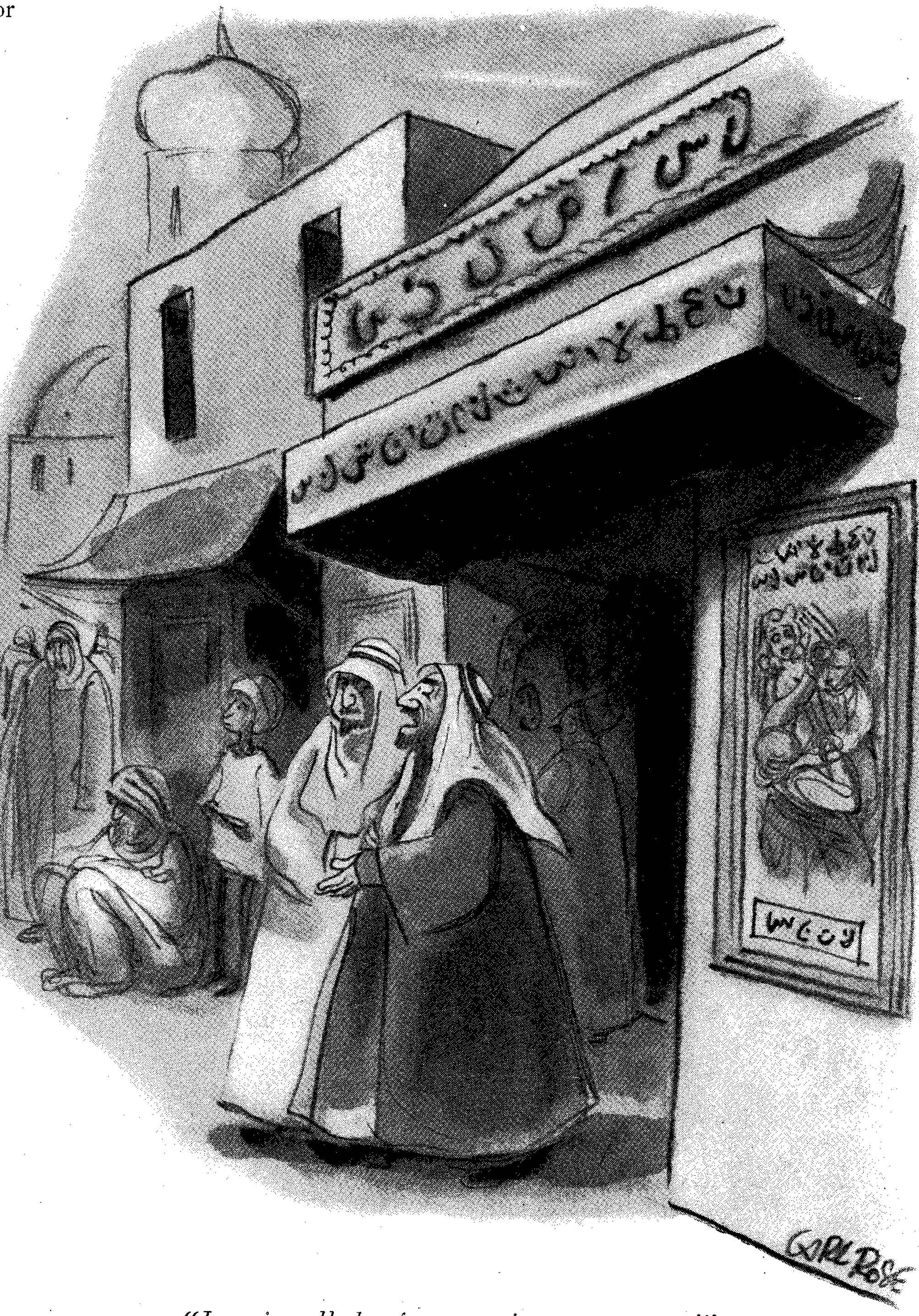
OVERHEARD on Madison Avenue: "But fortunately I had a pat of butter in my pocket, so everything was all right."

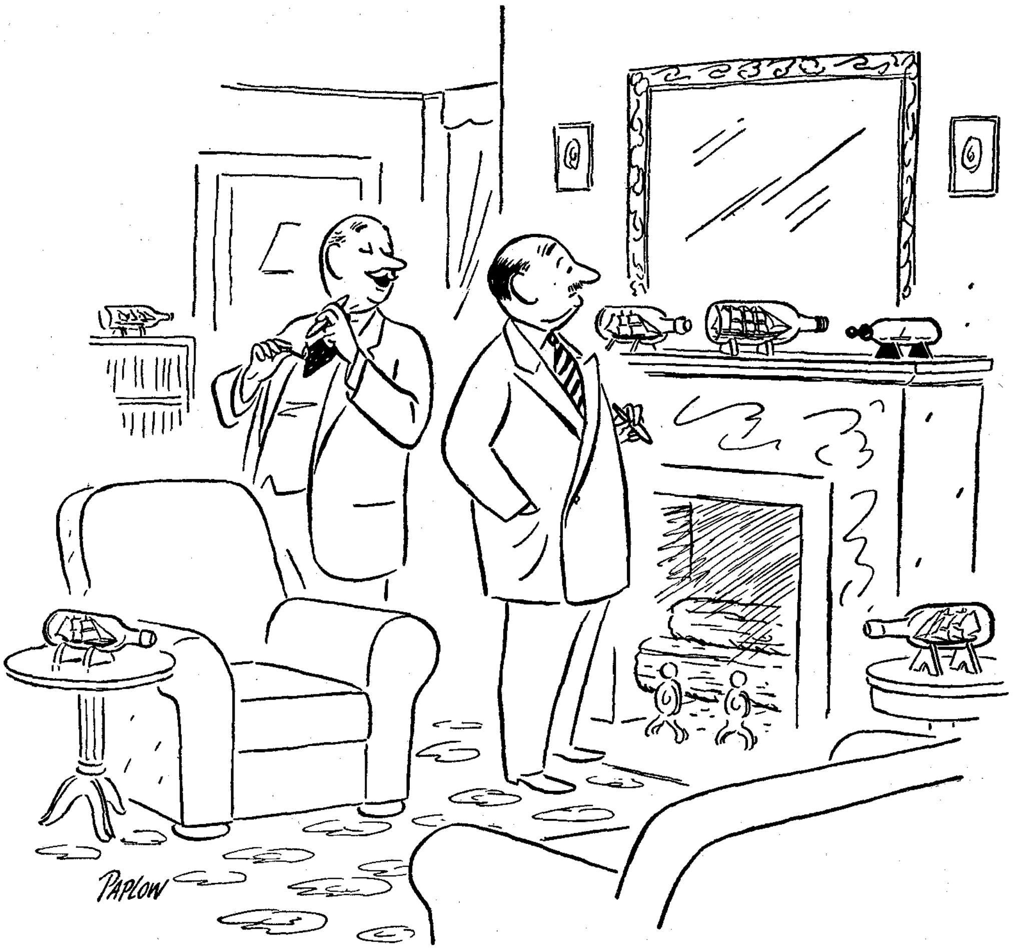
Anti-Smoke Admiral

AT the height of last week's Bureau of Smoke Control activities, we called up Rear Admiral William S. Maxwell, the deputy director of the Bureau, who is spearheading the present drive against violators of the city's smoke rules and regulations, and asked whether we might accompany him on a helicopter survey of smoke conditions he had planned for the following day. "Sorry, no room," he said. "Doesn't your office have its own plane, the way newspapers do?" We said no, and asked whether we might visit him in his Nassau Street office, watch him at work, and learn the story of his life. "*Please* don't come down here," he said. "This place looks like— well, did you ever see a man who sells shoestrings? We're packed in here like sardines—forty clerical people and inspectors. I just have a desk, not even a room of my own. The place would give you the impression of a one-armed paperhanger. I don't want you to see it. I'll come to *your* office."

He hung up, and presently appeared, a short, thickset man with a mobile face and a resolute air. "I've been with the Bureau since April, 1950," he said, gazing enviously at our modest cell. "We're responsible for three hundred and twenty square miles of land area, plus a thousand miles of waterfront, including smoke emissions from tugs and so forth. When I joined the Bureau, all it did was answer complaints. As a retired naval officer, I felt I ought to do something or resign, so I took off my kid gloves, organized a survey squad



"Imagine all that fuss over just one woman!"



"It's been my hobby as long as I can remember."

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that went up onto high buildings and looked for smoke through binoculars, and concerned myself with offensive warfare."

Our phone rang, and someone asked for the Admiral. "We don't just want lip service," he said into the instrument. "We don't want a flash in the dark. None of this get-on-the-band-wagon stuff, period. We want it continuous, absolutely. Reports of progress. What they expect to do. What the people in the immediate vicinity can expect in the way of relief. This is the push-button age, not the horse-and-buggy age."

We asked the Admiral for some biography, and he handed us a typewritten one, headed "Rear Admiral William Stewart Maxwell, United States Navy (Ret.)," and commencing:

> Rear Admiral Maxwell, born in Warsaw, Poland, on May 13, 1900, was graduated from High School in Warsaw and migrated to the United States from Poland in 1916, when he was adopted by Mr. and Mrs. George Walter Maxwell of Denver, Colorado. On November 15, 1916, he enlisted as apprentice seaman in the United States Navy, and served in various enlisted ratings before his promotion to Chief Petty Officer in July, 1922.... He subsequently advanced until his promotion to Rear Admiral.

"My name was Vladimir Z-v-n-y-e-t-s-k-y," he said. "I think that's how you spell it. My father was a representative of the Singer Sewing Machine Company in Warsaw. He and the rest of my family disappeared during the upheavals there in the First World War. I assumed I was an orphan. I went to Germany—I don't know how I got there—and, for a couple of years before coming here, was a mess boy on North German Lloyd freighters." We asked how he happened to get adopted in Denver, and he said, "I went to a Navy recruiting station there—I was going out West to make my fortune, but I got sidetracked—and the recruiting officer who interviewed me said I'd have to be an American citizen to join the Navy. He took a fancy to me because I wanted to be a sailor, and he and his wife adopted me, making me a citizen, two or three days after the interview. This could only happen in America, the land of opportunity. Funny thing, I'm an admiral, and my adoptive father, who is now retired in Denver, never got to be more than a chief warrant officer."

At our solicitation, the Admiral rehearsed his naval career: interpreter with the Siberian Expeditionary Forces in the First World War, while his ship, the Brooklyn, was stationed at Vladivostok, guarding ammunition warehouses; engineer officer on various submarines and battleships in the nineteen-twenties and nineteen-thirties, and on the North Carolina and the Missouri in the Second World War. "I retired, because of a physical disability, late in 1949," he went on. "While I was convalescing at St. Albans Naval Hospital, I saw an article in a local paper stating that the Smoke Control Board was looking for members with certain qualifications. I'd had experience with smoke abatement in the Navy, so I applied for the job of deputy director, and got it. I serve at the pleasure of the Mayor. I don't give a continental damn if I get fired. To me, the law applies to any and all, big or little. I don't have a dual policy. New York has the best of everything—the best shows are on Broadway—so why shouldn't it have the best air?" Our telephone rang again, with another call for the Admiral, and as we left the room to visit the water cooler, we heard him say, "Where there's smoke, you'll find us."

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SIGN on Route 6 in Providence: "Detour. Local Traffic All Messed Up."

No More Peanuts

ARMED with a bundle of yellow slips entitling us to a wild assortment of pantry staples, among them a package of Durkee's Stayfresh Coconut and a bottle of Parsons' Sudsy Ammonia, we inched our way into the Grand Ballroom of the Waldorf one afternoon last week and sampled the proceedings of the Golden Jubilee Convention and Trade Show of the New York State Food Merchants Association. Well, sir, the G.J.C. & T.S. turned out to be quite an occasion, and, to give you some idea of the excitement and confusion generated by a happy-go-lucky crowd of—ah—New York State food merchants, we never *did* get around to collecting any stayfresh coconut or sudsy ammonia. Surveying the ballroom, we noted that the ceiling was all but hidden by clouds of daffodil-colored balloons, while clouds of visiting ladies ballooned from booth to booth along the perimeter of the room, cashing in their yellow slips and stuffing various trial-size goodies into market bags. We made our way past a gigantic loaf of Enriched Double-Wrapped Arnold Fine White Bread and a counter where three men in chefs' caps were toasting English muffins, and fetched up at a display of Minute Maid orange juice. A number of grinning men, each with a badge reading, "I Sell Profit—Ask Me," were standing about while a tired-looking blonde made sketches of visitors to the display. One of the men buttonholed us and inquired, "Like a nice portrait? She does 'em in a minute. Made in a minute—Minute Maid. Get it?"

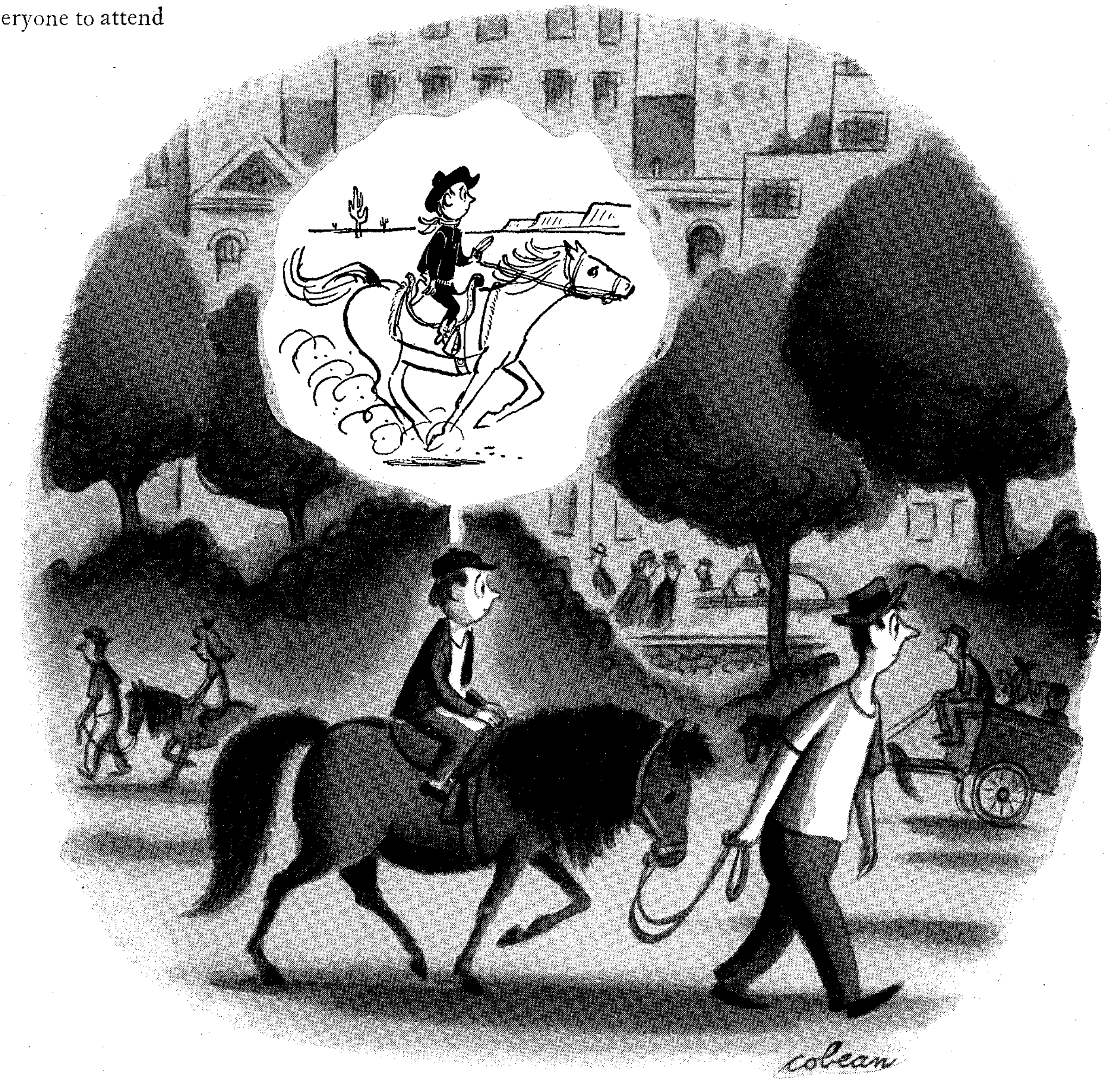
Declining the offer, we drifted toward a stage at the far end of the ballroom, where a man was pleading into a microphone for just a *little* more attention, please. A moment later, Faye Emerson walked onto the stage holding a large, transparent plastic globe. The globe was filled equator-high with bills of various denominations. "From the grocers of New York to the grocers of flood-stricken Kansas City," Miss Emerson said, not fluffing a word. She handed the globe to a lady in a Red Cross uniform and treated the audience to a blinding display of teeth. An official rang a bell and urged everyone to attend a business session in the Astor Gallery, adjacent to the ballroom, where a panel discussion was getting under way on the subject "Delicatessen Stores and Why They Are Profitable."

We spent a minute or so in the Astor Gallery, listening to an earnest young man describe how he had remodelled his delicatessen. "We put mirrors across the whole rear of the store," he said, and added, in what we mistook at first for Esperanto, "Eliminates pilferage." We spotted a bowl of Adams Korn Kurls, the Aristocrat of Snacks, pilfered some, and proceeded upstairs, where a blonde with a spectacular sunburn was soliciting signatures on a petition to permit the sale of wine in food stores. We signed, got a big smile, offered to sign again, and were turned down cold. Passing on into Le Perroquet Suite, we met yet another blonde, who gave us the eye and said, "Have a Sun-Dew, sir?" "Don't mind if we dew!" was our instant rejoinder, and all hands enjoyed a hearty chuckle. Having absorbed a draught of Sun-Dew ("Sun-sational and Dew-licious!"), we followed it with herring in sour cream, picked up a pamphlet headed "The General Said 'Nuts'—We Say QUALITY NUTS," and entered the Jansen Suite. At the Westinghouse display, just inside the door, a sign read, "Test Your Battery with the Oomphometer." We rejected this alarming proposition in favor of a glass of Cott ginger ale, served by a blonde in tights and black net stockings.

On our way out, we paid another call on the Astor Gallery. We were just in time to hear a dynamic young man deliver a three-minute address entitled "The Devices I Found Most Helpful in Building Sales." He held up a dollar bill, ripped off a tiny corner of it, and demanded, "Is that what we're working for? No! Are we working for peanuts? No! Then let's get rid of them!" He reached into a large paper bag and hurled a hailstorm of peanuts at the audience, which shied and tittered. He concluded his talk by pleading with his fellow-grocers to get in there and pitch. "When you come to our next convention," he said, "you want to be able to stand up and say, 'Boys, this year I took a *bigger* chunk out of that dollar bill.' " He held up the dollar bill again and tore it in two. The audience applauded, and the young man tucked the two halves of the bill carefully into his pocket. When the next speaker got to his feet and began, "Gentlemen, I believe I'm a natural-born showoff," we left.

Good Girl!

A WINER-AND-DINER at the Little Club the other night advises us that a very pretty girl at the table next to his remarked to the man with her, "I saw the cathedrals of England and the châteaux of France, and I said to myself, 'So *what*?,' " whereupon her escort, transfixed with admiration, leaned over and gave her a big kiss.



THE DECLINE AND FALL OF PERRY WHITMAN

IT was one of those days (sunny-cool, autumn-summery) when everything seems to get twisted around a little. The past gets mixed up with the present, and the close at hand with the far; if you are walking up Fifth Avenue or down Broadway, the nearest buildings have a faraway look about them, while the taller ones, in the distance—somehow grown more imminent—seem to lean in attitudes of wistful benevolence over the streets below. And if you are like me, you are likely to have strange reminiscent resurgences, so that you see unexpected resemblances almost everywhere—to old friends, old acquaintances—among the people passing.

I was walking not up Fifth Avenue but down Broadway, and I had already had a number of these odd, nostalgic encounters, the past reviving itself, as it were, in the faces and figures of strangers. I had seen my old high-school Latin teacher, Miss Bryan, of Rochester—looking just the same as she'd looked thirty years ago, too: high pompadour, plump red cheeks, small, pursed mouth, and all—coming out of a super-market at Sixty-eighth Street. I had seen old Dad Parry, the patriarch of Cripple Creek in the early nineteen-hundreds, when I lived there as a child, sitting sunning himself in the little triangle of park space before the Empire Hotel, and a boy, whose name I could only vaguely recall (Claude . . . Claude . . . Was it Claude Combs?) but whom I remembered from Springfield, Massachusetts, playing bounce-ball against the side wall of a corner drugstore a block or so farther down.

Things like these, though, I was prepared for, given the mood. What *was* odd was seeing my old pal Perry Whitman, quite as I did see him, in the window of a used-car agency in the row down around Sixty-second Street, and the whole occurrence was so strange that it will take me a minute or so to explain—as it did at the time for me to understand—what was the matter.

Perry, to begin with, was another reminiscence from my Rochester era. He'd been a classmate of mine at West High School there, and had, in fact, taken Latin with me in Miss Bryan's class. And since we'd lived fairly near each other and had a number of interests in common (among other things, I recalled, we had both had, briefly, the notion of becoming distance runners, and had dumfounded our parents by getting up voluntarily a full hour before breakfast time and loping doggedly up and down the semi-suburban streets of the neighborhood), we had become, in the end, and for the time that my family remained in Rochester, fast friends.

In those days—I was about fifteen, and Perry a year or two older—he had been a tall, gangling youngster, rather awkward but energetic, a bit moody at times, and at times given to odd, sudden enthusiasms, with a high, sloping forehead, dark, unruly hair ("Can't you *ever* keep your hair combed properly, Perry?" I could still hear his mother saying. "Even just for a minute?"), a light skin, and very intent hazel eyes. And now . . .

I had walked on almost half a block past the automobile showroom by then, and it was the "and now" that brought me up short. At last I had realized what was wrong. For in all my other cases of fancied resemblance the people I saw had looked exactly as they *had* looked when I knew them, as if unchanged by the passing of time. Thus "Miss Bryan," my Latin teacher, was the same spry, rosy-cheeked forty-or-so she had been when I had known her, though in actual life she would have to be about seventy or eighty now. And "Dad Parry"! Well, Dad Parry had been seventy *then*—a great, gaunt, long-white-bearded man, a relic of the real pioneer days in Colorado. He would be well over a hundred now. He was almost certainly no longer alive, and so the man I had seen sitting on a park bench and looking like him was quite obviously—though, of course, unwittingly—an impostor.

Perry, though, or my imagined Perry, had looked as Perry actually *would* look if one allowed for the passage of the years, and the effect of this was curiously unsettling. It was as if reality, or the suggestion of reality, had intruded into some up to then innocent game I'd been playing, and uncertain now if in some miraculous way it mightn't really be he after all, I turned back and walked slowly past the automobile agency again.

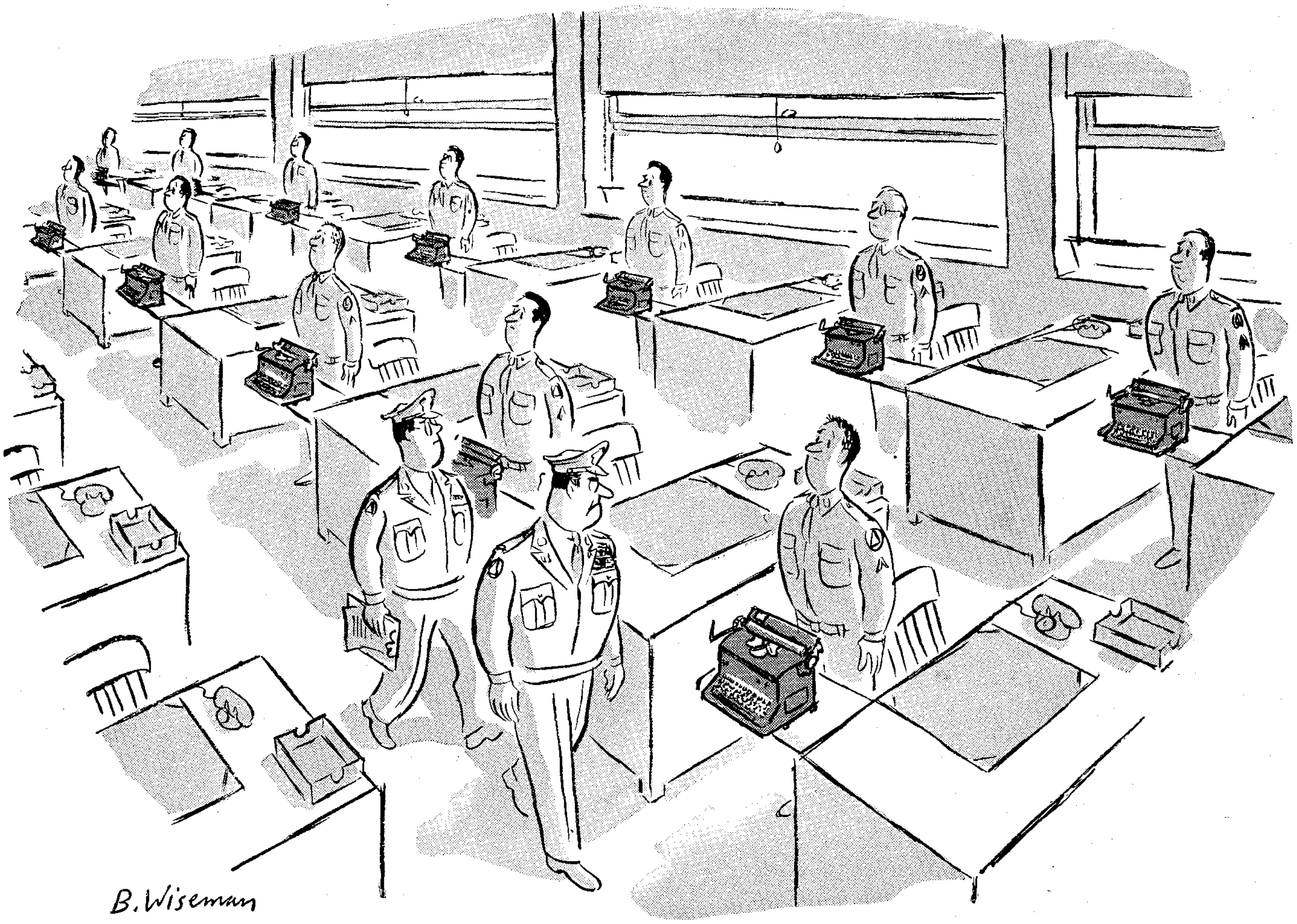
It wasn't Perry, of course. The man, whoever he was, had on a blue pin-striped suit, neatly pressed, a hard collar, and a narrow, carefully tied black cravat. He was obviously a salesman in the agency, and he was leaning against the polished front fender of a car on display in the wide plate-glass window, staring out at the street with that odd, remote gaze—relaxed, indrawn, a trifle weary—which I've noticed salesmen, particularly high-pressure ones, frequently assume in the interludes of their duties.

I had noticed at once on my second approach that he was at least half a head shorter than my Perry had been, and now, somehow relieved, I stopped to look at him. He was different in other ways, too: smaller boned and less loosely jointed, and the face, even allowing for the sagging of flesh and the jowliness that might be credited to the years, was both broader and squarer in structure. His hair, parted in the middle, was precisely combed.

He wasn't Perry Whitman at all. He was someone else. So we stood there, he (whoever he was), immobile and now somehow mysterious in his anonymity, on one side of the transparent pane and I on the other, while I, pretending to be studying the cars on display in the showroom, covertly examined him. For his own part, he paid no attention to me at all. Once, I thought I saw his glance flick down idly to rest on me. But it passed on over me without recognition and indeed without any perceptible interest, and he was again standing staring fixedly into the street when, finally, I turned away.

As I walked down toward Fifty-ninth Street and my various errands beyond it, I couldn't help wondering what *had* happened to Perry Whitman—and thinking, too, that it wouldn't be so odd if he'd turned out to be a salesman, after all. In the years when I knew him, Perry had wanted to be, variously, a theatrical producer, a big-game hunter, and a lawyer, and he'd been immensely serious about each of these occupations in turn. I remember his telling me once (we were sitting at a table in Kloorman's candy store at the time, having an ice-cream soda, and he was in his lawyer phase) that if he did decide on the law, he was determined to take none but righteous, deserving cases. He would defend none but the innocent. "Like Lincoln," he had said, and I could still see him now, with his thin, slightly pimply face, looking at me earnestly over the froth-flecked, empty soda glasses.

"No kidding," he had said. "I bet lots of people thought Lincoln was fool-



ish, too, when he started out and said he wouldn't have anything to do with anything that was crooked or wrong, no matter how much they paid him. But he came out on top just the same, and I guess you always do if you keep on doing right, so people can trust you."

To anyone but another boy, his remark might have seemed a trifle ill-timed, for we were at the moment in a state of truancy from both parental and scholastic disciplines, having skipped school for the day to go to a burlesque show at the old Columbia Theatre, and until Perry got to talking, I had been letting my mind linger on the copious feminine loveliness I had seen there. Now I felt ashamed of such earthiness, and I believe I determined briefly to seek out something uplifting in the way of a career myself. (Until then, I had sort of been aiming at the United States Forest Service.)

But then Perry had always been capable of brisk, illogical, yet somehow persuasive shifts like that. I saw now it was one of the reasons he had been able to impress me so much; in a sense, it put him always a jump or two ahead of me. And he was a year or two older than I, which gave him a certain authority, and more worldly-wise into the bargain. When he talked about girls, I listened humbly, and when we played tennis, it was as much his presence as his serve that defeated me. When he decided to build a bobsled, we built one—working on the thing many weary hours in our cellar—and it was Perry, too, who insisted on all the refinements: handrail, cowling, and even a steering wheel, though we had to replace that with a more trustworthy steering bar after a fairly humiliating crash on Kondolf's Hill.

He was oddly generous, too. Because his family was rather poor, he worked summers, and weekends as well, and the result, a bit paradoxically, was that he always had more pocket money than I had, and was openhanded in what was almost a grown-up way with it. It seemed, indeed, that in a queer, prideful way Perry *had* to be extravagant. It was part of some queer secret character he had made up for himself, and when we were out with a couple of girls, he was always suggesting something tempting and expensive—a bit of supper at Odenbach's restaurant, for example, instead of a simple soda after a basketball game—to which, under the circumstances, I could hardly fail to accede. Because of this, I once got quite seriously in debt to Perry, owing him as much as seven or eight dollars—and, as I recall now, I was never able wholly to pay him off. I still owed him a couple of dollars on the account.

To do him credit, though, Perry never showed the slightest tendency to dun me for it. "Oh, don't *worry* about it!" he told me once. "We'll both be rich someday, and then what will a few dollars matter?"

Now, with what I recognized on the instant as an access of purely adult cynicism, I recalled that whatever varying aims Perry had had, being ultimately rich had somehow always been a part of them. It was significant, I thought, that even when he'd (briefly, of course) taken Lincoln as his model, he hadn't overlooked the fact that Lincoln had "come out on top" in the end.

So I walked on, pondering the memory and mystery of Perry Whitman. We'd been opposites, I saw now—he the bold one, I the retiring, he the talkative and boastful, I the bashful—and perhaps it was that, as much as anything else, that held us together. For in spite of our differences we were pals—real pals, I thought, perhaps a bit sentimentally; we were pals for the better part of three years. And then I went away to college, and shortly after that my family moved from Rochester out to Ohio; we had corresponded fitfully for a while (Perry, I recalled, went to Rochester U.), and then that, too, died away; we lost sight of each other.

Just the same, I reminded myself, it was great while it lasted. We'd had quarrels, of course—one of them, fairly serious, when I was made president of the Senior Prom Committee at high school and Perry, in his slightly pushing way, insisted on trying to run it, and another one, even more bitter, over the smashing up of the bobsled, which I felt, and said then, happened solely because Perry had been showing off. I still felt I was right about that. Perry *had* been showing off. Though it was my turn to steer, he had insisted on doing it, and then, just to impress the girls in the party, had started "snaking" the sled, twisting this way and that down the hill, till, of course, the strain on the wheel had proved too much and had broken it.

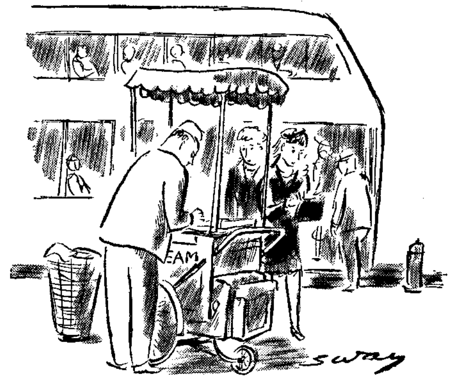
We had crashed. And, darn it, I could still, now, a grown-up man crossing Forty-seventh Street toward Fifth Avenue on my way to an important business appointment, I could still feel the almost tearful resentment and impotent rage I'd felt then, on the snowy hill, as I looked down on the sled I had worked so hard on, now apparently smashed irretrievably. And the worst of it was—though neither one of us spoke of it, then or later—that I'd had a sort of sneaking feeling that it was *my* girl, or my girl of the moment, Helen Clark, that he'd been trying to impress most of all.

No, I found myself thinking suddenly, as the memory of that incident came back to me, it wasn't really so damned unlikely that Perry had turned out to be a salesman, after all. He'd had his bad side, too, come to think of it—a certain pushingness, and a kind of smart-alecky quality that showed up not only in his conduct with the sled but at other times, particularly with girls. He'd been a bit of a showoff, Perry Whitman—just the sort who, given the circumstances, might be attracted by the slightly flashy, glib role of a salesman.

Even so, though, I'd have liked to see him doing something better than selling in a used-car agency. If I'd thought of Perry at all, I should have thought of him as settled down now, married probably, with a house somewhere out in the suburbs and a membership in one of the country clubs, and—after all, even if he'd decided to *be* a salesman, Rochester offered plenty of good opportunities—a substantial job, maybe, at Eastman Kodak or Bausch & Lomb.

From the looks of the place where I'd seen him, however, it seemed that Perry's worst qualities had come uppermost. "Bargains! *Bargains!* BARGAINS!" the posters in the window had shrieked, but the cars on display, though carefully polished, had in truth been a pretty sorry assortment, and the whole place had had a faintly shady air, as if quick profits, instead of decent business principles, were the idea behind it. A man, I supposed, might make good money in a place like that. But it would be a hand-to-mouth existence at best, and one that offered little satisfaction beyond the immediate dollar. And meantime, where was Lincoln now, where the gaudy, idealistic dreams of youth—the doughty hunter, the famous lawyer, the glamorous theatrical producer?

I had to stop a moment, in front of the Fifth Avenue Schrafft's, to remind myself that it hadn't been Perry at all that I'd seen. It had been someone else.



THE odd thing was, though, that a few hours later I saw Perry again, and this time the resemblance was even stronger than before. It was a little past the ordinary lunch hour then; the day, with all its promises, was no longer young, and, like me, I suppose, nearly everyone had had a disappointment or two, or a few disillusionments, among his other experiences of the morning. (I'd had one deal, which I'd been counting on pretty definitely, fall through.) He was sitting in a restaurant where I dropped in for lunch. There were another man and a woman with him, and though his table was some little distance away from the one where I was placed, there were no other diners between us and I was able to observe him fairly closely.

He looked a bit disreputable now, and I found myself wondering if perhaps Perry hadn't got into something to do with the theatre, after all, for the restaurant was on the fringe of the Times Square district, and the man himself had a sort of slightly shabby jauntiness about him that suggested a second- or third-rate impresario. He had on a light-brown plaid jacket, rather loud in pattern and a trifle in need of pressing, gray trousers, and brown suède shoes, and his dark hair (which looked, as usual, as if it could stand a combing) was cut somewhat long, actor-fashion. The couple with him, the man and the woman, had that odd sort of *occupational* resemblance—same size, same gestures;

ON THE DEATH OF AN EMPEROR PENGUIN IN REGENT'S PARK, LONDON

A proletarian, unlikely bird, no monarch,
Whose northern relation, the garefowl or great auk,
One hundred years has been extinct on these islands;
An ugly, blubber-jacketed, wingless giant
Laboriously transported from his desert of ice,
His house of hurricanes (uncomfortable birthplace!
Cold and insanitary, where ocean hardens!),
Has perished in the Zoological Gardens.
Tell, masochistic martyr, what ailed you?
Here there is care and comfort; what can have killed you?
Speak, shade! Were your keepers neglecting your welfare?
Did you lack anything purchasable with silver?
O stupid, ungrateful bird! Blubber and feather!
To die of desire for freedom and bad weather,
For a perch where you, pegged to a glacier's bitter stone,
Outlast an antarctic unending cyclone,
And watch, neither superb nor able, from below
A smashed world whirl away in stinging snow.

—DAVID WRIGHT

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most of all a kind of shared, common atmosphere, as if they were used to thinking and moving together—which one sees, for instance, and even offstage, in a dance team.

They appeared to be allied in other respects, too. The girl, quite young, was blond and extremely pretty, while the man, slightly older, dark-haired and dark-skinned, had a sort of healthy, well-exercised look about him that was attractive. They sat side by side (it seemed to me, a trifle warily), while Perry, or whoever he was, leaned across the table toward them, as if trying to penetrate their common defenses.

In all friendliness, I had to admit to myself that he didn't seem to be making much progress. They had finished their lunch when I came in; they were sitting over their coffee, and though Perry, at least, showed no hurry to be off, I got, from a certain tenseness in the attitude of the others, the impression that they were. Once, in fact, I saw the man glance at his wristwatch and then look significantly at his companion. But Perry's answer to the gesture was to signal expansively to the waiter and offer, apparently, a round of drinks, and when the couple, with their queer mutuality, declined, with a simultaneous shake of the head, Perry still refused to be defeated.

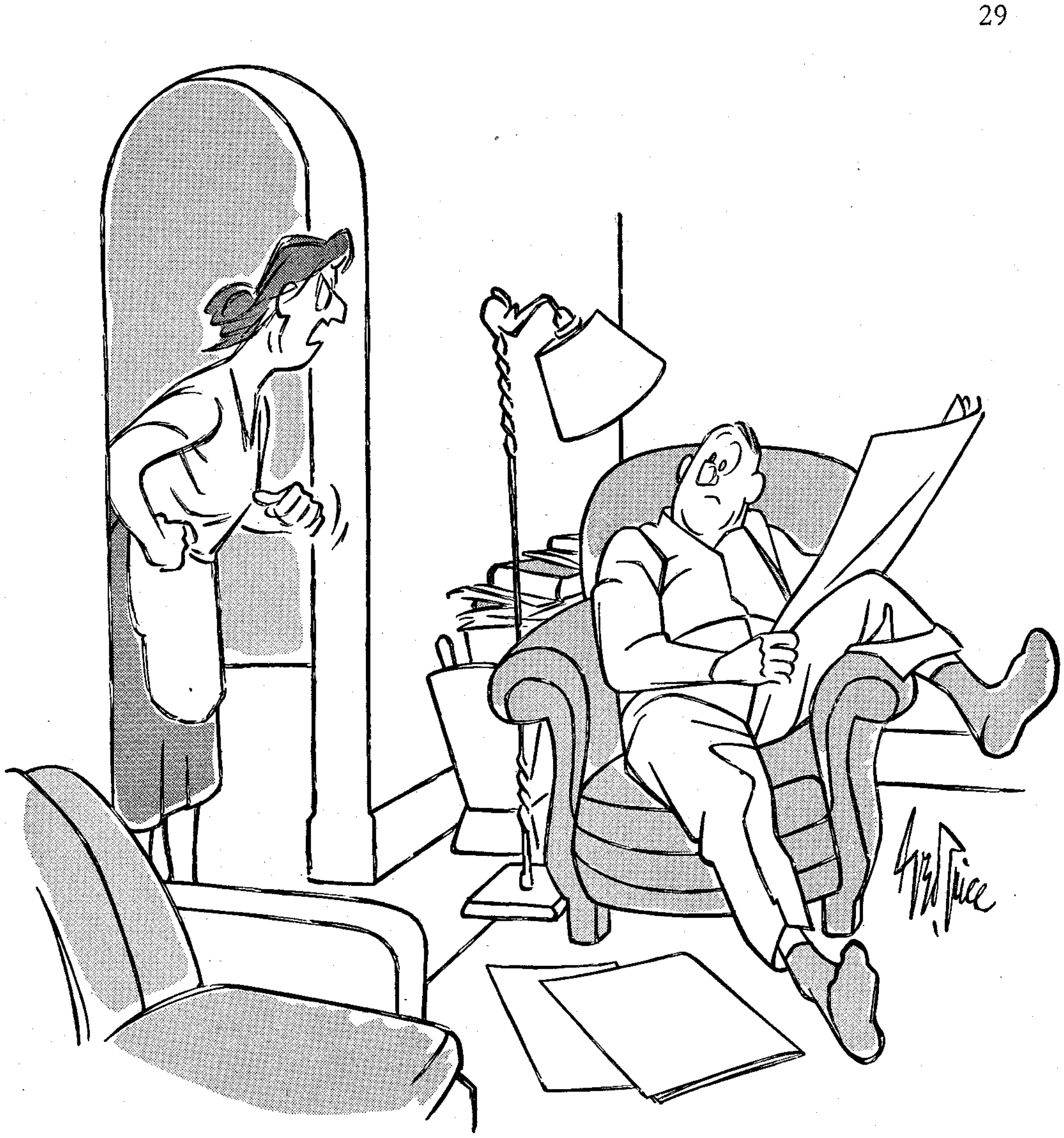
He talked, he gesticulated; once he reached across the table to pat the young lady's hand, leaned back for a moment to gaze at her admiringly, and then, glancing at her companion, made a gesture inviting him to look, too. He was obviously trying to put over some "deal" or other, perhaps involving a role for the girl, and the man turned obligingly, if a bit quizzically, to look at her, while she sat stiffly, embarrassedly, under their twin regards. But it was obvious, too, that by now the pair were just waiting for a break in the conversation to get away. Perry, though—poor, foolish Perry—didn't see it, and when, a moment later, the girl rose abruptly, followed instantly by the man, he was left, for a moment, staring.

He rose, too, though, and hurried after them, and when they paused by the hat-check girl's wicket to retrieve the man's hat, Perry, still expansive, flung his arms over their shoulders, as if, failing in every other way, he was determined at least physically to force his way between them. So, except that the two had to squeeze ahead of him a little to get through the door, they left the restaurant. The street swallowed them.

It hadn't been he, of course, and yet I couldn't help thinking, Poor Perry! Or perhaps it was the idea of youth itself, and its hopes and their transiency, that saddened me. The incident by the door reminded me of a similar gesture he had made years ago, as he joined me and the girl I was with at the cloakroom after a basketball game at West High. There, too, suddenly, in a moment of awkward self-assertiveness, he had flung his arms over our shoulders, propelling us toward the exit, and, remembering now, I could still feel the shock of jealousy and dismay as his arm fell boldly and carelessly on flesh that I hadn't myself dared to touch. And yet, even allowing for my jealousy, his act had seemed less forced and more natural—more innocent, in a word—then than now.

Age, I thought; yes, age is inevitably a process of decay; even the slight cracks and flaws in the character will, with age, spread and widen catastrophically. Perry's faults had seemed harmless then—a slight tendency to bombast, a certain pushingness, so that he sometimes felt called on to obtrude his own personality too insistently upon others, a compulsion toward needless and ostentatious extravagance. I saw them all now, from the psychological point of view, as essentially expressions of an inner insecurity, and I had no doubt that even his generosity had been a product of the same pattern.

And where, then or now, had it got him? "I think your friend's sort of fresh," my girl had said to me afterward, and though I'd felt obliged to defend my



"I wish to God I'd listened to you ten years ago when you said you weren't good enough for me."

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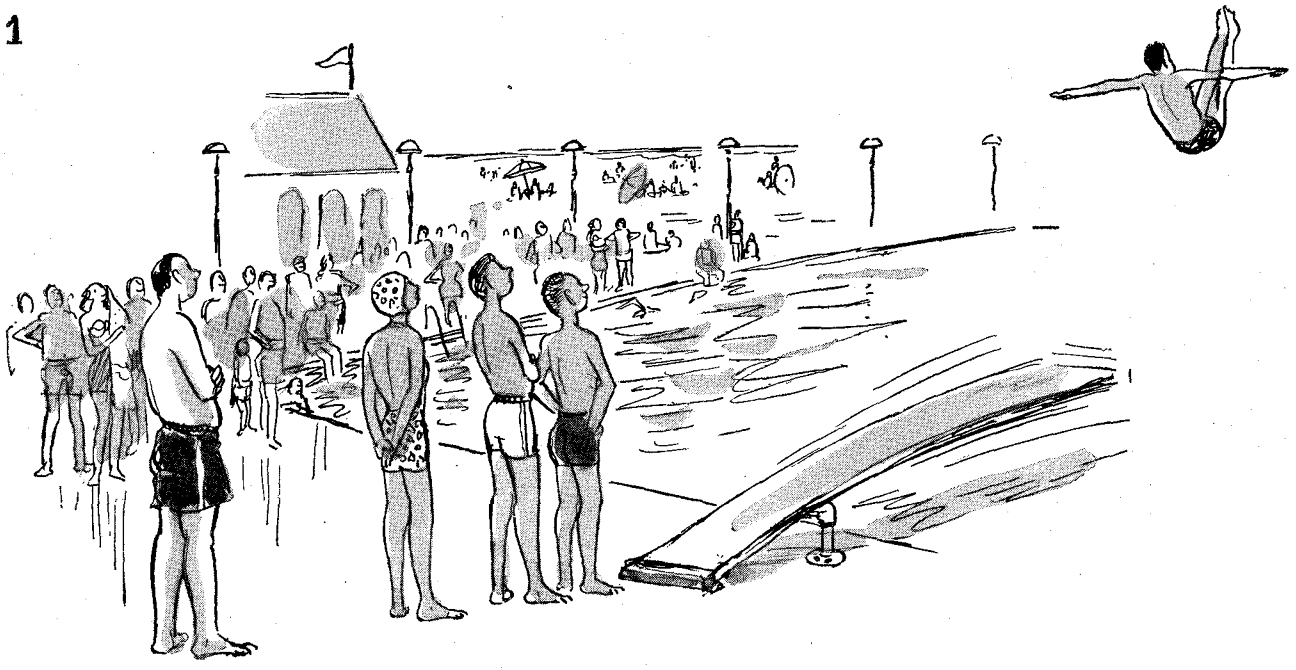

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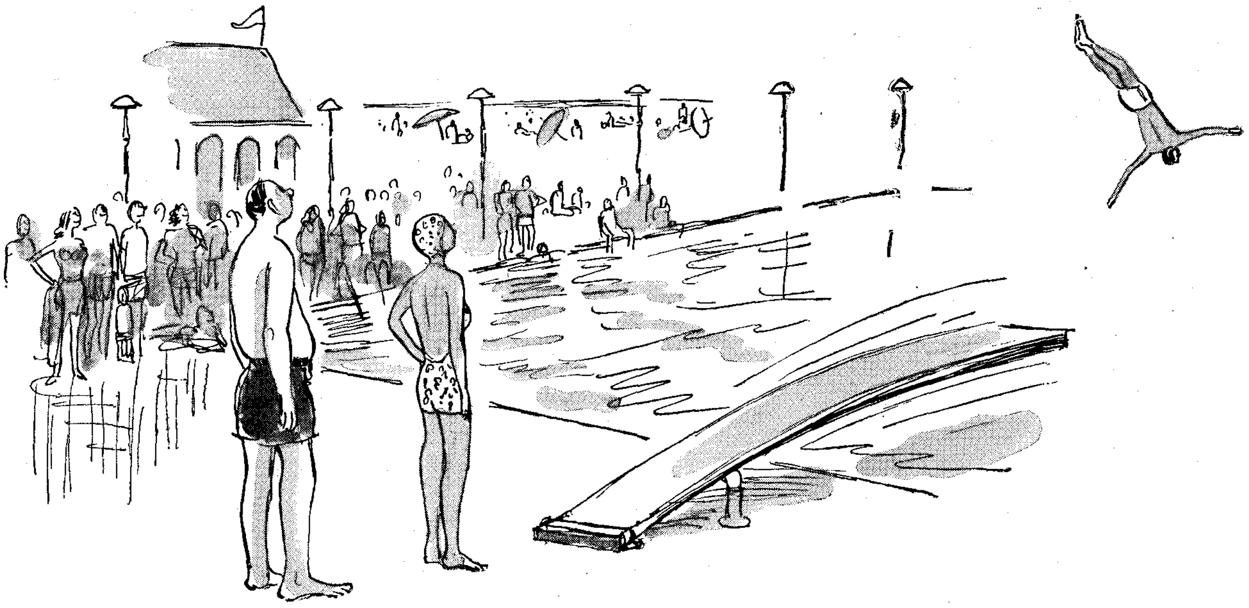

pal, I'd also felt a certain quiet relish when I heard her say it. I was sure that this new girl, quietly, later, would say something of the same sort to her companion.

Those things hurt one in business, too, I thought. There, most of all—as, in my own small way, I had learned myself—there was no substitute for solid accomplishment, and if Perry was on the downgrade, as he seemed to be, it was the same small faults, now enlarged, that were responsible for his debacle. And when a man lacks security to begin with, his decline, once begun, is likely to be rapid. I was still not prepared for the speed with which his downfall had been accomplished, though, when I saw Perry Whitman again.

For I did see him again, that day; it was toward evening, under a cloudy sky with a hint of rain, and I was walking up Sixth Avenue, in the Forties, past those rows of cheap bars, restaurants, and nondescript shops that have established themselves in that neighborhood. He was walking toward me, quite drunk, and as unashamedly so as only the hopelessly derelict can be. He was a seaman now, or he had been one; he had on a battered old pea jacket, greasy trousers, no hat, and a flannel shirt opened down to his undershirt, and as I watched him I found myself wondering: Had he, after all, followed that crazy dream of his of being a big-game hunter—followed it at least to the tropics, perhaps to the jungle, and then, by some twist of fate, been stricken by disaster, so that he'd been forced, through lack of funds perhaps, to sign on as a simple seaman?

I had no time to continue with these thoughts; they simply flashed through my mind pell-mell, for he was still shuffling toward me, muttering to himself and brandishing a fist occasionally, and his condition was so awful that I'm ashamed to say my sole desire at the moment was to get past him before he saw me. It seemed, too, for a while, that I would succeed. Then his face turned toward me and he saw me. As he did, his hand went out in the instinctive begging gesture and he shifted his course in my direction.

I couldn't help it, and my action was foolish perhaps, but I snatched out my billfold and gave him five dollars. I left the man dumfounded, I guess, but I didn't care. I had at last paid back my debt to Perry Whitman.

—Robert M. Coates

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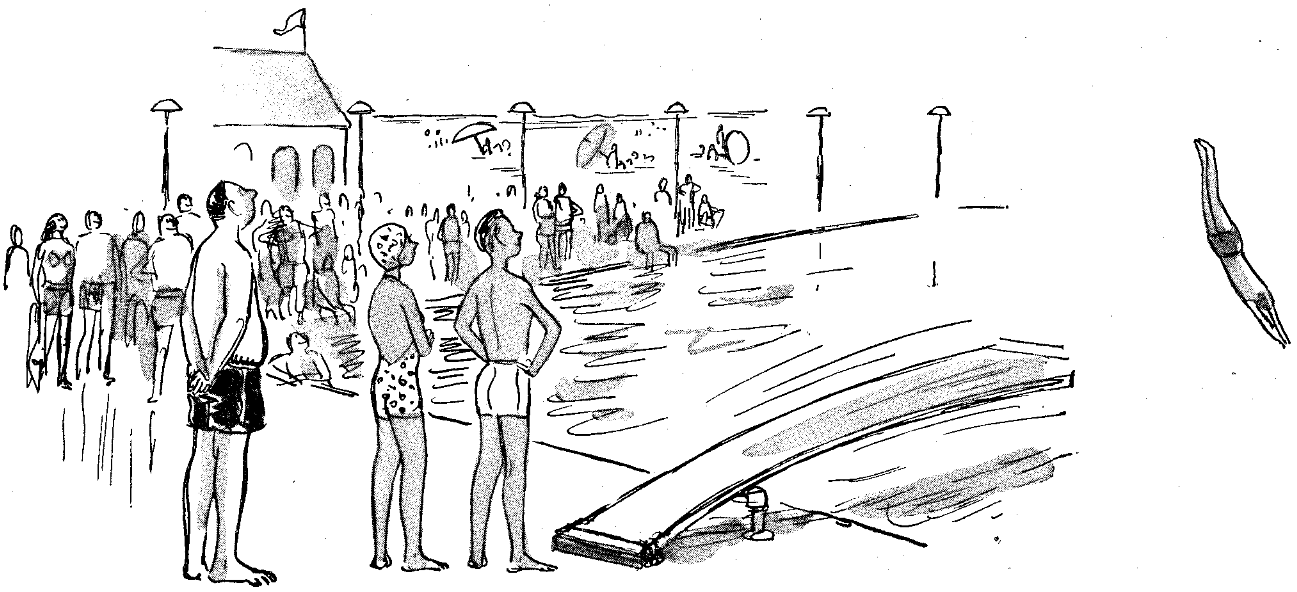

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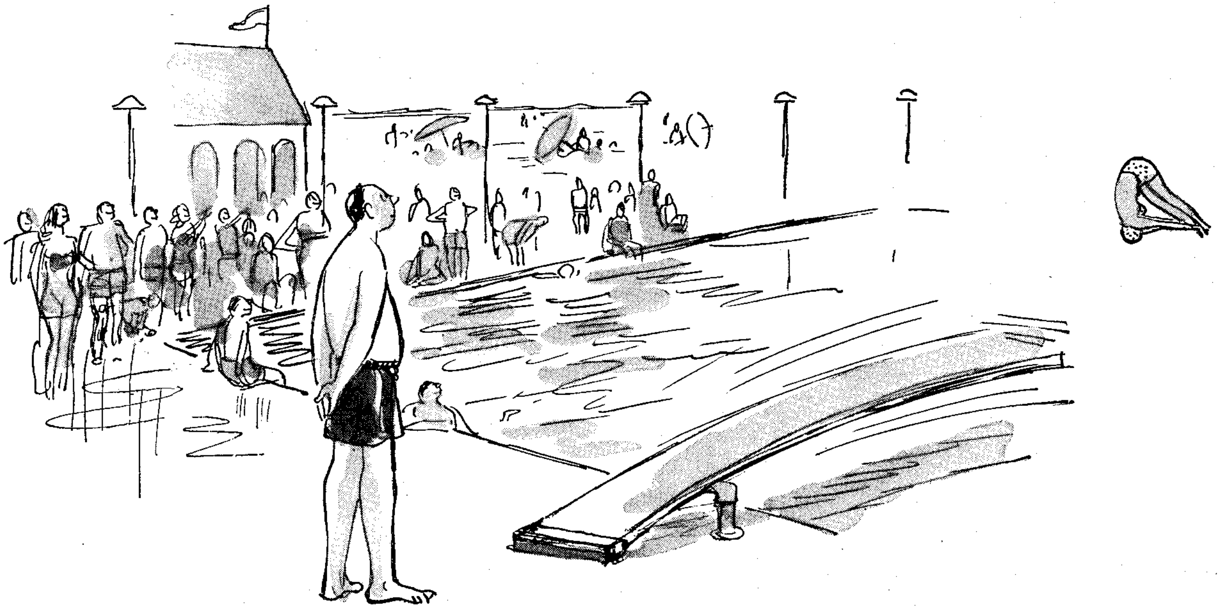

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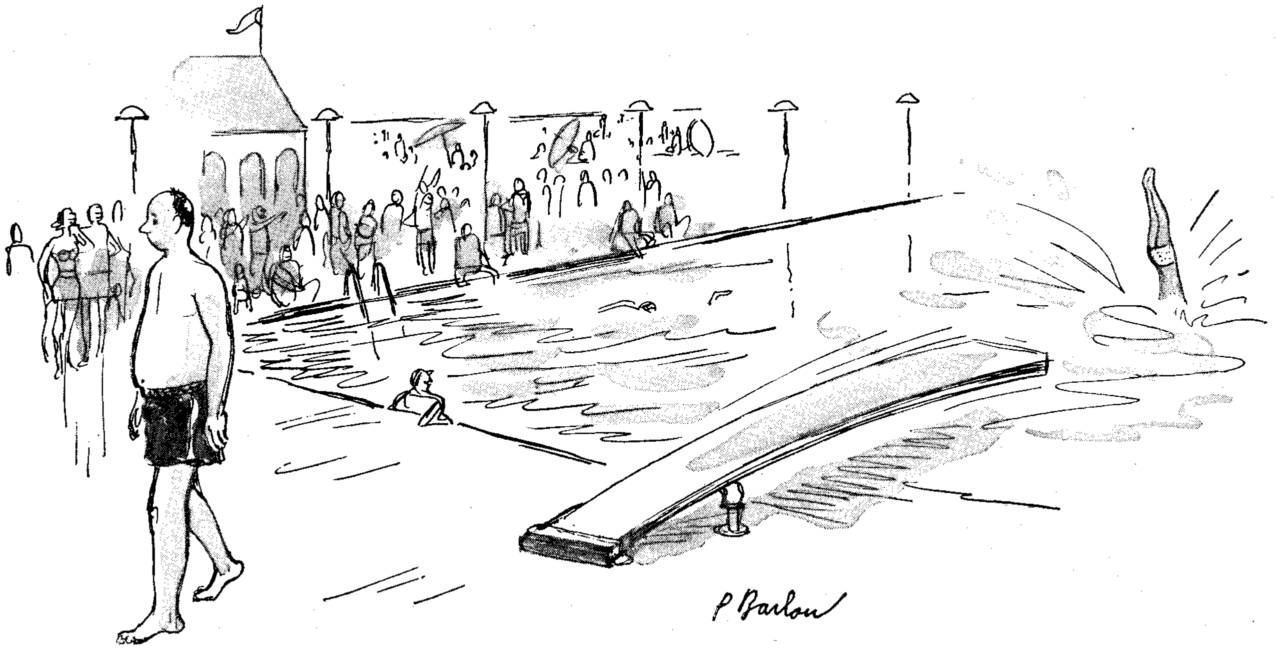


OASIS OF GAIETY

AFTER luncheon, Dosie took off her shoes and danced all round the room. Her feet were plump and arched, and the varnish on her toenails showed through her stockings.

Her mother was sitting on the floor playing roulette with some of her friends. She was always called Auntie except by Dosie, who "darling"ed her in the tetchy manner of two women living in the same house, and by her son, Thomas, who stolidly said "Mother," a démodé word, Auntie felt—half insulting.

On Sunday afternoons, most of Auntie's "set" returned to their families when the midday champagne was finished. They scattered to the other houses round the golf course, to doze on loggias, snap at their children, and wonder where their gaiety had fled. Only Mrs. Wilson, who was a widow and dreaded her empty house, Ricky Jimpson, and the goatish Fergy Burns stayed on. More intimate than a member of the family, more inside than a friend, Fergy supported Auntie's idea of herself better than anyone else did, and, at times and in ways that he knew she couldn't mind, he sided with Dosie and Thomas against her.

In some of the less remote parts of Surrey, where the nineteen-twenties are perpetuated, such pockets of stale and elderly gaiety remain. They are blank as the surrounding landscape of fir trees and tarnished water.

Sunshine, especially blinding to the players after so much champagne, slanted into the room, which looked preserved, sealed off. Pinkish-gray cretonnes, ruched cushions with tassels, piles of gramophone records, and a velvet Maurice Chevalier doll recalled the stage-sets of those forgotten comedies about weekends in the country and domestic imbroglio.

Auntie's marmoset sat on the arm of a chair, looking down sadly at the players and eating grapes, which he peeled with delicate, worn fingers and sharp teeth. His name was Rizzio. Auntie loved to name her possessions, everything—her car (called the Bitch, a favorite word of her youth), her fur coat, the rather noisy cistern in the w. c. Even some of her old cardigans and shawls had nicknames and personalities. Her friends seemed not to find this tiresome. They played the game strenuously and sometimes sent Christmas presents to the inanimate objects. In exchange for all the fun and champagne they were required only to assist the fantasy and preserve the past. Auntie thought of herself as a "sport" and a "scream." (No one knew how her nickname had originated, for neither niece nor nephew had ever appeared to substantiate it.) "I did have a lovely heyday," she would say in her husky voice. "Girls of Dosie's age have never had anything." But Dosie had had two husbands already, not to count the incidentals, as Thomas said.

Thomas was her much younger brother, something of an incidental flowering himself. "Auntie's last bit of nonsense," people called him. Fifteen years and their different worlds separated brother and sister. He was of a more serious generation and seemed curiously practical, disabused, unemotional. His military service was a life beyond their imagination. They (pitying him, though recoiling from him) vaguely envisaged hutted sites at Aldershot and boorish figures playing football in a wintry landscape—cloddish, Breughelish. Occasionally, at weekends, he arrived, wearing sour-smelling khaki, which seemed to rub almost raw his neck and wrists. He would clump into the pub in his great Army boots and drink mild-and-bitter at his mother's expense, cagey about laying down a halfpenny of his own.

He made Fergy feel uneasy. Fergy had, Auntie often said, an impossible conscience. Watching bullocks being driven into a slaughterhouse had once taken him off steak for a month, and now, when he saw Thomas in khaki, he could only remember his own undergraduate days, gilded youth, fun with fireworks and chamber pots, débutantes arriving in May Week, driving his red M.G. to the Beetle and Wedge for the Sunday-morning session. But Thomas had no M.G. He had only the 7:26 back to Aldershot. If he ever had any gaiety, his mother did not discover it: if he had any friends, he did not bring them forward. Auntie was, Fergy thought, a little mean with him, a little on the tight side. She "darling"ed him a great deal, but as if in utter consternation. He was an uncouth cuckoo in her nest. His hands made excruciating sounds on the silk cushions. Often, in bars, she would slip him a pound to pay his way, yet here he was, this afternoon, making as neat and secret a little pile as one would wish to see.

He played with florins, doubling them slowly, giving change where required, tucking notes into the breast pocket of his battle dress, carefully buttoning them away as if no one was to be trusted. He had a rather breathy concentration, as he had had as a child, crouching over snakes-and-ladders; his hands, scooping up the coins, looked, Auntie thought, like great paws.

Only Mrs. Wilson's concentration could match his, but she had none of his stealthy deliberation. She had lost a

packet, she proclaimed, but no one listened. She kept putting her hand in her bag and raking about, bringing out only a handkerchief, with which she touched the corners of her mouth. The others seemed to her quite indifferent to the fortunes of the game—Fergy, for instance, who was the banker, pushing Thomas's winnings across to him with no change of expression and no hesitation in his flow of talk.

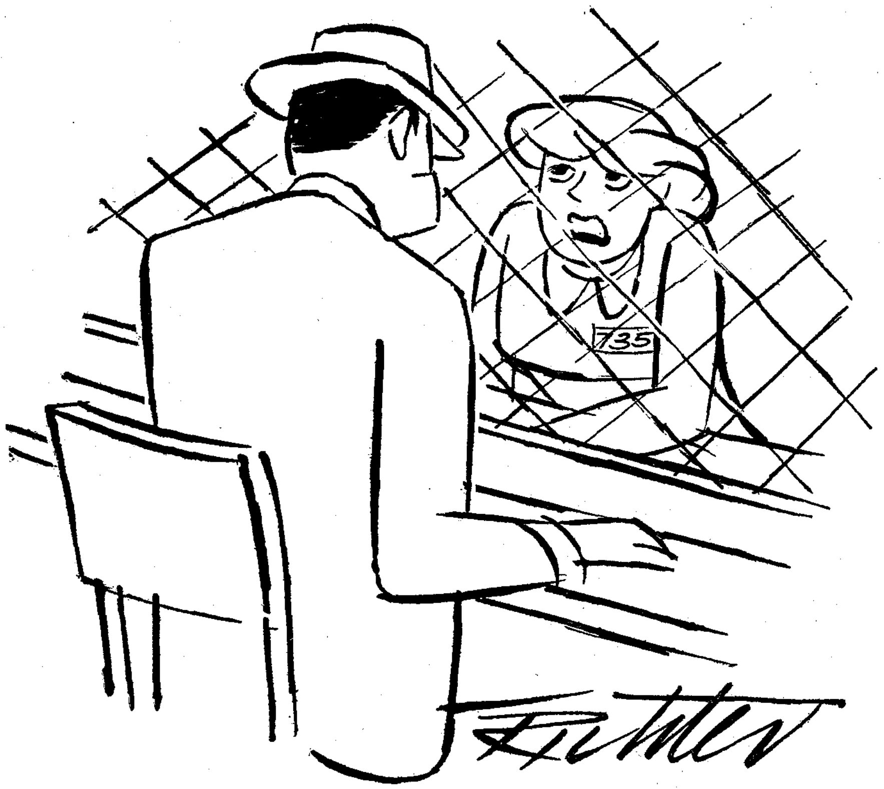
Auntie gave a tiny glance of dislike at her son as he slipped some coins into his pocket. She could imagine him counting them all up, going back in the train. In her annoyance, she added a brutish look to his face. She sighed, but it was almost imperceptible and quite unperceived, the slightest intake of breath, as she glanced round at her friends, the darlings, who preserved her world, drinking her whiskey, switching the radio away from the news to something gayer, and fortifying her against the dreary postwar world her son so typified. Mrs. Wilson, also, was a little dreary. Although trying gallantly, she had no real flair for recklessness and easily became drunk, when she would talk about her late husband and what a nice home they had had.

"Oh, Dosie, do sit down!" Auntie said.

Dosie was another who could not drink. She would become gayer and gayer and more and more taunting to poor Ricky Jimpson. Now she was dancing on his winnings. He smiled wanly. After the game, he would happily give her the lot, but while he was playing, it was sacred.

What Dosie herself gave for all she had from him was something to conjecture. Speculation, beginning with the obviously shameful, had latterly run into a maze of contradictions. Perhaps—and this was even more derogatory—she *did* only bestow taunts and abuse. She behaved like a very willful child, as if to underline the fact that Ricky was old enough to be her father. Rather gray-faced (he had, he thought, a duodenal ulcer, and the vast quantity of whiskey he drank was agony to him), he would sit and smile at her naughty ways, and sometimes when she clapped her hands, as if she pretended he was her slave, he would show that this was not pretense but very truth, and hurry to carry out her wishes.

Dosie, with one hand on the piano to steady herself, went through some of the *barre* exercises she had learned as a child at ballet class. Her joints snapped and crackled with a sound like a fire kindling.



"... Take two eggs, a cup of sugar, half a cup of butter, two cups of flour, one cup of milk, a teaspoon of vanilla extract . . ."

"You are a deadly lot," she suddenly said, and yawned out at the garden. "Put ten shillings on *rouge* for me, Ricky. I always win if you do it."

At least she doesn't lose if it isn't her money, Mrs. Wilson thought, wondering if she could ever, in a rallying way, make such a request of Fergy.

The hot afternoon following the champagne made them all drowsy. Only Ricky Jimpson sat up trimly. Fergy, looking at Mrs. Wilson's bosom, which her décolleté blouse too generously tendered, thought that in no time it would be all she had to offer. He imagined her placing it on, perhaps, *zéro*—her last gesture.

Quite frightful, Auntie thought, the way Thomas's brow furrowed because he had lost two shillings. He was transparently sulky, like a little boy. All those baked beans in canteens made him stodgy and impossible. She hadn't visualized having such a son, or such a world for him to live in.

"We can really do nothing for young people," she had once told Mrs. Wilson. "Nothing, nowadays, but try to preserve for them some of the old days, keep up our standards and give them an inkling of what things used to be, make a little oasis of gaiety for them." That had been during what she called "the late war." Thomas was home from school for the Christmas holidays. With tarnished prewar tinsel Auntie was decorating the Christmas tree, though to this, as to most things, Thomas was quite indifferent. He had spent the holidays bicycling slowly round and round the lawn on the white, rimed grass. In the evenings, when his mother's friends came for drinks, he collected his books and went noticeably to his room. The books, on mathematics, were dull but mercifully concerned with things as they were, and this he preferred to all the talk about the tarnished, prewar ways. He could not feel that the present day was any of his doing. For the grownups to scorn what they had bequeathed to him seemed tactless. He ignored those conversations until his face looked mulish and immune. His mother arranged for his adenoids to be removed, but he continued to be closed up and unresponsive.

Dosie was so different; she might almost be called a ringleader. She made her mother feel younger than ever—"really more like a sister," Auntie said, showing that this was a joke by saying it with a Cockney accent. Oh, Dosie was the liveliest girl, except that sometimes she went too far. The oasis of gaiety her mother provided became obviously too small and she was inclined then to go off into the desert and cry havoc. But Auntie thought her daughter mischievous, not desperate.

"Either play or not," she told her sharply, for sometimes the girl irritated her.

But Dosie, at the French windows, took no notice. She could feel the sun striking through her thin frock, and she seemed to unfold in the warmth, like a flower. In the borders, lilies stood to attention in the shimmering air, their petals glazed and dusty with pollen. The scent was wonderful.

"I shall bathe in the pool," she said, over her shoulder. The pool—a long rectangle of water thick with plants—was deep and Dosie had never learned to swim, had always floundered wildly.

Only Ricky Jimpson remonstrated.

"She can't swim," Auntie said, dismissing her daughter's nonsense. "Does anyone *want* to go on playing?"

Mrs. Wilson certainly did not. She had never believed in last desperate flings, throwing good money after bad. In games of chance there was no certainty but that she would lose; even the law of averages worked against her. What she wanted now was a cup of tea and aspirins, for champagne agreed with her no better than roulette. She felt lost. Her widowhood undermined her and she no longer felt loved.

But who was loved—in this room, for instance? Mrs. Wilson often thought that her husband would not have dared to die if he had known she would drift into such company. "What *you* need, darling, is a nice, cozy woman friend," Fergy had said years ago when she had reacted in bewilderment to his automatic embrace. He had relinquished her at once, in a weary, bored way, and ignored her coldly ever since. His heartless perception frightened her. Despite her acceptance of—even clinging to—their kind of life, and her acquiescence in every madness, every racket, she had not disguised from him that what she wanted was her dull, good husband back and a nice evening with the wireless; perhaps, too, a middle-aged woman friend to go shopping with, to talk to about slimming and recipes. Auntie never discussed those things. She was the kind of woman men liked. She amused them with her scatter-brained chatter and innuendo and the fantasy she wove, the stories she told, about herself. When she was with women, she rested. Mrs. Wilson could not imagine her feeling unsafe, or panicking when the house emptied. She seemed self-reliant and efficient. She and Dosie sometimes quarrelled, or appeared to be quarrelling, with lots of "But, *darling!*" and "*Must* you be such a fool, sweetie?" Yet only Thomas, the symbol of the postwar world, was really an affront. Him she could not assimilate. He was the grit that nothing turned into a pearl—neither gaiety nor champagne. He remained blank, impervious. He took his life quite seriously, made no jokes about the Army, was silent when his mother said, "Oh, *why go*? Catch the last train or wait until morning. In fact, why don't you desert? Dosie and I could hide you in the attic. It would be the greatest fun. Or be ill. Get some awful soldier's disease."

Dosie was blocking the sunlight from the room, and Mrs. Wilson suddenly felt goose flesh on her arms and cramp in her legs from sitting on the floor.

Ricky Jimpson put his winnings in his pocket without a glance at them. He sat, bent slightly forward, with one hand pressed to his waist. He smiled brilliantly if he caught anybody's eye, but his face soon reassembled itself to its look of static melancholy. The smile was an abrupt disorganization. His eyes rarely followed Dosie. He seemed rather to be listening to her, even when she was silent. He was conscious of her in some other way than visually. His spirit *attended* to her, caught up in pain though he was.

The roulette cloth was folded and put away. The marmoset was busy tearing one of the cushion tassels. Then, to Mrs. Wilson's relief, the door opened and a maid pushed in a trolley with a jazzy black-and-orange pottery tea set and some rolled-up bread and butter.

Dosie wandered out across the gravelled path in her stocking feet. The garden, the golf course beyond it, and all the other wisteria-covered, balconied Edwardian villas at its perimeter seemed to slant and swoon in the heat. Her exasperation weakened and dispersed. She always felt herself leaving other people behind; they lagged after her recklessness. Even in making love, she felt the same isolation—that she was speeding on into a country where no one would pursue her. Each kiss was an act of division. "Follow me!" she willed "them"—a succession of them, all shadowy. They could not follow, or know to what cold distances she withdrew. Her punishment for them was mischief, spite, a little gay cruelty, but nothing drastic. She had no beauty, for there was none to inherit, but she was a bold and noticeable woman.

When Fergy joined her in the garden, he put his arm across her shoulders and they walked down the path towards the pool. Water lilies lay picturesquely on the green surface. The oblong of water was bordered by ornamental grasses in which dragonflies glinted. A concrete gnome was fishing at the edge.

They stood looking at the water,

PRO SHOP
GOLF AND TENNIS
FICKE

THAT SUMMER

That summer, the red may and the white may made
Glorious the garden wall, and bees burdened
The golden air with their carrying, till it hung
Heavy, a canopy over our heads
As we lay on the lawn and dreamed our way
Through jungles of tangled marrow shoots.
Foxgloves and campanulas swayed in the borders
And God bloomed over all, a benevolent sun.
Only the doves, like feathered augurs
Brooding in thatch, suspected time.

That year, snow came in April and again
In May, and the pony died in his harness;
But in summer, under the whitewashed trees,
A girl in a white dress gave me an apple.
I fitted my teeth in the marks her teeth
Had made; so we were one. Then dusk
Moved slowly among the trees like a blue
Smoke at night, and I cried that joy
Could come so easily, for then I knew
It must break with as little warning.

—Henry Treece

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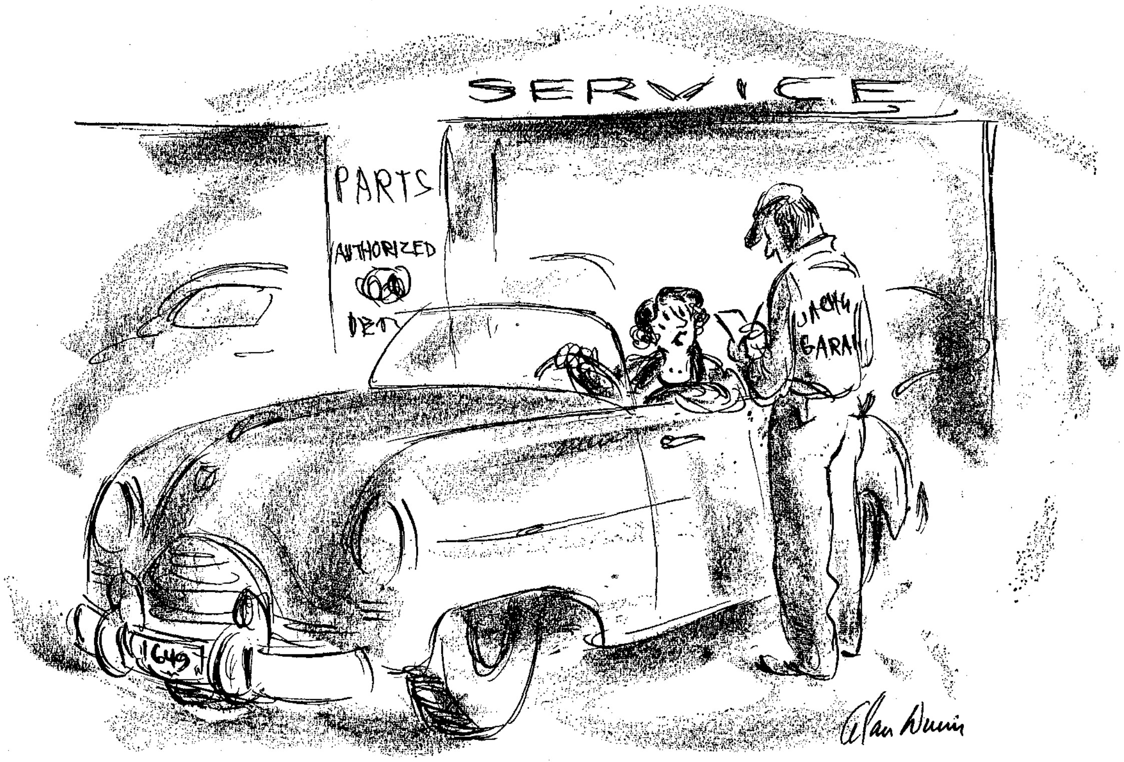

"Why my goodness, I used to get two *fenders fixed for that price!"*

lulled by the heat and the beauty of the afternoon. When he slipped his arm closer round her, she felt herself preparing, as of old, for flight. Waywardly, she moved from him. She stripped seeds off a tall grass, viciously, and scattered them on the water. Goldfish rose, then sank away dejectedly.

"Let us throw in this bloody little dwarf," Dosie said, "and you can cry for help. They will think I am drowning." She began to rock the gnome from side to side. Small brown frogs like crumpled leaves leapt away into the grass.

"Auntie dotes on the little creature," Fergy said. "She has a special nickname for him."

"So have I."

Together they lifted the gnome and threw him out towards the center of the pool.

"I always loathed the little beast," Dosie said.

"Help!" Fergy cried. "For *God's* sake, help!"

Dosie watched the house, her face alight, her eyebrows lifted in anticipation. Rings widened and faded on the water.

Ricky Jimpson dashed through the French windows and ran towards the pool, his face whiter than ever, his hand to his side. When he saw them both standing there, he stopped. His look of desperation vanished. He smiled his brilliant, dutiful smile, but receiving one of his rare glances, Dosie saw in his eyes utter affliction, forlornness.

THAT evening, Thomas, on his way back to Aldershot, met Len at the top of the station subway; as per usual arrangement, Len had said when they parted the day before. Their greeting was brief and they went in silence towards the restaurant, shouldering their way along the crowded platform. In the bar, they ordered two halves of mild-and-bitter and two pieces of pork pie.

Len pushed back his greasy beret and scratched his head. Then he broke open the pie to examine the inside—the pink gristle and tough gray jelly.

"What they been up to this time?" he asked.

"The usual capering about. My mother was rather lit up last night and kept doing the Charleston."

"Go on!"

"But I suppose that's better than the Highland fling," Thomas said. "Pass the mustard."

Len, whose own mother rarely moved more than, very ponderously, from sink to gas stove, was fascinated. "Like to've seen it," he said. "From a distance."

"What did you do?" Thomas asked.

"Went to the Palais Saturday night along with Viv. Never got up till twelve this morning, then went round the Local. Bit of a read this afternoon, then went for a stroll along with Viv. You know, up by the allotments. Had a bit of a lie-down in the long grass. She put her elbow in a cow-pat. Laugh!" He threw back his head and laughed there and then.

"Same again," Thomas said to the barmaid. "Want some more pie, Len?"

"No, ta. I had me tea."

"I made thirty-four bob," Thomas said, tapping his breast pocket.

"You can make mine a pint then," Len said. But Thomas didn't say anything. They always drank halves. He looked at Len and wondered what his mother would say of him. He often wondered that. But she would never have the chance. He looked quite fiercely round the ugly restaurant room, with its chromium tables, ringed and sticky, thick china, glass domes over the museum pieces of pork pie. The look of the place calmed him, as Len's company did—something he could grasp, *his* world.

"Don't know how they stick that life, week after week," Thomas said. "My sister threw a garden ornament in the pond—pretended she'd fallen in herself. A sort of dwarf," he added vaguely.

"What for?" Len asked.

"I think she was fed up," Thomas said, trying to understand. But he lived in two irreconcilable worlds.

Len only said, "Rum. Could they fish it out again?"

"No one tried. We had tea then." He gave up trying to explain what he did not comprehend, and finished his beer.

"Better get a move on," Len said, using as few consonants as possible.

"Yes, I suppose so." Thomas looked at the clock.

"The old familiar faces."

"You're right," Thomas agreed contentedly. —ELIZABETH TAYLOR

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The Chinese language has only about 15,000 words—and may be so difficult because none of them is English.—*Boise (Idaho) Evening Statesman.*

Well, it's a factor.

PROFILES

MAN OF MEANS—II

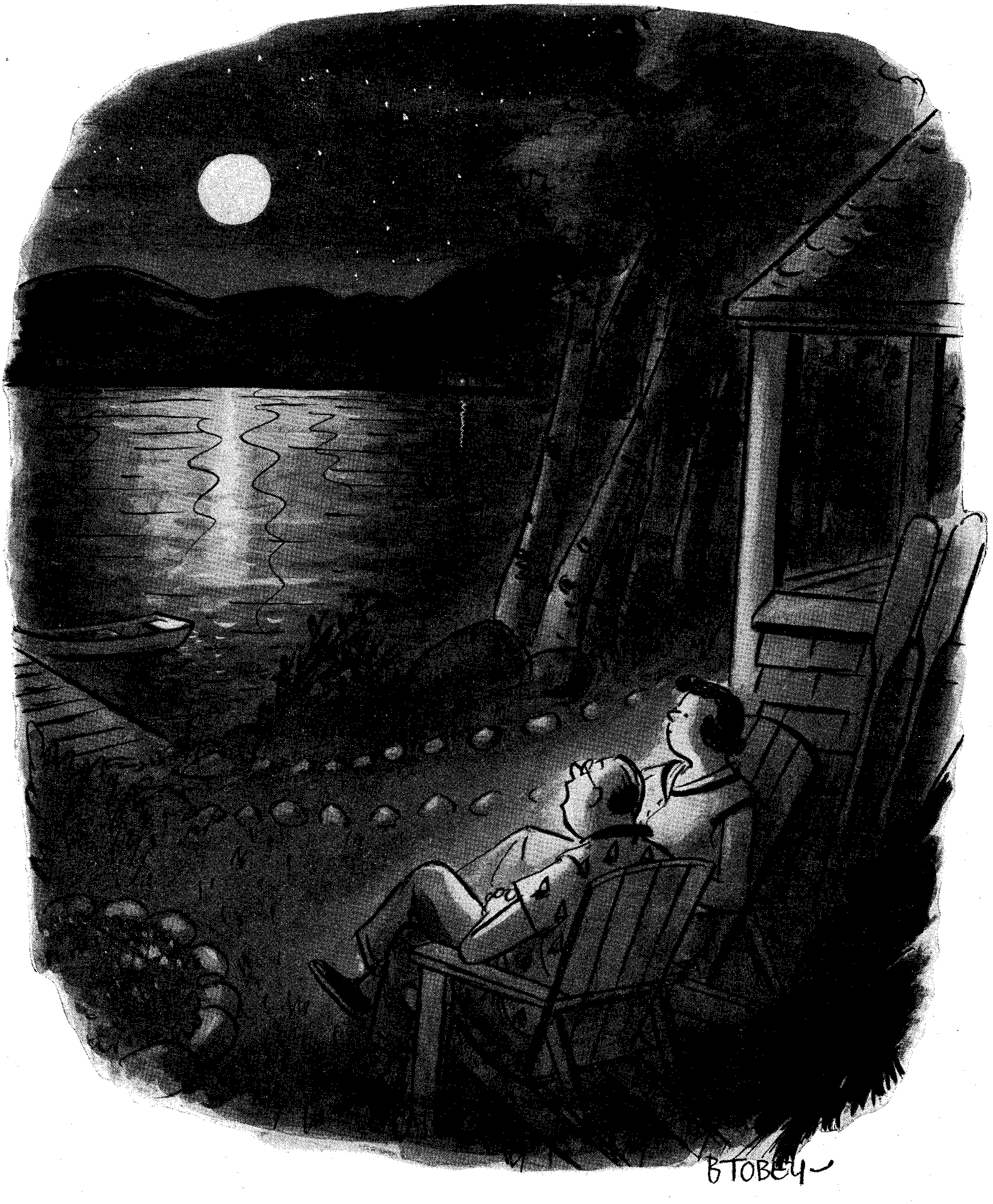
John Hay Whitney

IN the minds of faithful readers of the sports pages and society columns, John Hay Whitney, the many-sided scion of a remarkable and wealthy family, has been inseparably associated for most of his forty-six years with horses, much as if he were a centaur. Whitney, who is generally known by his nickname, Jock, was a conspicuous fixture in the international polo set during the thirties, but nowadays his biggest concern is his flourishing investment firm, J. H. Whitney & Co., and he has not been on the back of a horse for more than five years. Whitney was something less than a naturally adept equestrian, and in his polo-playing days stuck to the game as diligently as he did chiefly because it was, along with a great many other things, expected of him. "I used to watch some of my contemporaries go off and shoot golf while our big matches were taking place," he said recently, "and I thought they were being sacrilegious."

Whitney gave up polo in 1938, and these days plays golf nearly every weekend himself. He didn't take up the game seriously until after the Second World War, but, as a result of his own determination and the efforts of four or five professionals he has engaged to tutor him, he has reduced his handicap to twelve and has shot a seventy-eight, without handicap, on a stiff course. His most complimentary handicap in polo was six goals, which he achieved in 1936, but he says modestly that he got that close to the maximum rating of ten largely because he could afford the best ponies. At one time, he owned a string of twenty, for one of which he paid fourteen thousand five hundred dollars. For many years, he captained his own team—called Greentree, after the Whitney estate at Manhasset, Long Island—and it won the United States National Open Championship in 1935 and again in 1936. His teammates on both memorable occasions were Pete Bostwick, Gerald Balding, and the late Tommy Hitchcock, whom Whitney regarded on and off the turf with a reverence akin to a schoolboy's hero worship. Whitney played at back, and in that defensive position was not supposed to score many goals. He has a passion, however, for participating vigorously in anything that is going on around him; in consequence, he often found it intolerable to stick near his goalposts while the other players were wrangling at the other end of the field, and he was forever galloping down happily toward the opponents' goal. He was probably the most widely roving back in the history of the sport; in one notable match, he tallied seven goals for his team, and Hitchcock, who had a ten-goal handicap and was expected to do the better part of his side's point-scoring, only six. In 1931, Whitney built a polo field of his own, on the Manhasset place, and whenever he played there, he was rooted for by an intensely partisan claque of Greentree retainers, who dropped their assigned duties, flocked to the field, and filled the air with proud, respectful cheers.

Whitney played polo all over the country, frequently travelling from match to match in a gaudy yellow-and-black Sikorsky amphibian called Pegasus, which he bought in 1928 for sixty thousand dollars and which was one of the first flying yachts in private service. He has had at least one plane ever since. (He has two at present.) He has always had his own pilot, too. His earliest one was Wilmer Stultz, who entered his employ immediately after flying Amelia Earhart across the Atlantic. The following year, while stunting a small single-engined Waco that Whitney had bought to take flying lessons in, Stultz was killed near Roosevelt Field, where Whitney used to berth his aircraft (he now parks them at MacArthur Field, in Islip). Not long after that, Whitney's valet, Edgar, who owned a plane of his own, told his employer that he'd be glad to pilot him as well as tend to his wardrobe. Whitney is a loyal master, and he accepted the offer. Edgar was daring and fearless but not especially skilled, and Whitney's next few years were crowded with unscheduled aeronautical acrobatics. Once, taking off from an open field near Saratoga Springs, Edgar misjudged his altitude and brushed some trees. "I sure never thought we'd make that one, sir," he said cheerfully. Another time, coming down near Saratoga, he landed so maladroitly that two of his passengers spilled clear out of the plane—a Jones terrier and Herbert Bayard Swope. "We used to nose over with considerable regularity," Whitney said recently. Edgar's navigation, too, was erratic. One afternoon, Whitney and William S. Paley, who were later to marry two of the three celebrated Cushing sisters, attended a business meeting in Camden, New Jersey. Whitney invited Paley to ride back to New York with him in another single-engined Waco he had purchased. "When we got to the Camden airfield," Paley said a while ago, "the weather looked doubtful, so I suggested that we take a train. Jock was agreeable at first, but then his valet gave him a look of such withering disdain that he said to me, 'You take the train. I'll fly.' Well, I didn't want to seem a poor sport, so I went along. I dozed off, and when I awoke, we were in the soup and Edgar was lost. Jock had his head out of one side of the plane and Edgar had his out the other, both looking for Newark Airport. All of a sudden, Edgar cried, 'I see it!' I was so relieved that I scarcely gave it a thought when, after we'd come down, we discovered we were at Floyd Bennett Field." Edgar finally grounded himself permanently after bumping into a mountain in New Jersey one day while he thought he was cruising over Long Island. Whitney's present pilot is a veteran of the Army Air Forces, who looks after only his own clothes.

WHITNEY was born on August 17, 1904, at Ellsworth, Maine, where his parents, the Payne Whitneys, had rented a house for the summer. As a boy, he was pudgy, awkward, and afflicted with a pronounced stutter. He has pretty well got over this impediment, thanks mainly to a governess who, either unaware or heedless of what a psychologist might have thought of her tactics, used to kick him in the pants whenever his enunciation faltered. Whitney was surrounded in his youth by all kinds of specialized attendants, including a footman, with whom, appropriately, he used to play soccer. Payne



"*Know what would make this place perfect? Television.*"

• •

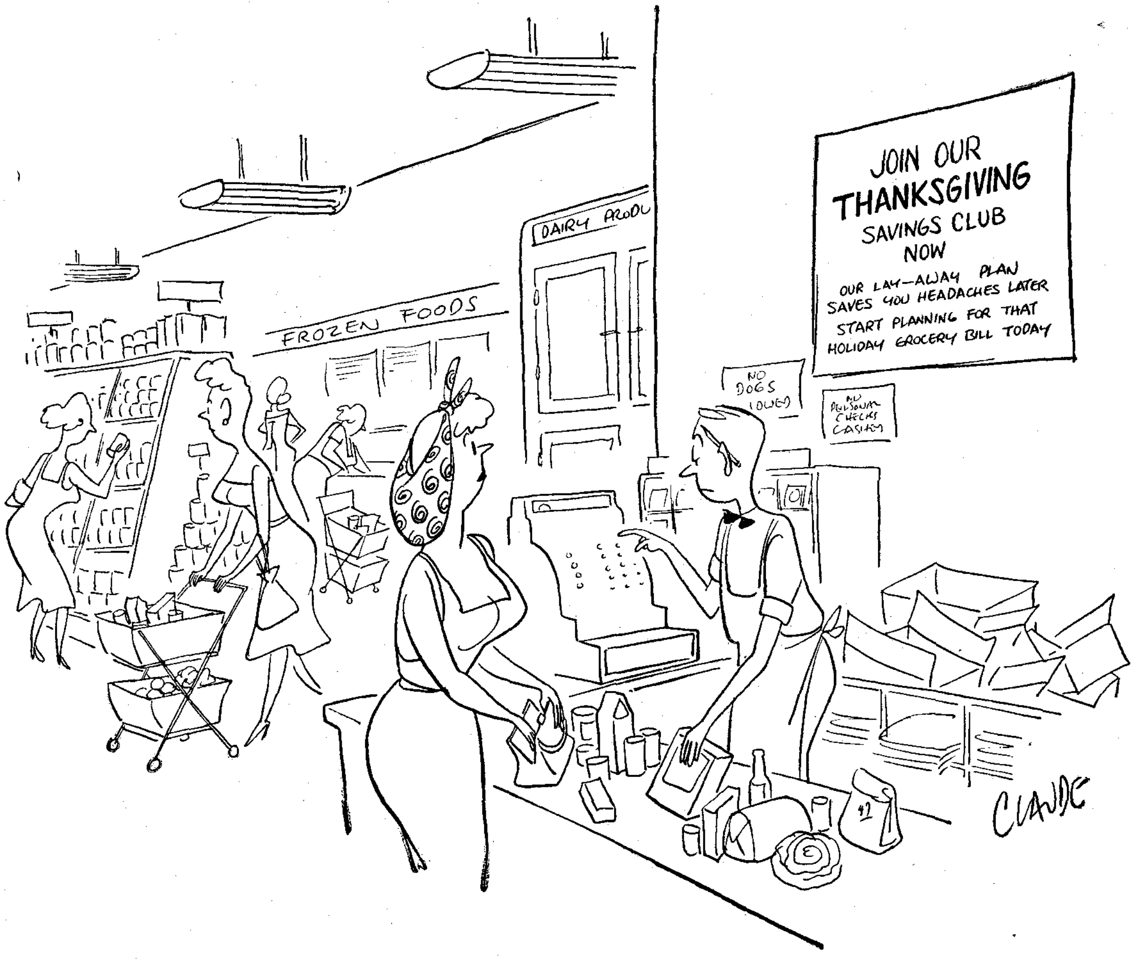
Whitney, who was a skilled practitioner of such gentlemanly games as racquets and court tennis, had a high regard for the benefits of exercise, and in an effort to pare down his bulky son, he commissioned the late Tommy Shortell, then the boxing instructor at the Racquet & Tennis Club, to give the boy lessons. Jock not only grew slimmer and more agile but developed into a promising prizefighter. Shortell, pleased with his protégé's progress, entered him in a city-wide boxing tournament, the forerunner of the Golden Gloves, at the old Madison Square Garden, but Jock was dissuaded from appearing there by his father, who felt that a good thing was on the point of being carried too far. Jock subsequently won the heavyweight championship of Groton School, in a competition his family considered more suitable.

Whitney's first academic instruction was received at Miss Chapin's, which during his boyhood was coeducational through the first grade. He then attended a manlier institution, St. Bernard's, where he was admitted to a secret society that for a couple of years held its initiation ceremonies in the Whitney town house, at 972 Fifth Avenue. Neophytes were required to perch on a fifth-story window ledge, with the window closed behind them, and drop paper bags filled with water on pedestrians passing beneath; the Whitney ledges were so wide that the ordeal was not overly hazardous, except, of course, to passers-by. While at St. Bernard's, too, Whitney displayed a prodigious capacity for making money. He was driven to school and back in a capacious limousine, and, with the connivance of his chauffeur, often crowded it with schoolmates from his neighborhood who had been given ten cents' carfare by their parents and whom Whitney transported both ways for a nickel. At the age of twelve, Jock, as his father and his father's father, William Collins Whitney, had done before him, entered Groton. He spent the usual six years there, and in his final year was elected senior prefect by his fellow-students, the highest honor they could bestow. On the eve of the Christmas holidays, the headmaster, Dr. Endicott Peabody, called his boys together and announced that despite the shocking circumstance of their having lost the annual football game with St. Mark's, they could, because of the estimable behavior the praiseworthy example of the senior prefect had inspired in them throughout the term, have an extra two days' vacation.

After graduating from Groton, in 1922, Whitney went to Yale. Again he was following the family pattern, and now the tradition was more specific. Both his grandfather and his father had been captains of the Yale crew, and nothing less was expected of him. Payne Whitney was so anxious not to have anything interfere with this expectation that he had refused to let Jock row at Groton, where Dr. Peabody coached the crew; Whitney *père* thought it might be harmful for his son to take up the sport under an amateur. Whatever the soundness of this strategy, within a month after enrolling at Yale and sweeping his first oar, Jock was stroking the freshman shell. His sophomore year, he rowed on the junior varsity, and his junior year he was stroking the varsity when he came down with rheumatic fever. After he had recovered, he was told by his doctor to cut out rowing for a year. Upon receiving this dire intelligence, Payne Whitney went into conference with the Yale crew coach, after which they appealed jointly to Jock to drop back one class, so he wouldn't lose a year of crew and thus, in all probability, forfeit his chance of becoming captain. Jock was fond of rowing, but not to the extent of forsaking his classmates for it. He stuck with them, and, as a result, when he was allowed to row again his senior year, got only as far as stroking the junior varsity. The university awarded him his major "Y" anyway. Two years later, while in London, he reciprocated by shipping to the university, as a mascot for the crew, a pedigreed English bulldog, which brought it such good luck that the football team adopted it, too, in preference to other available bulldogs. He became Handsome Dan VII in the succession of Yale mascots.

After receiving a B.A. from Yale, in 1926, Whitney spent a year at Oxford, taking courses in history and literature. He was depressed as he set out for Europe, because the allowance his family had put him on, while a liberal one by ordinary standards, was rather inhibiting; it wasn't ample enough, for one thing, to permit him to take with him a couple of race horses his father had given him that summer as a twenty-second-birthday present. Aboard ship, however, he won two distance-run auction pools, and with this windfall was able to buy two horses in England, a hunter and a steeplechaser. Riding the steeplechaser, he entered a point-to-point race at Oxford called the Grind. This was his first endeavor as a gentleman jockey, and so discouraging that he let it be his last one, too. The horse was speedy enough, but it seemed not to know when it was approaching fences, and kept going through them instead of over them. After the race, Whitney took the animal to a vet, and was shocked to learn that it evidently had been suffering from defective vision for some time and shortly before the contest had gone blind.

Whitney's other English horse had better vision—better, for that matter, than its owner, who is nearsighted and has had to wear glasses since boyhood—and he often rode it in the Old Berkshire Hunt, which meets not far from Oxford. One of his fellow-riders was Jack Anthony, a trainer who had won three Grand Nationals and who, two years later, was to begin a series of efforts to win a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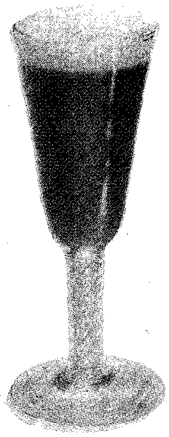
Guinness Guide to Guinness

GUINNESS EXTRA STOUT has been brewed in Dublin for generations. This is the classic Stout which is now brewed in America under the supervision of the Dublin brewers. The roasted barley and most of the barley malt are imported from Ireland. The original yeast was flown over from Dublin.



BLACK VELVET is made by mixing equal quantities of Guinness and champagne. Indian Princes call this delicious drink "Tiger's Milk." In Manila it is known as "Marivales Velvet." The English used to call it "Bismarck," and in Germany it is still "Wilhelm Der Grosse."

HALF-AND-HALF is made by mixing equal quantities of beer and Guinness Stout. The strong, hearty flavor of Guinness does wonderful things for your beer. Hence the old saying: "Guinness is good for beer." You've had something worth drinking when you've had Half-and-Half.

MULLED GUINNESS is made by plunging a red-hot poker into a jug of Guinness Stout, then adding nutmeg, a bay leaf and cinnamon. The immersion of the poker is an exciting business. Mulled Guinness should be drunk in winter, before a blazing log fire, with the curtains drawn.

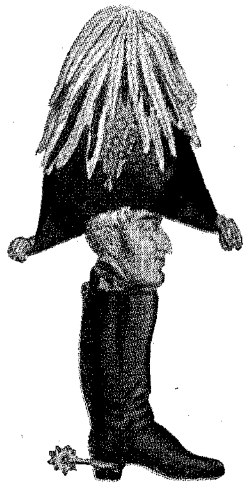
GUINNESS & RUM is a truly *heroic* drink, calculated to warm the cockles of your heart after a long day's hunting or sailing in cold weather. Incidentally you can now get Guinness on draught in New York, Boston and several other cities.

GUINNESS
GUINNESS EXTRA STOUT
BREWED IN U.S.A.

CHILLED GUINNESS is superbly refreshing, but its flavor is even better if you remove it from the refrigerator half an hour before drinking. In 1933 Sir Douglas Mawson's expedition to the Antarctic found (and enjoyed) four bottles of Guinness which had been left there eighteen years before. In hot weather many Americans mix Guinness with beer—a famous thirst-quencher.

GUINNESS COOLER. Put ice in a chilled silver mug. Add ⅓ jigger Curaçao, ⅔ jigger Crème de Cacao, 1 jigger Dubonnet, one 6-oz. bottle Guinness Stout. Decorate with a spiral of apple peel. Invented by the great Eddie Clarke when he was bartender at the Hibernian Hotel in Dublin.

GUINNESS® STOUT BREWED BY ARTHUR GUINNESS SON & CO., INC., LONG ISLAND CITY, N. Y. ©1951



GUINNESS AT WATERLOO. A cavalry officer who was wounded at Waterloo wrote in his diary: "When I was sufficiently recovered to be permitted to take some nourishment, I felt the most extraordinary desire for a glass of Guinness. I shall never forget how much I enjoyed it. I thought I had never tasted anything so delightful."

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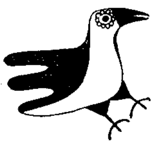
fourth, for Whitney. In the 1929 running of the event, Whitney had a gelding entered, Easter Hero, which was the favorite in a record field of sixty-six. Easter Hero looked to be an easy winner until it twisted a plate on one of the final hurdles; this slowed it down sufficiently for a 100–1 shot to pass it in the stretch. Whitney has kept trying, but he has yet to win the Grand National. In this year's running of the event, a general debacle in which only three out of the thirty-seven entries finished, his Arctic Gold was, like Easter Hero, the favorite, but fell at the eighth fence.

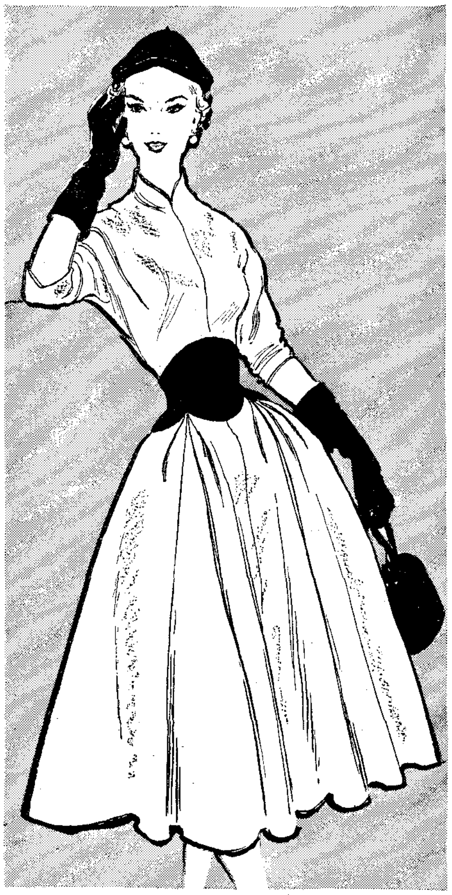
IF family precedent made it seem likely that Whitney would row for Yale, it was practically a foregone conclusion that he would race horses. He started riding Shetland ponies at the age of five, and before he was ten, he was proficient at clocking early-morning workouts. His paternal grandfather, William Collins Whitney, in whose memory the Whitney Stakes is annually run at Saratoga, had won the English Derby in 1901 and in 1903 had been the leading American money-winner. Payne Whitney's older brother, Harry Payne Whitney, was the preëminent stable owner of his generation. Payne Whitney didn't have a racing string of his own, but his wife, Helen Hay Whitney, whom the sportswriters habitually called the First Lady of the American Turf, won two Kentucky Derbies and at least one running of nearly every other big stake race in this country. When her husband died, in 1927, the flags at Belmont Park and Churchill Downs were lowered to half-mast. Mrs. Whitney died in 1944, and her son and her daughter, Mrs. Charles Shipman Payson, both of whom had previously had stables of their own, thereupon jointly assumed the management of hers, the Greentree Stable. In the 1941 running of the Hopeful Stakes at Saratoga, five of the eight horses that went to the post belonged to Whitneys. Entries of Mrs. Payne Whitney's finished first and second. Her daughter took show money, and one of her son's horses came in fourth. A couple of outside nags somehow slipped through to beat out a horse carrying the silks of Cornelius Vanderbilt Whitney, a nephew, known to most people as Sonny.



When the New York State Racing Commission was formed, in 1934, Jock was one of its three members; he has just completed a four-year term as a steward of the Jockey Club, of which he has been a member for nearly a quarter of a century. Back in the thirties, he was a director of the Westchester Racing Association, which operates Belmont Park; and in racing circles he is hailed as a man capable of effectively reconciling the often disparate interests of stable owners and two-dollar bettors. At Belmont, he handled this liaison role neatly by bringing about a fifty-cent reduction in the price of general-admission tickets to the track and, concurrently, an increase in the purses for some of the major stakes there. Nowadays, in the world of horse racing, commercialization is, so to speak, in the saddle, and few people can bring themselves to refer without snickering to the archaic, high-minded notion that the purpose of racing is the improvement of the breed of horses. Whitney is one of a handful of present-day stable owners who are conspicuous, if somewhat lonely, examples of men who really care about improving the breed (since 1934, he has been president of the American Thoroughbred Breeders Association), and whose attitude toward what used to be primarily a gentlemanly sport is still resolutely gentlemanly. Even the Greentree Stable trainer, John M. Gaver, is an exception in his sometimes rough-and-tumble profession; he is a graduate of Princeton and used to teach English. Whitney, to be sure, is as happy as the next horseman when he wins a race, and he was pleased when, two years ago, Greentree earned a total of $578,017 in purses, to rank second nationally. The net profit of the Greentree racing operations that year (the gross income was considerably swelled, as usual, by stud fees, sales of horses, and so on) was a quarter of a million dollars, or enough to reduce by fifty per cent the losses Whitney had incurred on his own stable from 1932 to 1944 and in partnership with his sister from then on. Their cash outlay for horsy activities had been running between five and six hundred thousand dollars a year, not counting depreciation, but, purses and stud fees being what they are in these times, they can come close to breaking even if they are fortunate enough to have a couple of first-rate horses running and a few fancy stallions back on the farm.

In a drawer of his desk at J. H. Whitney & Co., Whitney keeps, and frequently consults, a loose-leaf notebook in which are recorded the details of the ancestry of each of the forty-eight brood mares he and his sister own, as well as data on every mare's progeny. Like any owner of that many mares, he is often called upon to devise suitable names for the animals' offspring. Mrs.

Jersey...
and
Beautiful



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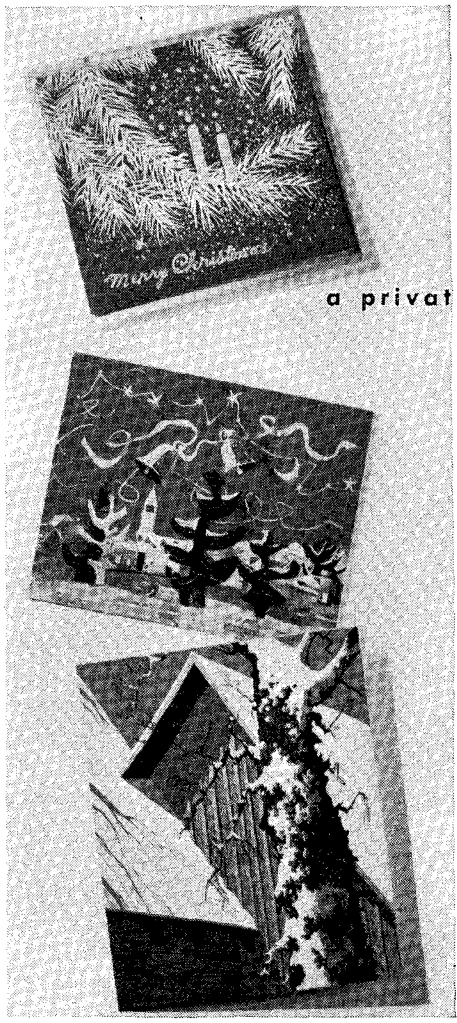
Payne Whitney was considered an expert in this creative field—she is credited with, among many others, Anchors Aweigh, by Man o' War out of Good-Bye, and Hash, by Questionnaire out of Delicacy—and she taught her children at an early age the knack of concocting apposite names for horses. Jock's inventions include Singing Wood, by Royal Minstrel out of Glade; Repentance, by Third Degree out of Hasty Wedding; Blinker Light, by War Admiral out of Blinking Owl; Ball Hawk, by Shut Out out of Bird Hawk; Boomdeay, by Amphitheatre out of Miss Merriment; Sunday Evening, by Eight Thirty out of Drowsy; and Hall of Fame, currently the star of the Greentree string, by Shut Out out of Big Event.

Whitney seldom bets much on his, or anybody else's, horses. Payne Whitney was a steady plunger at the tracks and had his own betting concessionaire, a spry fellow who would shop around among the bookmakers to get his client a good price. With the advent of the pari-mutuel system, concessionaires became forlorn victims of technological progress, but whenever Whitney goes to the races around New York, his father's man turns up faithfully at his box and buys his tote tickets for him. Whitney never places a bet on a horse of his that is running in a big stake, on the ground that it is hard enough as it is for him to witness such an event with what he feels is the requisite equanimity. "One of the most difficult things for me," he said recently, "has been to follow a precept that was given to my mother, when she began racing, by an old trainer. He told her, 'You must learn to lose as if you like it, and to win as if you're used to it.' I'm afraid I find myself winning very vociferously." Whitney delights in competition, and becomes particularly elated when the odds are against him. Once, before a big polo match in which his team was widely regarded as a 9–5 underdog, a member of the opposing team offered to bet him a thousand dollars on the outcome, and for bargaining purposes said he'd give Whitney 7–5 odds. Whitney, to his rival's surprise, insisted on betting at even money and, to his rival's further surprise, won. Whitney cannot abide losing at anything, and it is thought by some people who know him that this is a natural enough sequence to the attitude of his maternal grandfather and namesake, John Hay, whose family motto was "*Quod habeo desidero*"—"I desire that which I have," or, as Whitney's mother preferred to translate it, "I like what I got." Once, attending the races at Keeneland, in Kentucky, Whitney sought to liven up a dull afternoon by betting a companion that the win pool in the pari-mutuels on a certain race would reach five thousand dollars. They bet a drink on it. A moment before post time, Whitney judged from the figures flashing on the tote board that the pool wasn't apt to amount to much more than forty-five hundred dollars, and, to protect himself from losing the drink, he plunked down five hundred dollars on the favorite's nose. This raised the pool safely beyond the critical level, so he won. A minute later, his horse won, too.

WHITNEY was twenty-two when his father died, leaving him a fortune that has increased steadily in value in recent years and is currently estimated to be around sixty million dollars. The son came home from England for a while, and then made a couple more trips over there. He was obviously under no compulsion to worry about earning a living, but he began to feel that he ought nonetheless to get a job. Having taken first prize in a short-story contest at Groton and written a couple of book reviews for the *Yale Lit*, he thought publishing might be the spot for him, and in 1929 offered his services to Nelson Doubleday, a family friend. Whitney was dismayed when Doubleday rejected him, with the advice that a man as well-to-do as he was had no business holing up in a single, narrow field of enterprise. Whitney thereupon presented himself to the investment firm of Lee, Higginson & Co., one of the partners of which had stroked the Yale crew that Payne Whitney captained, and was taken on as a buzzer boy, at a salary of sixty-five dollars a month. He stayed there a year, ending up as a fifty-dollar-a-week clerk in the statistical department. The head of that department was involved in a proxy fight for control of the Freeport Texas Company, a sulphur-producing outfit now known as Freeport Sulphur, and on learning that his associates in the battle needed financial help, he appealed to his clerk. Whitney obligingly put half a million dollars into the company. He has been chairman of its board almost ever since. The stock he bought then has quadrupled in value, and J. T. Claiborne, Jr., the Lee, Higginson man who called the opportunity to his attention, is now a partner in J. H. Whitney & Co.

Not all Whitney's youthful investments prospered to a comparable degree. Most of his money was held in trust for him until he reached the age of forty, but he had enough loose cash at his disposal as a young man to be able to take heady flyers in a wide assortment of ventures. Indeed, after leaving Lee, Higginson, in 1930, he became so active an investor that he never again felt the urge to seek conventional employment. As an outgrowth of his yearning for the literary life, he put money into *PM* and a shelfful of magazines, among them *Outlook*, *Newsweek*, *Polo*, *Scientific American*, and, most recently, *Interior Design*. Few of these have returned him much in the way of dividends or, for that matter, in the way of capital; *Outlook*, for instance, went bankrupt four months after he tried to shore it up with a hundred thousand dollars. He took almost as complete, though not as extensive, a licking on a company that proposed to refine sugar by some revolutionary process or other. He also came off badly in a brief agronomical experiment he sponsored. While studying in England, he heard of a versatile tree, a species developed there and kept practically secret by its originators, that was heralded as the harbinger of an economic revolution. Its bark was supposed to be a cheap substitute for hemp, jute, and sisal, its stem a substitute for the wood used in making newsprint, and its leaves the tastiest and most nourishing cattle feed imaginable. Moreover, it was said to grow from a seed to a mature eight feet in a mere eighteen months. Encouraged by the fact that such a tree was thriving in the Royal Gardens at Sandringham and had been endorsed by a director of the Bank of England, Whitney bought from its British guardians, for a little over fifty thousand dollars, the American rights to some processes for separating its bark from its pulp. He had seedlings planted all over the United States, hoping to find soil conditions that would duplicate the hospitable ones at Sandringham, but he was never able to produce a tree more than eighteen inches high.

One of Whitney's most extraordinary investments in his earlier days was a prizefighter, Abe Simon, a six-foot-four, two-hundred-and-fifty-pound heavyweight who was brought to his notice in 1935 by his old boxing tutor, Tommy Shortell. At the Racquet & Tennis Club one day, Whitney, at Shortell's invitation, watched Simon take a belt at the club's sandbag, which thereupon split open at the seams. Whitney was impressed, having frequently pummelled the bag himself without bursting a stitch, and he hastened to introduce Simon to Gene Tunney, whom Whit-



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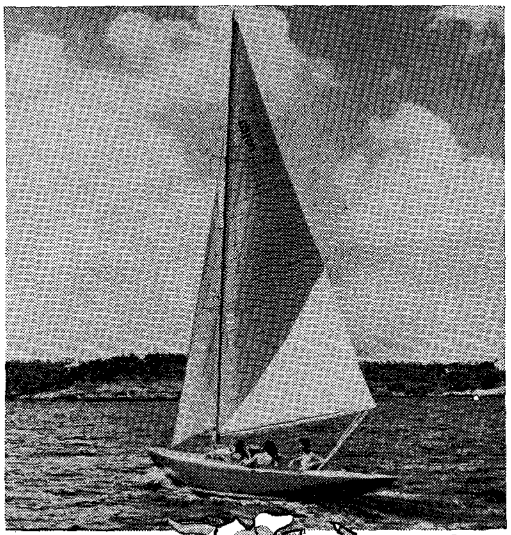

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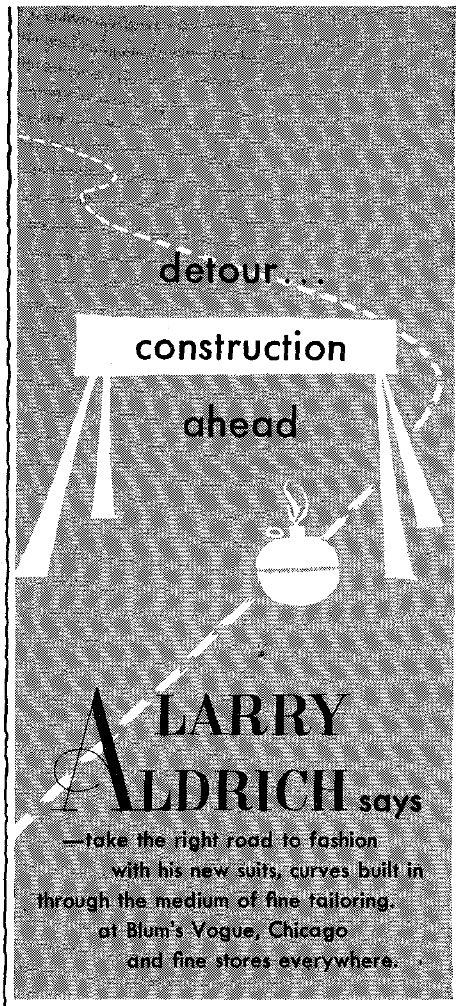
IN ALL FRANKLIN SIMON STORES

ney had been in the habit of accompanying to training camps in Tunney's own bag-punching days. Tunney suggested that Simon go a couple of exploratory rounds with an established boxer, and, to ascertain whether Abe could take a beating as well as he could give one, quietly offered the sparring partner fifty dollars for every time he knocked the fellow down, and a hundred dollars for a knockout. Simon fought three rounds with this eager adversary, while Whitney and Tunney looked on with rising interest, and not only remained on his feet but grew progressively stronger. Whitney and Tunney then signed a contract to manage him, put him on a small weekly drawing account, and arranged a training program for him. Occasionally, he would work out in the gymnasium at the Whitney place on Long Island. Interrupting one such session to catch his breath, Simon wandered out into the garden, clad only in shoes, trunks, and sixteen-ounce practice gloves. He came unexpectedly upon Whitney's mother, who was sunning herself in a lawn chair. Mrs. Whitney was a lady capable of meeting any situation with grace, and although she had had no intimation that a sweaty, half-naked giant was at large on the premises, she smiled gamely as he approached her and held out her hand in welcome. "Pardon my glove," said Simon, and took her hand. Simon gave exhibitions of his prowess at, among other odd arenas, Whitney's home at Saratoga Springs, where a ring was installed on the lawn, but the fighter didn't come along as well as Whitney and Tunney had hoped he would, and after a while they released him from his agreement. Under new management, he eventually, in 1941, got as far as lasting thirteen rounds with Joe Louis, thus showing considerably more staying power than some of Whitney's inanimate investments.

FROM 1929 to 1940, Whitney was also a bounteous angel of the theatre. His interest in it had begun long before that. While a student at St. Bernard's, he had appeared in several Shakespearean productions; one of the gravest disappointments of his boyhood was that once he was demoted from the role of Hamlet to that of the King for flunking math. At Groton, he continued to act, and while a freshman at Yale he was accorded the high honor, for a first-year man, of participating in the Dramat winter show. Playing the captain of the palace guard in "Caesar and Cleopatra," he was outfitted with a costume that left him ruggedly barelegged. His parents took in a performance, and immediately after



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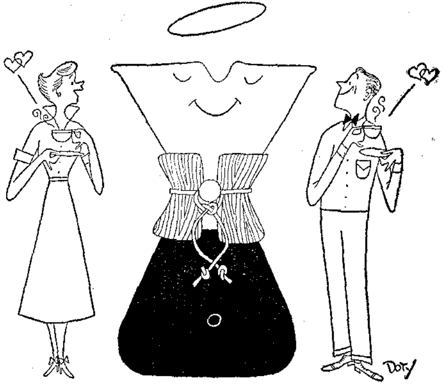

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it an old Yale oar rushed, beaming, toward Payne Whitney and cried, "Congratulations! What a fine pair of legs for crew!" During his decade or so of operations on Broadway, all of them backstage, Whitney averaged less than two plays a year, but in those days angels customarily bought larger pieces of a production than they do now. In a few instances, Whitney was a show's sole backer. More often, his sister went in on a show with him. They made their money available through a series of ephemeral corporations—a precautionary device to protect them, in the event of catastrophe, from being held liable for more than the assets of the particular corporation involved—to which they gave such devil-may-care names as Wild Cat, Inc.; Pike's Peak, Inc.; and Undaunted, Inc. Whitney was partial to non-musicals, and had a big stake in, among other straight plays, "Kind Lady," "Whistling in the Dark," "On Borrowed Time," and "Life with Father," but his two most extravagant and most disastrous ventures were a pair of musicals, "Jumbo" and "Here Goes the Bride," which between them nipped him for more than a hundred and fifty thousand dollars. Whitney got mixed up with "Jumbo" because he admired Billy Rose, the Hippodrome, and elephants, but these three imposing factors somehow failed to add up to a financially successful whole. Whitney got mixed up with "Here Goes the Bride" because he was then, as he is now, a radio fan of exceptional loyalty. Last winter, he became a fanatical devotee of Tallulah Bankhead's program, and if he was unable, at any time during the months it was on the air, to avoid sitting down to dinner at seven o'clock of a Sunday evening, he took a portable radio to the table with him; twenty years ago, he was an equally slavish listener to a program featuring Bing Crosby. On hearing that Crosby was slated to appear in "Here Goes the Bride," Whitney was overjoyed to be allowed to invest eighty-five thousand dollars in his idol's vehicle. Long before opening night, however, Crosby dropped out of it. Even though Clark and McCullough stepped in, the première was so mournful an occasion that almost none of Whitney's friends had the heart to turn up for a gala opening-night party he threw on the Starlight Roof of the Waldorf. The show folded after seven performances, a calamity that, if at considerable expense and inconvenience, nevertheless strengthened Whitney's belief in Crosby's indispensability.

At the start of the Second World War, the method by which profits on investments were taxed by the federal government was changed, with the effect that even though an investor in Whitney's income bracket could still lose impressive sums on failures, he stood little chance of netting much on successes. Whitney stopped making theatrical investments and hasn't been a Broadway angel, or even cherub, since. His interest in the romantic business remains undimmed, though. A year or so ago, he asked a statistician at J. H. Whitney & Co. to calculate for him how the returns on a five-thousand-dollar investment in "A Streetcar Named Desire," made just before it opened, would have compared over a two-year stretch with the returns on a similar sum invested evenly in the thirty industrial stocks, the twenty railroad stocks, and the fifteen utility stocks used to compute the Dow-Jones averages. The report showed that Whitney's hypothetical investor would have netted $797 in the industrials, $495 in the railroads, $1,044 in the utilities, and $8,005 on the play. Whitney was pleased with these findings, particularly since his wife, on his recommendation, had had five thousand dollars riding on "Streetcar" during the specified period.

IN 1933, Whitney cast a benevolent eye toward Hollywood. Together with his sister, his cousin Sonny, and Sonny's two sisters, he set up a movie-producing company, which was to specialize in making Technicolor films, and which after operating briefly under two chromatic names, Rainbow Pictures and the Spectrum Corporation, became known as Pioneer Pictures. The Whitney clan contemplated spending seven million dollars, over a four-year period, on eight or nine productions. In 1936, however, by which time they had made one short film, "La Cucaracha," and two full-length ones, "Becky Sharp" and "Dancing Pirate," they dissolved Pioneer in order to join forces with David O. Selznick, who had organized Selznick International Pictures the previous year. Selznick was president and held forty-two per cent of the stock; Jock Whitney was chairman of the board and, with his relatives, held an equal amount; the remaining sixteen per cent was divided among five individuals,

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including a couple of Lehman Brothers and a Selznick brother. During the next four years, Selznick International made ten pictures, including "Nothing Sacred," "A Star Is Born," "Rebecca," "Gone with the Wind," and "Little Lord Fauntleroy." Selznick, in Hollywood, handled the creative end, and Whitney, who made New York his headquarters, the commercial end. He worked just about full time at it, though without drawing any salary or expense money, and he became so self-assured a movie mogul that, it was admiringly noted in entertainment circles, he could hold his own in occupational colloquy with any Schenck or Skouras.

Selznick is a man given to sudden and grandiose impulses, and Whitney learned to carry out all kinds of Hollywoodish missions for him without blinking. Once, Selznick sent him an urgent transcontinental teletype message requesting that he buy the Leviathan, which was then languishing, unused and otherwise unwanted, at a pier in Hoboken. Whitney, who did not find out until later that his colleague had in mind doing a picture on the sinking of the Lusitania, unquestioningly set about trying to execute this formidable assignment. He had got as far as convincing a number of maritime men that he was out of his mind and ascertaining that it would cost fifty thousand dollars merely to have the Leviathan towed from New York to San Francisco, where his partner planned to torpedo her, when Selznick abandoned the project. Whitney commuted feverishly between New York and Hollywood during his movie phase. While on the Coast, he often stayed at Selznick's home, and now and then, after finishing the day's business, the two of them would play ping-pong, making enormous bets on every game. It was understood between them that no money would change hands—that they would keep on playing until they were all even. Sometimes they were obliged to paddle throughout the night to attain this sportsmanlike goal. Once, an acquaintance of Selznick's stopped by, after a late party, for a nightcap and strolled toward a room where what sounded like a buffalo stampede was in progress. Peeking in, he saw the two men facing each other across a ping-pong table and heard one of them croak wearily, "Got to get some sleep. Two hundred thousand or nothing on this one." The visitor shrugged and moved on to the bar, certain that he had witnessed a scene epic even by the standards of that opulent community.

Whitney's most rewarding trip to the West Coast occurred early in 1936,

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shortly after he teamed up with Selznick International. The company had been sent galley proofs of "Gone with the Wind," and Selznick liked it but was hesitant about paying the fifty thousand dollars asked for the movie rights—more than had ever before been asked for an unpublished novel. Whitney finished reading the galleys while in a plane bound for California, and during a stopover in Pittsburgh, he wired the New York office to grab the rights at once. The office didn't, because Selznick was still doubtful. When Whitney, upon arriving in Hollywood, learned that no action had been taken, he declared that if his partner wouldn't agree to buy the book for the company, he'd buy it on his own. Selznick reluctantly came around. It was originally estimated that the production costs of "Gone with the Wind" would be a million and a half dollars, but what with one delay and another, not to mention the heavily publicized and costly search that preceded the choosing of Vivien Leigh as Scarlett O'Hara, the final figure was four and a quarter millions. As the total mounted, so did Selznick's apprehensions, as well as a lot of other people's. "Everybody except Jock kept saying we were doomed to disaster," Selznick recalled a while ago. "But Jock never for a moment faltered in his confidence. *He* kept saying, 'It'll be the most successful picture ever made.' " Whitney's confidence didn't falter even after a couple of his horses that he had named Tara and Scarlett O'Hara proved no great shakes at the race track. "Gone with the Wind" was released at the end of 1939, and to date it has grossed thirty-three million dollars in this country alone—vastly more than any other picture. It is still going strong. It made its début in Paris only last year, and is recurrently on display at, among other theatres, Whitney's home on Long Island. Whitney has seen it more than a dozen times, and continues to enjoy it hugely, although some of his friends who have sat through it with him on three or four occasions, three hours and forty-eight minutes each, have a tendency to squirm at the idea of seeing it again.

In 1940, Selznick and Whitney decided to liquidate their company, largely because Selznick wanted to realize some capital gains from it. When its assets were divided up among the stockholders, Selznick sold his interest in "Rebecca" to Whitney for forty thousand dollars. (A year later, when Selznick decided he wanted the picture back, Whitney let him have both their interests for more than double what he had

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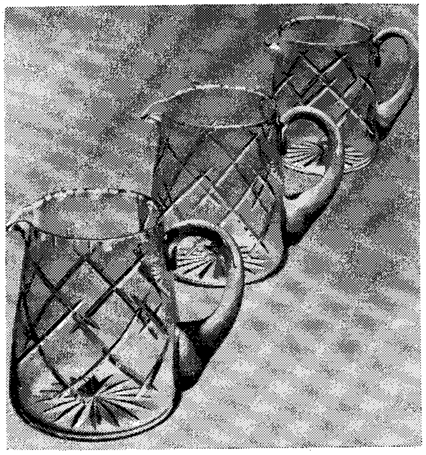

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paid for them, thus realizing a nice capital gain himself.) Whitney and his sister acquired most of the distribution rights to "Gone with the Wind," too, giving Selznick half a million for his share. Whitney kept his interest in the picture for a couple of years and then sold it to Loew's, Inc., to reap another capital gain, rather than pay straight income taxes on whatever revenue the picture brought him. If he had held on to it, it would have had to gross thirty-five million dollars more before he could keep the equivalent of what he was able to net by selling outright. The exact price he got has never been disclosed, but his personal profit on "Gone with the Wind," after taxes, was probably somewhere around a million and a half dollars.

Whitney has been a trustee of the Museum of Modern Art since 1930, and chairman of the board for the last five years. In 1935, because he knew his way around cinematographic circles better than any of the other board members, he was named head of its then brand-new Film Library, and he has occupied that post ever since. In 1940, when Nelson Rockefeller, the president of the Museum, went to Washington to organize the Office of the Coördinator of Inter-American Affairs, he invited Whitney to go along as director of its motion-picture division. Whitney went, and spent two years on the job. He was mainly responsible for the production of a number of Walt Disney movies overflowing with inter-American good will; conspicuous among them was "Saludas Amigos," some of the production costs of which the government underwrote in return for free prints to distribute to our embassies and legations in Latin America. Whitney was also instrumental in getting his former associates in the movie industry to handle Latin-American characters on the screen more tactfully than some of them had theretofore been disposed to. It had once been the practice in Hollywood, for example, to depict all gigolos as Frenchmen, and after the French expressed resentment at this type-casting, the movie people had almost unanimously switched to Latin-American gigolos. Whitney managed to bring about another diplomatic transformation, this time to gigolos of no recognizable national or geographical origin. He made several trips south of the equator on behalf of the Coördinator's office. While on one, he was entertained by Oswaldo Aranha, then the Foreign Minister of Brazil, who had a small stable of brood mares. Just as one philatelist might, by way of saying thank you for another's hospitality, give him a stamp from his own collection, so Whitney, upon his return to the United States, sent a stallion to Aranha as a token of appreciation. It is contended by one expert on Latin-American relations that this gesture of amity, coming as it did at a time when the precise extent of Brazil's concern for the Allied war cause was not yet certain, was a contributing factor in that country's decision to make available to the United States the airbases that proved so helpful later on.

DURING 1940, Whitney spent some time in Plattsburg picking up a number of military fundamentals, and in the spring of 1942 he was commissioned a captain in the Army Air Forces. That summer, he was shipped to England as an air-intelligence officer, and the following February became public-relations officer for the Eighth Air Force, a position to which he was appointed because, according to an associate of his over there, he was, owing to his experience in the journalistic limelight and his previous residence abroad, one of the few available men who were awed neither by the sight of a newspaper reporter nor by the sound of a British accent. After holding the job for slightly more than a year, he moved on to Italy, where he served as a staff officer for Lieutenant General Ira Eaker, commanding the Allied Air Forces in the Mediterranean area. Whitney, by that time a full colonel, maintained liaison for Eaker with the Royal Air Force, the Office of Strategic Services, and pro-Allied political operatives in the Balkans. A week after the Allied landings in southern France, he and two cronies in the O.S.S. arranged to make a tour of observation of the agency's forward operations there, and on August 22, 1944, they got hold of a driver and headed for the front in a weapons carrier. In no time at all, the four found themselves beyond the front and ambushed by some Germans. The group crawled through a handy ditch to a farmhouse, where for a couple of wild hours, armed only with a tommy gun, a carbine, and a pistol, they stood off a superior Nazi force equipped with a tank, machine guns, mortars, and grenades. Whitney finally thought it prudent to surrender, and, on being interrogated, identified himself circumspectly as a Special Services officer making a survey of ground-force recreational facilities and morale. He gave his correct name, but the Germans never caught on to who and what he was—not even when, because of the blunder of an American war correspondent, the fact of his capture was revealed while he was still a prisoner. Whitney's family learned what had happened to him through a phone call from a sportsman who was attending the races at Belmont Park one afternoon and heard the news over the track's public-address system, which on that unique occasion was employed to spread the melancholy tidings that a member of the Jockey Club had fallen into enemy hands.

The Germans who held Whitney were retreating all the time. Separated as soon as he was captured from his fellow O.S.S. men, he was shunted rapidly from one dingy shelter to another, frequently to the accompaniment of strafing by American planes and sniping by the French underground. On September 6th, at Dijon, he, with forty-four other prisoners, including the ten-man crew of a B-17, was locked in a boxcar, part of a train going east. The fliers had been forced down when three of their engines had conked out, and they were eager to return to their home base as quickly as possible, in order to have a sharp word with their maintenance men. One of them picked the lock on the door of their boxcar, and eleven of the forty-five prisoners, including Whitney, elected to decamp through it. At three-forty-five on the rainy morning of September 8th, they jumped out, while the train was moving at around twenty miles an hour along the edge of a forest. The eleven split up into small groups, to reduce the danger of being seen. Accompanied by a lieutenant from Texas and a private who had been born in Vienna, Whitney sneaked through the woods, which were surrounded by German troops, until, near a village some sixty miles northwest of Dijon, he flushed a small French boy who looked intelligent and trustworthy. Whitney sent the lad to get food and clothing for them. "For three hours, we crouched in the wood, shivering in soaked and ragged uniforms," Whitney wrote in a lengthy account of the episode that he prepared for General Eaker. The report continued:

> All of a sudden loud male voices sounded . . . and in a flash I knew the jig was up. They had caught my savior, tortured him, and he had told all. We stood up to face our fate, which then appeared in single file led by my bright boy in rain cape and hat: First the butcher with a basket full of his sausage, and he the finest genius of sausages in the Department; then the baker with great loaves of bread still warm from the oven, two for each of us; then a lady in a shawl bringing eggs, both raw and hard-boiled; then the owner of the largest vineyard shepherding a demi-

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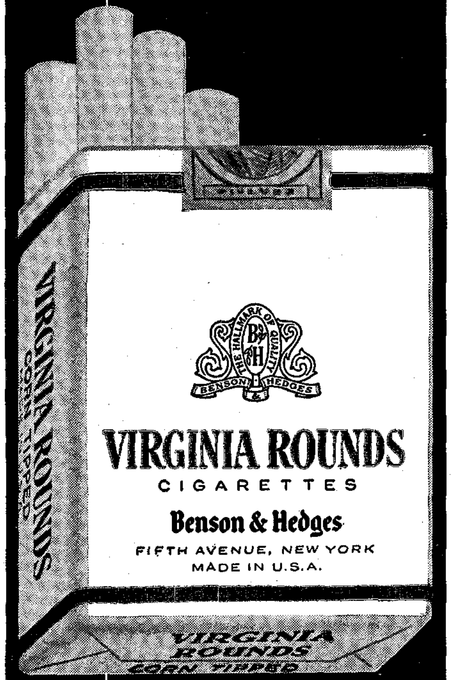
john of amber wine carried on the back of a smiling peasant. There was the Notaire and two of the leading Fonctionnaires, also a very large red bull of a man who did something with chemicals in Paris but now was a wet and sweating farmer who had in each of his pockets a bottle of wine, at the sight of which the faces of the initiated glowed brighter with approval. . . . But most important of all, if we would wait just a moment, M. le Maire, *himself*, is coming; and he did, bringing two of his retinue. We all chatter and laugh and embrace, and gradually the food and the wine get the best of our shivers and we are warm and a little tight, especially the Austrian kid, who is cockeyed. They keep saying, "Now it's all over—no more Boches—no more worries," and gradually we begin to realize that by golly they're probably right. . . . At last the Mayor made his Franco-American relations speech with extra bits in it about us. I attempted to reply for the United States, President Roosevelt, our Army and Air Force, and ourselves; and another bunch of refugees had, with pride and deep affection, been gathered into safety in the only way of fighting left to many brave Frenchmen.

The Frenchmen hid Whitney and his companions for three days. Then the Germans pulled out of the vicinity, as United States forces closed in on them, and the local commandant of the Maquis, donning his 1940 military tunic for the occasion, ceremoniously escorted the Americans to the Allied lines.

WHILE a prisoner, Whitney was impressed, and distressed, by the seeming indifference of most of his fellow-captives toward the broader aspects of the war. "German interrogators would ask me why we were fighting," Whitney told a friend afterward, "and I'd reply, 'For freedom,' and the Germans would say, 'Oh, you know perfectly well you don't have any more of it than we have.' And then these American kids with me would corroborate the Germans. I never heard one of our soldiers say he was fighting because of anything Hitler had done or for any moral reason. I decided that there must be a fundamental block in our educational system, and that I'd try to do something to overcome it." Shortly after being demobilized, Whitney took what appeared to him a practical step toward realizing his objective, by establishing the John Hay Whitney Foundation, for which he has set aside ten million dollars, and which he has also made the beneficiary of the ten-million-dollar stake he has in J. H. Whitney & Co. The foundation has awarded several scholarships to promising young men and women who would otherwise have been unable to get an education, and is considering a number of others. "I'm thinking of doing something to help the humani-



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They all speak well of it

ties," Whitney said last summer to a man who hadn't seen him since a prewar yearling sale at Saratoga Springs. "The humanities have been suffering lately in relation to the social sciences, you know." His companion, who had no idea that Whitney's interest in education went beyond the schooling of thoroughbred horses, mumbled that sure, sure, he knew. Whitney subsequently did do something; he engaged a conference room at the Waldorf and filled it with a score of eminent educators—among them the presidents of Yale and Sarah Lawrence, the dean of Barnard, and the chairman of the New York City Board of Higher Education—and for several stimulating hours moderated a discussion among them on the subject of what a foundation like his could do for the humanities.

Since the war, Whitney has surprised quite a few others who knew him in his younger days by displaying evidence of a vibrating social conscience. Upon organizing his investment firm, five years ago, for instance, he insisted, to demonstrate his antipathy toward racial discrimination, that it hire Negro secretaries as well as white ones. He was able to accomplish this only with difficulty, inasmuch as the employment agencies that deal with banking houses do not customarily have colored applicants on tap. To date, he has succeeded in placing four Negroes, at one time or another, on his staff of twenty-four. During the last two years, he has been a prime mover in a campaign to raise funds to build a hospital near his home on the north shore of Long Island, a region presently teeming with immense housing projects. Another man in Whitney's position might have resented the intrusion of regiments of neighbors into what used to be a rather sparsely populated area—when Whitney was a boy, his parents were able to entertain all the children of Manhasset at Christmastime without crowding their house—but Whitney has tried to help out not only by taking the initiative in the fund-raising drive but also by donating twelve acres of his land for the hospital site.

Whitney is, by and large, a politically unambitious man, and has several times bashfully laughed off suggestions from fellow-Republicans that he seek political prominence on a par with that held by such affluent Democrats as C. V. Whitney, his first cousin; W. Stuart Symington, his first cousin-in-law; and W. Averell Harriman, with whom he used to play polo. Not long ago, however, while discussing the catalytic role he fills in bringing the aims of the John Hay Whitney Foundation and J. H. Whitney & Co. into joint focus, he indicated that he has at least one ambition of a towering order. He mentioned that the investment firm had been doing splendidly and that the profits from its operations would give the foundation a big boost. "Wouldn't it be wonderful," Whitney went on dreamily, "if I could, somehow, someday manage to give away more than the Rockefellers?"

—E. J. KAHN, JR.

(*This is the second of two articles on Mr. Whitney.*)

• •

THE YOUNG PRIESTS

The young priests frolic on the beach,
Looking very tanned in the salt spray,
Tossing the ball high above their heads.

They run laughing over the sand,
Admiring their bodies in the salt spray,
While a gull watches from a white rock.

They wave their arms like seaweed,
Their hair glistening in the salt spray,
And the gull preens his feathers quietly.

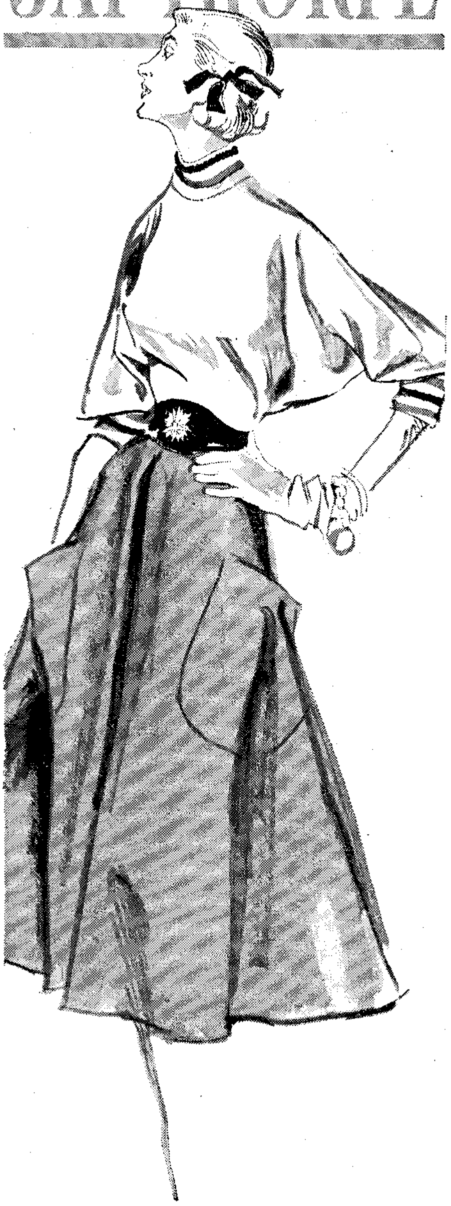
They dart away toward the driftwood,
Their legs fleet in the salt spray,
And the gull watches, the gull watches.

They hear the bell ring over the beach,
Their voices still in the salt spray,
And the gull waits, blinking his eyes.

They scramble over the whetted rock,
Their laughter gone from the salt spray,
And the gull cries out and swoops to the sea.

—CHARLES ROCKEY

JAY THORPE



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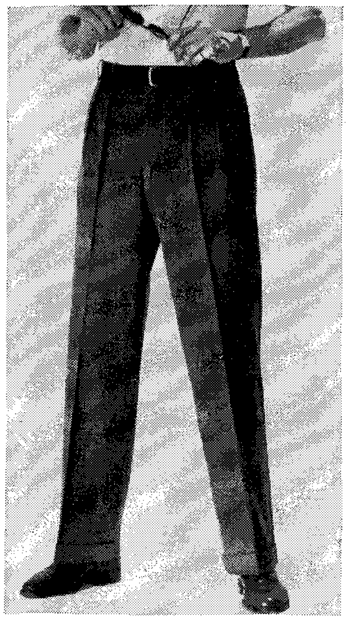

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THE CURRENT CINEMA

Chatelard

ONE of the most engaging fictional characters I have run across in a long while is M. Chatelard, a middle-aged, worldly-wise, romantic, well-to-do entrepreneur who turns up, played by Jean Gabin, in the French film "Marie du Port," adapted from a novel by Georges Simenon. From all appearances, M. Chatelard has established for himself a highly pleasurable mode of life. He owns a splendid little French automobile, a bustlingly successful restaurant in the port of Cherbourg, and an adjoining cinema, which presents Tarzan films and things like "The Idiot" and consequently plays to capacity audiences. He has the respectful affection not only of his employees and clientele—he treats both groups with unhurried tolerance—but of a fetching and broad-minded young woman named Odile, who resides with him above the restaurant. One would naturally conclude that things go well with M. Chatelard. They don't. Beneath his suave and solvent urbanity, he is as restless as a schoolboy. Odile's charms have begun to wear somewhat thin (for one thing, she chatters a good deal about wanting to go to Paris, where the voltage is higher), the money keeps rolling into the restaurant and cinema with little or no effort on M. Chatelard's part, and the same old familiar faces stuff the same old familiar food into their mouths night after night.

Relief for M. Chatelard's boredom unexpectedly arrives as a result of the funeral of Odile's father in Port-en-Bessin, a coastal village just a short spin from Cherbourg. Chatelard agrees to drive Odile to the village, but he will not attend the funeral; he never liked Odile's old man, and the feeling was mutual. Chatelard establishes a temporary command post in the village café, and it is there that he first lays eyes upon Odile's younger sister, the fetching and, conceivably, broad-minded Marie. Chatelard instantly decides that Port-en-Bessin is a town of infinite appeal and limitless possibilities, and during the next few weeks he finds himself slipping down there with increasing frequency, ostensibly to supervise the reconditioning of a fishing boat he has bought at auction, but actually, of course, to catch a glimpse of Marie, who is eighteen and a knockout. For her part, Marie has troubles, too. A young village barber, whose sole ambition is to become a hairdresser on the Queen Mary, is so passionately devoted to her that in a frenzy of self-pity he throws himself in front of Chatelard's automobile. He is injured, but only slightly, and convalesces at Chatelard's, in Cherbourg, where he finds Odile attentive and kindly. It would be unfair to reveal more of the plot other than to say that at the end of the film everybody appears to be more content than I had thought possible.

All in all, "Marie du Port" is a delight. It is subtle, witty, and civilized. Marcel Carné's leisurely direction is distinguished by a fond attention to the development of character and an obvious love for the unspoiled beauty of people and places. M. Gabin has achieved that rare trick, limited to the best of actors, of playing a role so convincingly that one cannot conceive of him in any other part. Nicole Courcel, as Marie, is not only beautiful but intelligent, and Blanchette Brunoy, Claude Romain, Jeanne Marken, and Carette are splendid in supporting roles.

METRO-GOLDWYN-MAYER, the sausage makers, have come along with a new version of Edward Chodorov's cold and calculating horror story, "Kind Lady," and have inexplicably turned it into something less frightening than a Brussels sprout. Here is a case, really, of filicide, since Mr. Chodorov is credited with being one of the authors of the screen play, the two other assassins being Jerry Davis and Charles Bennett. Ethel Barrymore is on hand as the kind lady herself, and she struggles valiantly with the hopeless script. Maurice Evans, as her chief tormentor, seems to be under the impression that he is portraying John Tanner in "Man and Superman"—all whirls and twirls and bright waistcoats. And Keenan Wynn, as a Cockney, clearly was told that he might retain the accents of Wilshire Boulevard if he would only remember to drop his "h"s from time to time. To 'ell with it.

—PHILIP HAMBURGER

•

When the white butterflies swarm over cabbage plants, I put 3 tablespoonfuls soda, baking soda not washing soda, in a 3 gallon sprinkling can and spray the plants. They fly away and do not return.
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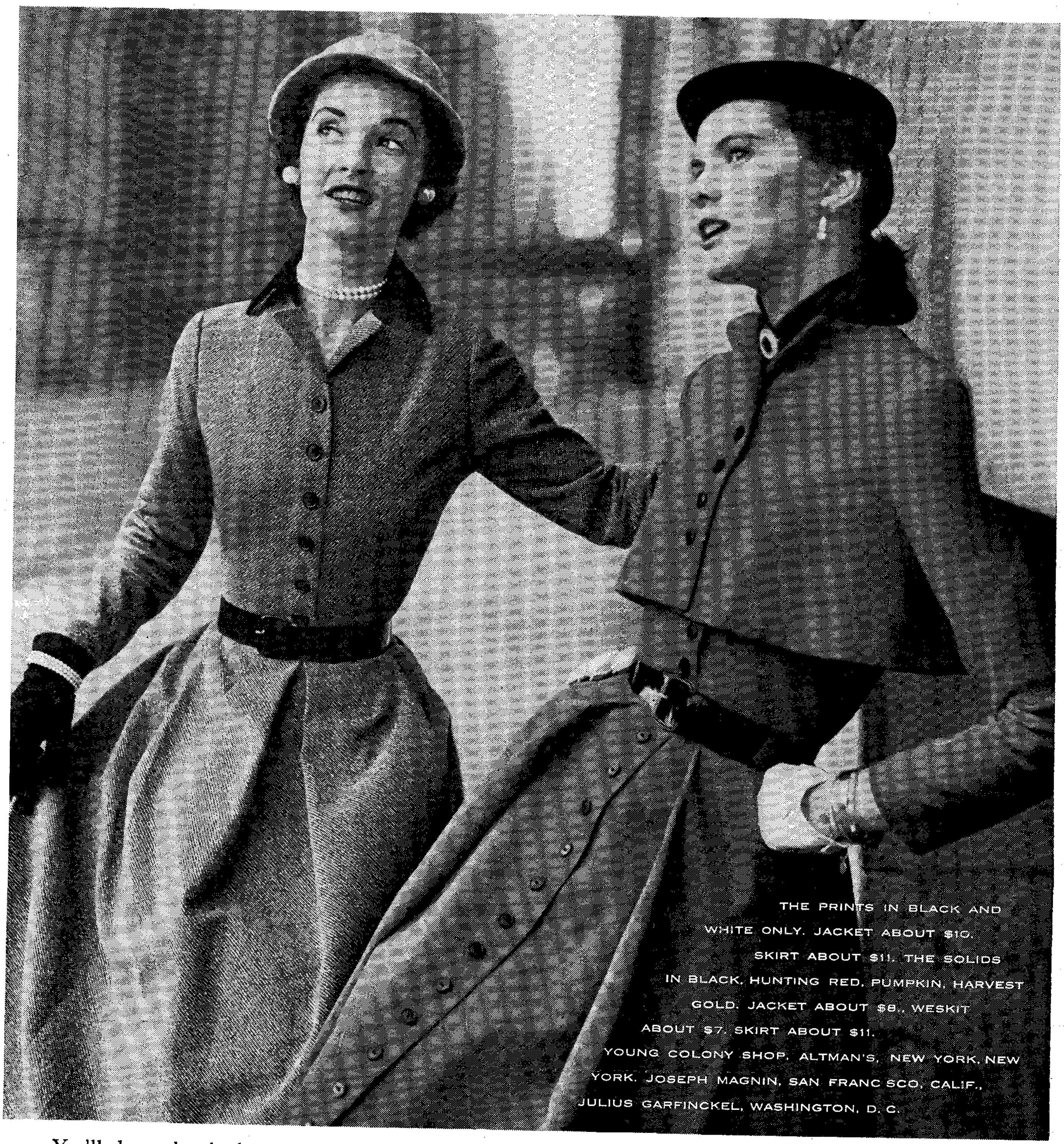

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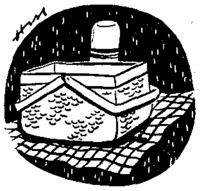
ABOUT THE HOUSE

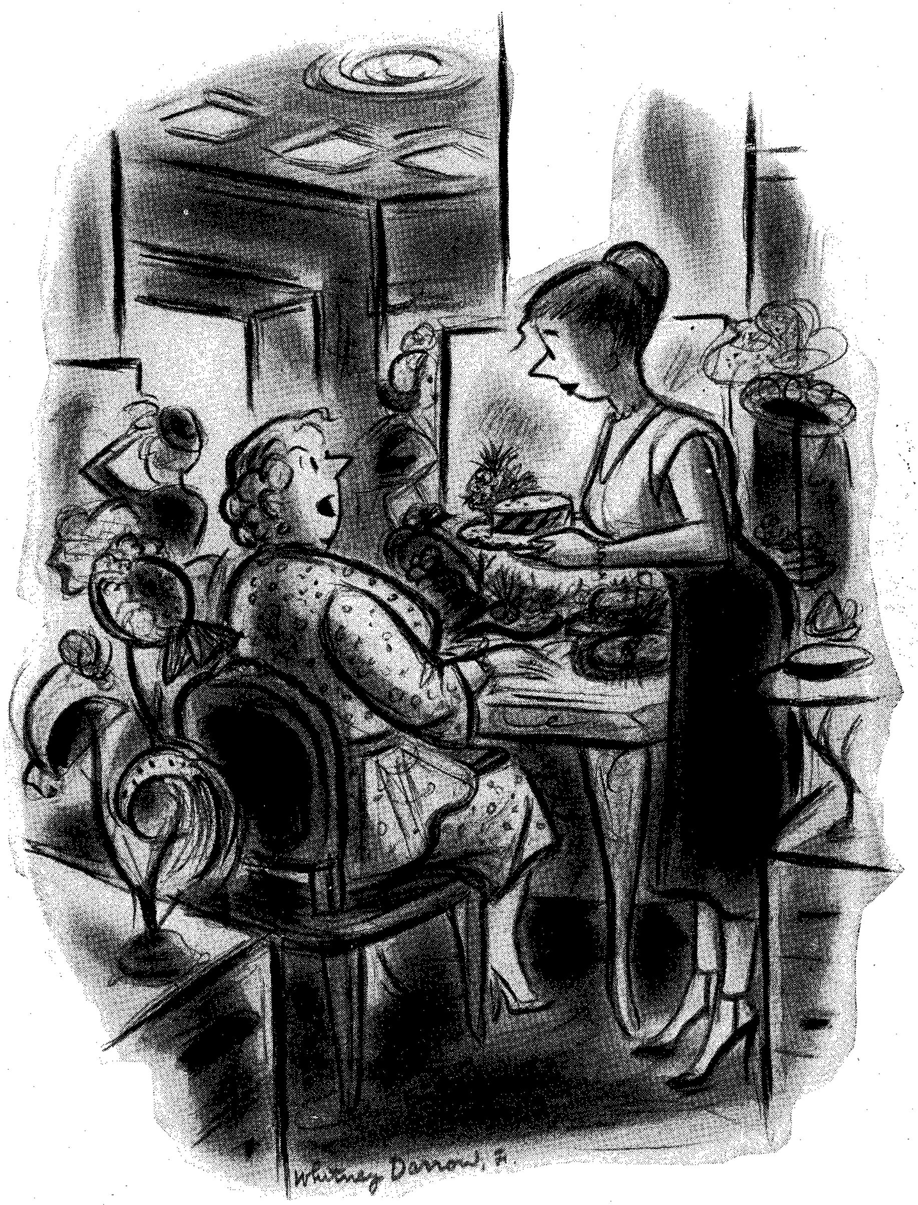


HAVING occasionally felt a mild curiosity as to why householders of taste who expend considerable thought and cash on the decoration of their homes often clutter up their doors with the most unsightly locks and bolts, I have concluded that it's usually because such things are slapped on in a moment of emergency. The origin of much objectionable hardware on apartment doors could be traced, I suspect, to an epidemic of burglaries, a scrambled vacation getaway, or some other crisis, when there was no opportunity for aesthetic reflection and the neighborhood locksmith was called in to do his worst.

Since there is, as far as I know, no particular crime wave raging at the moment, and since most people are now returning from, rather than setting out on, vacations, this seems a good time to bring up for your leisurely contemplation the Yale & Towne Company's newest lock, which is sleek and good-looking, easy to install, and as nearly pickproof as a lock can be made. It is a key-in-knob variation of Yale's pin-tumbler classic, which has been largely responsible for keeping out what sneak thieves have been kept out, and the new version will cause even keener annoyance to the confraternity that operates by pushing back a dead lock with a piece of celluloid. I am told that no lock can be guaranteed burglarproof, and, I suppose, none can claim categorically to be foolproof, but this one, designed for entrance doors, comes pretty close to it. To begin with, the keyhole is smack in the middle of the knob, which even the most inept fumbler can usually locate. Then, the mechanism is such that it is impossible to lock yourself out of your own front door accidentally. When the door is opened from the inside, a button pops out on the inner knob, releasing the lock and permitting you to take in the morning paper or set out the evening milk bottles without incurring any of those horrid risks the thought of which must freeze the blood of anyone who ventures even six inches into an apartment-house hall in his pajamas. Once safely back inside, you push the button and the door is locked again. If you're on your way out, you push the button and the door locks automatically behind you.

There is a serviceable model of this same Yale lock for a bedroom door. This one is operated, in the ordinary course of events, by a push button on the inner side, but it comes with an emergency *un*locking key, which works from the outside, so that if, for example, a lady wanting to have a good cry in the privacy of her own room pushes the latch of her door and then happens to swoon, she can be rescued. (The key, of course, should be stored in a safe place outside the bedroom.) If I haven't made it clear how the miracles of mechanics involved in these superior locks are accomplished, it doesn't much matter; what is important is that in almost any layman's opinion the locks are extremely handsome, and in the opinion of expert locksmiths they are extremely efficient. The front-door model costs $13.50, and the bedroom-door one $4.80.

THE dependable firm of William V. Paine, 1013 Third Avenue (60th), where I inspected the Yale products I have been talking about, is the exclusive outlet in this area for an extraordinarily handy latch, called the Magnecatch, for cupboards and similar small constructions. I daresay my cupboard-door trouble is just as acute as the next fellow's, so it's probably safe to assume that my happy experience with a couple of these trick catches would be repeated in almost any home where cabinet doors are somewhat less



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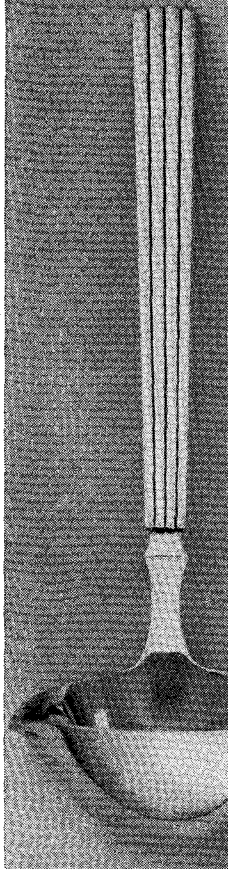

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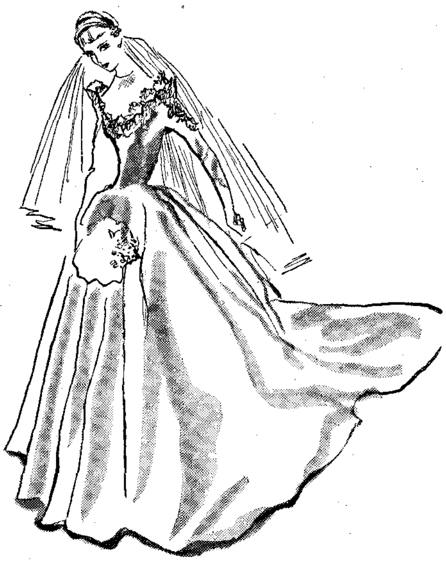
than perfectly hung. As you may have gathered, the Magnecatch is one of those magnet-operated contrivances that are such a boon to the non-mechanical-minded; it consists of nothing more than a lifetime magnet mounted on a light spring in a metal housing barely two inches long, and a small steel disc, which is fastened to the door to give the magnet something to stick to. Together, they insure absolutely firm closing of a cupboard door. The price of this valuable little contraption, which looks altogether too simple to be so reliable, is $1.19.

Another brand-new magnetic small-door catch (there can't be enough magnet-operated gadgets to suit me) is called the Leco-Latch and it is even simpler than the Magnecatch. In this one, which is to be had at Macy, for eighty-nine cents, there are no moving parts at all—just a powerful magnet to be screwed onto the lintel or a shelf of the cupboard, and a small steel plate to be attached to the door. This, along with the necessary screws, is all there is to it; the manufacturers claim it will last forever, and I don't see why not, since there is nothing to get out of order, not even a spring. But without going into the question of *forever*, I can at least testify that for several months one of these catches has held a sagging cupboard door firmly in place, and allowed it to open and close without the slightest snap or jerk. The ease with which the Leco-Latch can be installed is, of course, just one more advantage.

WE now pass on to a consideration of door hardware so far removed from the kind we've just been discussing that it almost requires another generic term. Charles A. McCarthy, at 48 East 57th Street, whose outstanding collection of antique locks and bolts has been spoken of before in these columns, has recently acquired most of the important hardware from the late, lamented Ritz-Carlton Hotel and, contrary to his firm's usual strict policy, is offering the lot to the public directly, without benefit of an intermediary architect or decorator. Probably very few of even the most faithful Ritz customers could describe with any accuracy the knobs and locks that lent distinction to their suites, but now that these beautifully designed brass pieces, with their exquisite Adam chasing, can be seen at the McCarthy showrooms, without the hotel's elegant distractions, they are unforgettably striking. The fittings consist of long lever door handles, large, oval knobs with roses and key plates to



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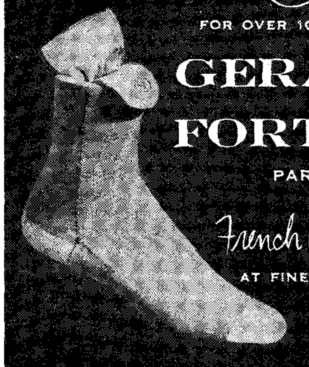

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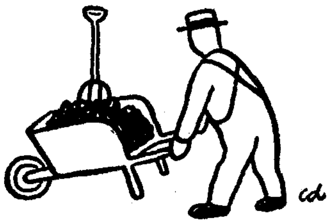
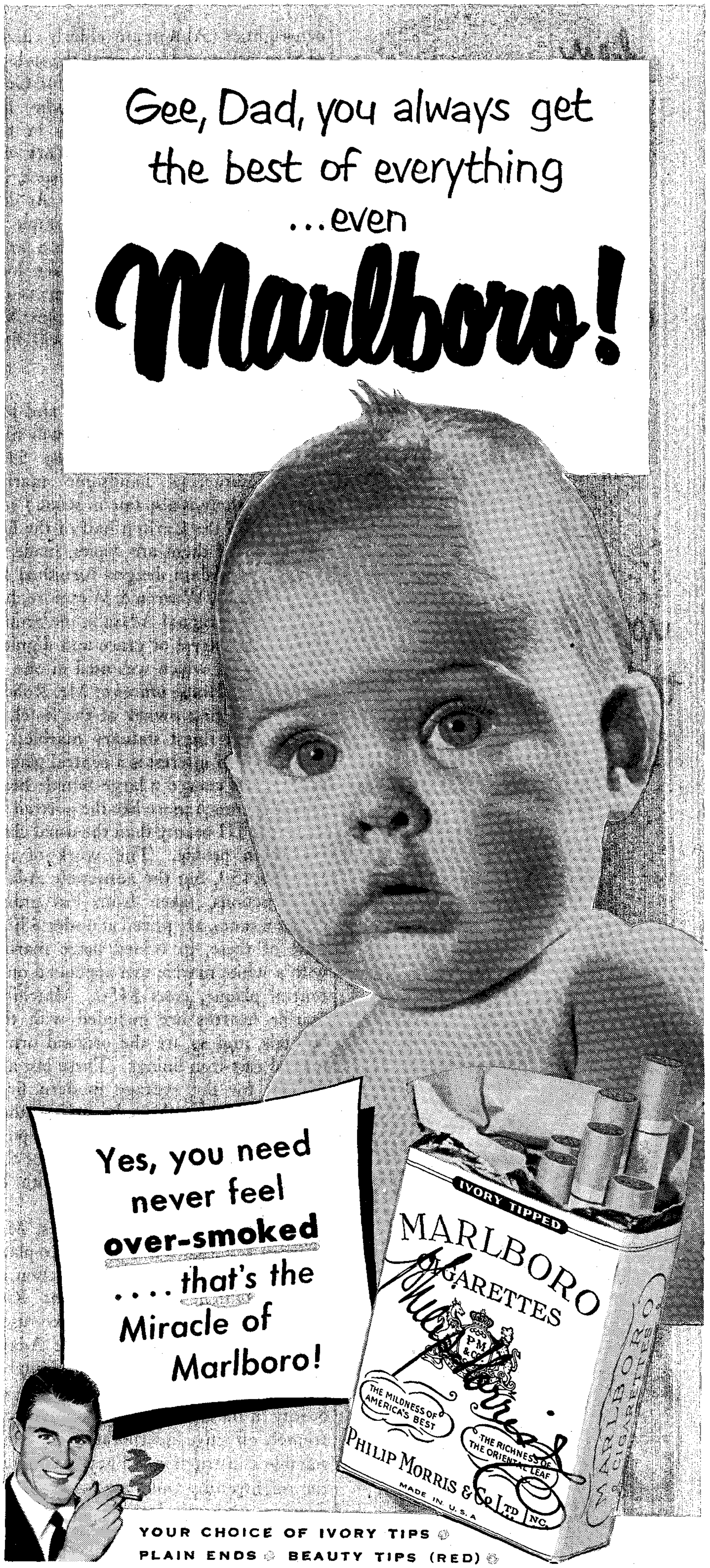
match, and smaller knobs, all of which, although manufactured in this country, are authentic eighteenth-century English in form and in the delicately etched "umbrella" design adorning them. Each piece of this princely hardware is sold separately, not in sets, and each item costs $15, except the key plate, which is $4.

Quite as beautiful, in a very different way, and even more unusual than the knobs and levers from the Ritz suites are splendid, chunky brass locks and hinges that Mr. McCarthy salvaged from the Ritz iceboxes. One could puzzle for a long time without guessing the original use of these massive and intensely functional pieces. Any one of the locks—they are nine inches long and about two and a half inches wide—would make a dramatic point of central interest on a Chinese chest or cabinet, for this solid, eminently utilitarian hardware, which is domestic in origin, is definitely Chinese in feeling. There are several hundred such locks, at $15 each, and the hinges, which are eight inches long, are $10 a pair.

Other recent McCarthy acquisitions (these are sold only through decorators and architects) include nearly fifty Empire *espagnolettes* taken from the French windows of the Cornelius Vanderbilt house that stood at Fifth Avenue and 51st Street. Their workmanship (particularly some remarkable hand milling and some highly chased Empire wreaths) is incredibly fine, but since nobody has French windows any more, the lovely things would probably be useless if the McCarthy workshop had not devised a way to put them on doors. If a lock is wanted, the *espagnolette* can be equipped with a standard one.

Among the one-of-a-kind items the firm has on display is a fascinating set consisting of an enormous ornamental front-door lock, two hinges, an escutcheon plate, and a key plate, done in an elaborate geometrical design of polished bronze on a black patina ground. This must surely be the most august surviving example of the Victorian decoration that reached its full flowering in America, and especially in the wealthy towns of upstate New York, in the early eight-

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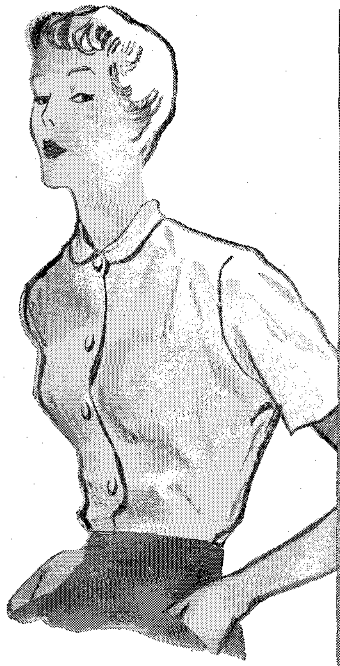
een-eighties. Almost any elderly citizen of Syracuse would recognize the style of this formidable set as pure West Genesee Street, and anybody who has visited the Rockefeller rooms in the Museum of the City of New York will know the precise setting for such an oppressive bit of Victorianism. As different as possible from this example of the aestheticism of the eighties is a large and marvellously carved surface lock taken from the Isaac Brokaw mansion; it is as noble a specimen of Louis XV decorative hardware as you will find anywhere.

TO get back to the flotsam and jetsam from the Ritz, you will find at Edwin Jackson, 159 East 54th Street, numerous handsome marble mantels (there is also one in wood) salvaged from the Carlton half of the hotel. Most of them are copies, made in France, of Adam designs furnished by the architects, Warren & Wetmore, but there is one original Adam in the group, and it is a marvel of grace and dignity. This mantel, which was used in one of the Carlton House offices of Mr. Robert Goelet, the first owner of the hotel, is done in the finest statuary marble; its focal point of interest is a central plaque on which is carved a large female head that looks much more like the portrait of a George III beauty than the usual classic Adam profile. This work of art costs $1,450, but the admirable Adam reproductions, taken from less grand Carlton suites, are priced at under $500. One of these, in veined beige marble with a white marble urn appliquéd on a central plaque, costs $450. Matching marble hearths are included with the mantels, and so are the original ornamental cast-iron linings. These last are too big for the average modern fireplace, and cutting them down is a rather costly business, so a good many purchasers don't use them; the price of the mantel is the same, though, with or without lining.

Along with the chimneypieces, Mr. Jackson acquired a number of fireplace accessories, among them a collection of antique Dutch tiles, which the Ritz architects—mistakenly, I think—used in some cases as linings for the Adam fireplaces. The tiles, all in the inimitable deep blue of old delft, are things of beauty in themselves, and would be extremely effective incorporated in a more suitable construction. They date from the eighteenth and late seventeenth century, and are decorated with such designs as children at play, Dutch landscapes, and sea monsters. The tiles,



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which are five inches square and cost from $3 to $7.50 each, come in series, each set large enough to provide the facing for a normal-size fireplace. Much more in keeping with the Adam mantels are a few eighteenth-century English hob grates (also from the Ritz, and priced at around $85), freighted with the urns, sphinxes, pendant draperies, and the rest of the classical bric-a-brac so loved by the Greek Revivalists. —S. H.

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SAN FRANCISCO,
AUGUST 2, 1951

The Editors, *The New Yorker*,
GENTLEMEN:

I WAS much interested to see in Mollie Panter-Downes' article on Sherlock Holmes, which you printed not long ago, a reference to a Soviet edition of "The Six Napoleons," published in Moscow in 1945. It should not be thought, however, that Russian admiration for the Master dates only from these relatively recent and unregenerate days. As a small boy in the Imperial Russia of 1904, I had the thrill of reading my first Sherlock Holmes adventure—that of the "Piostraya Lenta," which I encountered later in France as "La Bande Mouchetée" and still later in America as "The Speckled Band."

It is possible that true Holmesians will be interested to hear of the strange case of the Russian transliteration of the name of Holmes. Since there is no letter "H" in the Russian alphabet, it is a rule, when one is using Russian characters, that foreign names beginning with "H" are written with a "G." Thus, Hamlet is written (and pronounced) Gamlet, the "Iliad" is the work of Gomer, and Prussia was ruled by the Gogenzollerns. Not so for Holmes, however. Some unknown, or at least completely forgotten, genius—the first translator of the Sherlock Holmes stories, no doubt—decided that nothing would do for the Master's name but the letter "X," which in Russian has the "ch" value of the Scotch "loch" or of the German "*Nacht.*" This unique spelling, as far as I know, has been adhered to ever since. And so while the common herd of Hamiltons, Hodges, and Hoovers remain forever Gamiltons, Godges, and Goovers in Russian pages, Holmes has the distinction of being the only Xolmes.

Yours very truly,
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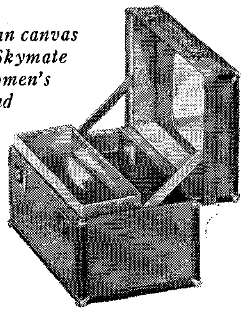

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MUSICAL EVENTS

Popular Records

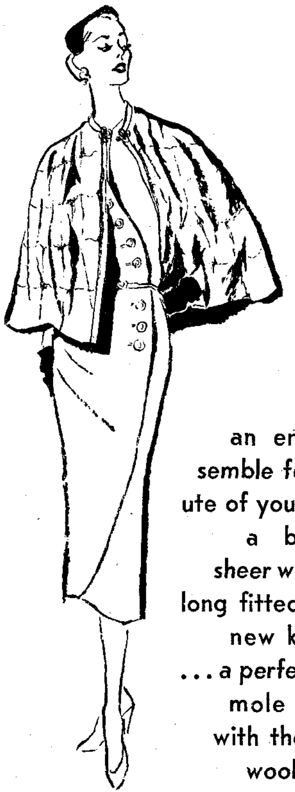
EVERY now and then, some music by Alec Wilder, a composer who also does a lot of arranging, is issued on records. The latest example is a collection, put out by Columbia, of five of his works and three of his arrangements of other people's work, all played by an octet under his direction. Before going into the pieces themselves, I should point out that the instrumentation, like most of Wilder's, is fairly unusual; the octet consists of a standard clarinet, a bass clarinet, a flute, an oboe, a bassoon, a harpsichord, a bass, and drums. A couple of Wilder's songs—"I'll Be Around" and "It's So Peaceful in the Country," for example—have enjoyed mild flirtations with the public fancy, but the greater part of his music apparently appeals only to a small following.

Wilder is, it becomes evident from listening to this collection, an expert and sensitive arranger, interested in obtaining fresh sounds and able to create delicate and varied ensemble effects. Indeed, from what I know of his work—and this set confirms it—I would say that his gifts as a composer do not come up to his skill as an arranger. His compositions in this group might best be described as short novelties, and, for that matter, his quixotic arrangements of the three familiar other works—"Blue Room," "The Japanese Sandman," and "Sweet Sue"—turn them into novelties, too. The Wilder pieces bear the titles "Neurotic Goldfish," "A Débutante's Diary," "Concerning Etchings," "Walking Home in Spring," and "Sea Fugue Mama." Almost any other titles would apply equally well, although you can, if you care to, find some meagre justification in most cases for the ones he has chosen. In Wilder's compositions, the accent is chiefly on lightness and jauntiness, with strong lyric overtones. The music exerts some charm, but none of his thematic material seems to me to be either original enough or convincing enough to make the pieces sound anything more than playful. If that is all the music is intended to be, it is successful, and in this collection it is beautifully performed. It leaves little aftereffect, though, even its charm proving vaporous.

Another example of Wilder's arranging ability and of his penchant for the oboe and the harpsichord can be found in "The Grandma Moses Suite," another new Columbia release. This consists of ten brief excerpts from the score for a movie short about the nonagenarian painter. The score, which was written by Hugh Martin, has been "developed and orchestrated," the label on the record says, by Wilder, and it is played by an orchestra under the direction of Daniel Saidenberg. It is a light, cheerful suite, and one or two of its components, like "Whistle Stop" and "Children's Children," could conceivably strike off on their own as novelty pieces.

THE characteristically firm and rhythmic piano style of the late Thomas (Fats) Waller is superbly duplicated by Ralph Sutton on a new Columbia single offering the young pianist's versions of eight numbers, mostly popular songs, for which Waller wrote the music. Waller was never much of a composer, for my money, and these selections don't count for much musically. But in the same way that Waller used to dignify the music he played by his decisive touch and delightful embellishments, Sutton gives authority to every bar. I especially liked "Alligator Crawl," with its walking bass, and "Viper's Drag," and I also enjoyed Sutton's vigorous interpretations of the others: "Keepin' Out of Mischief Now," "Blue Turning Gray Over You," "Take It from Me," "Ain'tcha Glad?," "Sheltered by the Stars," and a crude but somehow warm-hearted outburst of Waller's entitled "Clothesline Ballet."

STILL dwelling on the recent output of Columbia, I'd like to mention two other new releases that caught my fancy. Both are the work of trios (piano, bass, and guitar) that have been the mainstays of a couple of local supper clubs, and that specialize in subdued jazz, though their styles are different. They are the Norman Paris Trio and the Herman Chittison Trio. The Paris bunch, geared to the meticulous keyboard work of its leader, is possibly the most acute and most highly rhythmic group of its kind functioning today. It usually avoids strict tempo, and here it offers only two pieces with a steady beat. One of them, "Lullaby of the Leaves," is a standout. The other is Morton Gould's familiar "Pavanne." The rest of the numbers are run through with such variations in time that the playing seems to be pleasantly impulsive. "I'll



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Take Romance," a lilting waltz to begin with, has added sweep in the Paris performance, and "Someone to Watch Over Me" is presented as an extremely thoughtful and lovely reflection. "This Nearly Was Mine," "I'll Remember April," "Can I Forget You?," and "Brother, Can You Spare a Dime?" are the other selections, and each has its special merit.

Just as Paris's piano dominates the one trio, Chittison's dominates the other. The Chittison trio plays in strict time, though; its distinguishing marks are the leader's piquant adornment of the themes, and the smooth ensemble work. A recurring musical figure gives a refreshingly new aspect to Tosselli's "Serenade," and each of the other numbers in the set—"Should I?," "My Blue Heaven," "The Continental," "Just a Memory," "Ain't Misbehavin'," "On the Alamo," and "I've Had My Moments"—is enlivened by the trio's approach to it.

I DON'T know their origin, but eight recordings, certainly not new or even recent, by the veteran French cabaret entertainer Mistinguett have reached me, on a long-playing single bearing the label "Jolly Roger" and entitled "Mistinguett." In any case, I was disarmed by the selections (all but one are sung in French), the singer, and the jerky activity of what sounds like an early French jazz band. The titles of some of the songs—"Singin' in the Bathtub," "You Were Meant for Me," and "Who?"—might give some indication of the date of their performance. No matter, there is spirit and a kind of cheap excitement in the lady's style.

AND now for a few single records I'd like to call to your attention:

MY MAN'S A DEVIL and WAITIN' AROUND—Bixie Crawford, with Ernie Freeman's orchestra. Miss Crawford, who is new to me, is a whale of a blues singer. The band furnishes excellent support in two elementary but lusty songs. (*Victor*)

BREEZE and MAMMA DON'T ALLOW IT—Julia Lee and Her Boyfriends. Another first-rate blues singer, with splendid supporting musicians, revives two former favorites. "Mamma Don't Allow It" includes instrumental solos, between Miss Lee's vocal choruses, by Benny Carter (alto sax), Bobby Sherwood (trumpet), Red Norvo (xylophone), Vic Dickenson (trombone), and Miss Lee herself, who plays the piano for the band. "Breeze" is treated as a slow, rhythmic lament. (*Capitol*)

LET ME IN and THAT'S THE ONE FOR ME—Oran (Hot Lips) Page and his orchestra. The first is a rather attractive caprice—at least it is as offered here, with Page's husky vocal work and the rejoinders from the other musicians. The second, not much by itself, is warmly and humorously sung by Page, with the assistance of Mildred Anderson. (*Victor*)

—D. W.

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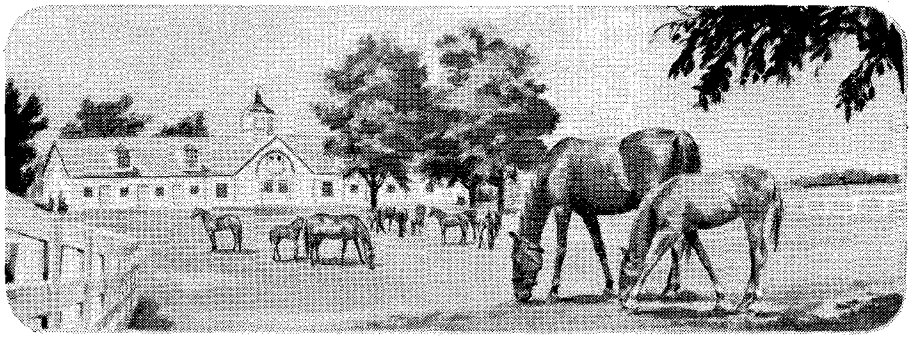

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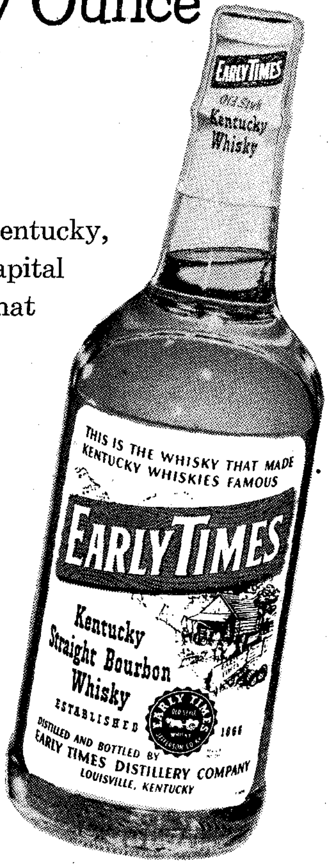
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[illegible]

WRITE FOR COLORFUL MAP GUIDE

A JOB AND A LUNCH

THE most important happenings of our lives—those meetings and combinations that uproot us from what we thought were to be our homes and set us down to live in the most unlikely places, that make our fortunes or break us, that result in the begetting of our children—occur as a result of haphazard, often minor, chances. By similarly slight chances, other meetings and combinations fail to occur.

I confront the curious thought that a very slight rearrangement of events would have resulted in my meeting the Spanish girl who is now my wife not in the course of the Santa Fe Fiesta in 1936 but in the mid-twenties, when she and her family still lived on her father's great ranch, in a high mountain valley in New Mexico. When from that I go on to speculate as to what effect this earlier meeting would have had in hastening, delaying, or preventing an ultimate development for which I am profoundly grateful, my mind rocks. The attempt to consider what alteration in the chain of years, what ramifications of new causes, would have led to what results confronts one with the whole mechanism of destiny and leads one to the edge of the abyss of infinity.

Though it is impossible to proceed very far by such speculation, it is easy to imagine the meeting in the mid-twenties that did not take place. I was then just entering the postgraduate practice of archeology. In the pursuit of that odd career, I might just as well have been sent to the Pecos Ruin, in the southern foothills of the Sangre de Cristo Mountains, in New Mexico, as to the desert wastes of northeastern Arizona, where I actually was sent. Then, instead of being sent out from the main excavation to scout a far-reaching system of barren canyons, I would have been sent north from Pecos, up into the mountains. As the valley of the Pecos River itself had already been well studied, I would have entered the next river system to the east, and so in due course during the second or third summer have come out into the achingly beautiful valley of Rociada.

Once there, I would have drawn out my stay as long as possible, although indications of archeological sites are almost nil. The rich pastures and the small, hardy, close-clustered farms along the fast, clear stream that runs down the center of the valley, the settlements of reddish-brown adobe houses and the forested, rugged, yet gentle mountains that, for all their height, seem protective rather than brooding make all comers want to linger.

Unquestionably, I would have called upon Don José Baca. Young and brash, I would not have hesitated to present myself to the principal person of that isolated land. I would have been curious, in any case, to take a look at a *seigneurie* that, from all I have since heard of it, was more like something out of past time than like anything one would expect to find in the United States of the prohibition era. I would also, of course, have heard of the Bacas' open hospitality.

Then, too, I would most probably have heard that the son, Pino, also just out of college, was quite a lad, and it would certainly have occurred to me that he could put me in the way of obtaining a supply of the local whiskey. I can see myself, the typical pup field scientist—high-laced boots, Boy Scout hat, small spurs, and all—riding up to the steps before the long veranda of the big, high-shouldered ranchhouse.

On the veranda, on the right days of that second or third summer in the Southwest, I would have found two extremely pretty little girls, one about ten, one about eight, dressed in the blue denim ranch clothes that were then so strange to Easterners. They would have been seated in rocking chairs that were much too big for them, rocking industriously.

I never saw those rocking chairs, but they have been described to me. They had long, solid, strongly curved rockers. Behind each chair, on the rockers, lay a good-sized wooden keg, which rolled forward to the legs of the chair and then back almost to the ends of the curved rockers as the girls swung the chairs. Keeping the heavy kegs going just right, so that they did not bang or fall off, required a technique that was achieved by long practice.

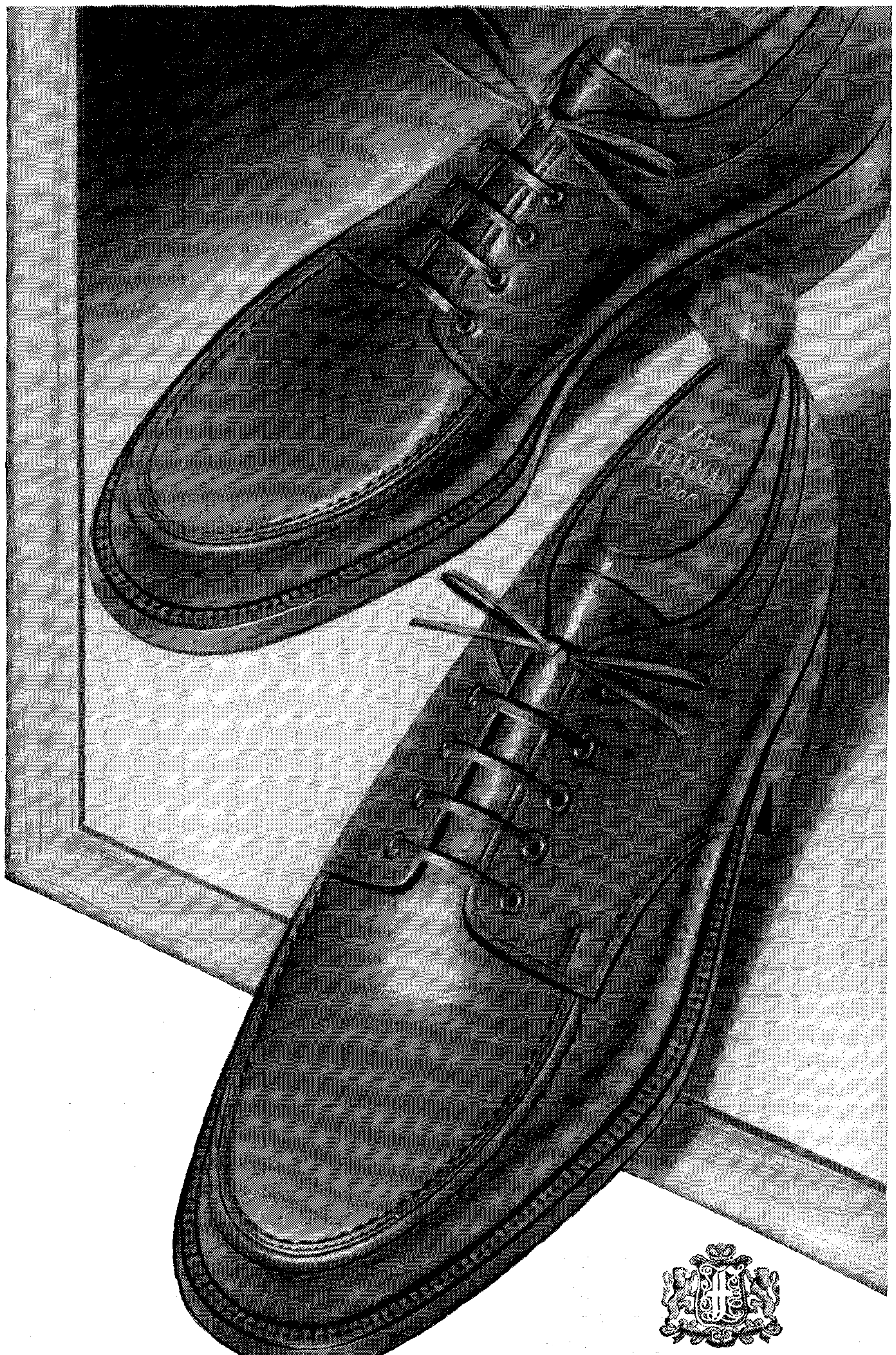
What I would have made of this scene at first sight, heaven knows. Eventually, I would have learned that the girls were aging Pino's whiskey. For this work, he paid them five cents an hour. That Consuelo, the older of the two girls, could be my future wife would certainly never have crossed my mind.

For any definite job that their parents asked them to do, the girls expected to be paid. What was unusual about this keg-rocking, from their point of view, was that it was the only job they had ever had for which they did not demand additional payment in the form of a lunch. For an activity of any duration, whether pleasure or work, a lunch was absolutely essential, but in this case the contract was with their brother, not their parents. Also, the work was done right at the house, and if they felt hungry, they could go to the kitchen and pester their mother or the servants for cookies.

Living in partial isolation, Don José's three younger children developed tribal patterns of their own, including patterns for work. If the work permitted sitting, they took along their chairs—three child-sized rockers, which they had already outgrown but to which they were devoted. They also liked to take their quilts, which originally had covered them in their cribs, to sit or lie on or to wear as shawls, and their miniature suitcases, to hold their lunch, and, whenever possible, one or more dolls. Don José and Doña Marguerite, their mother, permitted the paraphernalia, just as they accepted the demand for pay, without objection and without visible amusement.

There were some chores that could hardly be turned into paid fun. The post office that served the three villages of the valley, Rociada, Upper Rociada, and Gascón, was at the ranch; Don José was postmaster. The mail came through daily by buggy from Sápello, at the edge of the mountains, reaching Rociada any time between two in the afternoon and nightfall, according to the state of the road—dry, muddy, washed out, or deep in snow—and how long Amadeo Lobato, the mailman, stopped to talk when he came through the village of Peñasco or at ranches along the way. It was the whole household's duty to receive the mail and have the outgoing letters cancelled and ready. Whoever was free attended to this. No one saw anything out of the way in having the mail handled by two or three little girls ranging in age from eight to twelve, or, for that matter, by Canuto, a Negro from the Deep South who had ended long wandering by attaching himself to the Bacas. Canuto could not read well, but he had a good hand with the cancellation and postmark.

Don José maintained a commissary as part of his ranching operation. Originally for outfitting his herders before they went on the ranges to take care of



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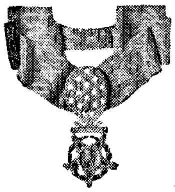

Medal of Honor

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his flocks or his cattle, the commissary had evolved into a well-equipped store, competing with Tomás Lobato's store in Rociada village. The children took brief turns at helping behind the counter. Consuelo especially liked to sell cut plug. The tobacco came in long, dark slabs, which one cut to proper length with a sort of guillotine. The blade came down with a little thump and a crunch, making a clean-edged cut. She enjoyed the feel of the machine, the sense of its accuracy and force. Occasionally, business got so brisk that the children's help was needed for more than casual moments. Then they drove their customary bargain with their father before they went to work. Tending store permitted only the fewest accessories, hardly more than a doll perched on a shelf.

The children's primary business, of course, was play. Doña Marguerite's mother had been a Frenchwoman who never quite reconciled herself to the frontier life of the mountains in which her husband had created his domain. She had kept her daughter close by her side, holding her to a confined, indoor life. Doña Marguerite, rebelling against that upbringing, let her daughters run free.

Ordinarily, they did not go to the villages without an escort. This seems not to have been a matter of protecting them so much as of propriety and convention. When they went riding—not playing on the burros in one of the pastures but really riding—again ordinarily, but not always, they had a *vaquero* with them. On foot, they set out for wherever they pleased, with or without dolls, quilts, and other equipment, but always with a lunch. The pine forests, the scratching, clothes-tearing tangles of oak brush on some of the mountainsides, the branch canyons, each threaded with its little brook, the meadows, the swimming holes in the river were all theirs. Work was occasional and incidental. At times the children's help was genuinely needed, but parental indulgence was often involved in the arrangement, and work provided a substitute for the more varied activities possible where the young of many families run together.

A job that typifies many, and that Consuelo remembers extra clearly, was helping to fill the silo. One afternoon during a period when the ranch was temporarily shorthanded, Don José sent for the three girls to come to the commissary for a conference. Carmen took a seat on a sack of beans, Consuelo on a ten-pound bucket of lard. Their father picked up Pepita, the youngest, and set her on the battered high wooden counter, so that as he sat at his roll-top desk he could see them all. He always handled the question of their employment gravely, making terms with them as if they were adults. This time, he explained that Juan Grande had not come to work and that he thought the three of them could take Juan Grande's place inside the silo to stamp down the ensilage as it poured in. He offered to pay them, collectively, seven and a half cents an hour.

The children asked for nine cents, arguing that seven and a half could not be divided equally among three. After a little more talk, Don José agreed. The children hurried off to the house to get ready. Since they would be in one place the whole afternoon, they could bring all their goods—chairs, dolls, quilts, and suitcases full of lunch.

The cornstalks were fed into a machine that chopped them and drove them with a blower through a great, snakelike metal tube that spewed them into the silo from above. It made a strange, almost alarming noise. The silo had a vertical row of small, square, unglazed windows that closed with a sliding wooden cover. The children peered through one of these openings at the inside of the big wooden tower. It looked dusky and mysterious. They were boosted in through the third window from the bottom and tumbled down, landing on a heap of chopped, dusty, damp, sugary cornstalks. The blower started going too soon, shooting a stream of wind and ensilage on Consuelo's head. The corn fragments stung like hail. The girls wrapped their quilts around them against the artificial storm, arranged their belongings, and fell to work at trampling.

It had, inevitably, to become a game. They decided to be Indians, Pueblo Indians, and the name of their pueblo was Maíz, or Corn. As Indians, they danced, jumped, and ran around. The game took form, with parts for the dolls and uses for the chairs. It was a game, a dance, and a play. They kept trampling and jumping, they were having great fun, and for this they were being paid nine cents an hour.

The ensilage rose steadily higher, lifting them with it. After an hour, Consuelo suddenly remembered the suitcases. The quilts they were wearing, the dolls they were carrying, the chairs they kept using, but the suitcases, which they had put aside until they should want their lunch and quite forgotten about, were buried out of sight. All three girls started screaming. Their father had the machine stopped and climbed in in a hurry. When he found out what the trouble was, he dug up the suitcases. Then he spoke to the girls rather sharply. They ought not to be so careless, he told them. What if it had been one of them? The sequence of ideas was illogical, but they had just given him a good fright.

In due course, the girls ate their lunches, mixed with ensilage, which gave jelly sandwiches and native cheese a new, interesting flavor. The last of the cornstalks went, finally, through the machine into the silo, and the adventure was over. It had been quite the most exciting work they had ever done. Pepita found that one of her doll's shoes was hopelessly lost. She wanted to cry, but she didn't.

Don José took them back to the commissary; paid them off, with proper formality, from the till, not from his pocket; and gave them store cookies, in case they were still hungry, which they were. They went back to the house, trailing their belongings, hot, dirty in a new, corn-scented manner, tired, rich, eating cookies, and speculating as to which cow would one day eat the doll's shoe.

IT was perhaps that same year or the year after (there is no way to fix anything that happened in those secluded years in a sure chronological order) that the little girls had the job of herding rams, which is the other employment Consuelo remembers most vividly. Don José's father, who at one time owned a hundred thousand head of sheep, started out with the hardy, native breed. His son had improved the strain, especially with Rambouillets, until the flocks had reached a high quality. For further improvement, Don José brought in six pedigreed, blue-ribbon rams—beautiful, thick-fleeced, straight-backed, full-grown animals, with long, aquiline faces, wise eyes, and wonderfully curling horns.

Before putting the rams out on the range, he kept them for a while in a corral at the ranch, pasturing them nearby under special supervision. The three girls were enchanted with the beasts; quickly each selected and named a favorite. Carmen, in a burst of originality, named hers Wheatie, because he loved the green wheat she pulled and brought to him. The two younger girls had already given theirs more ordinary names—Angelico and Chico Grande. They admired their sister's imagination.

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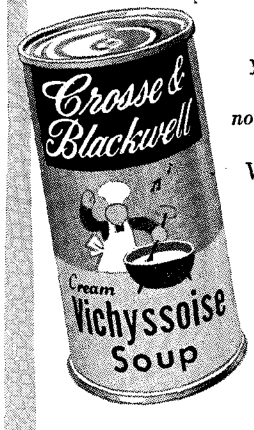

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of the other workmen went to a baptismal party at Peñasco, where they got drunk and took it into their heads to go visiting friends at Sápello. They stayed away for two days. Señor Juan, the *mayordomo*, could take care of the rams in the corral, but for the moment there was no one to herd them. During the first of these two days, the rams were pastured on the green, pure grass of the Bacas' yard. The girls were detailed to keep them out of the flower beds. They were so entranced at this opportunity to be with the rams all they wanted, to feel their fleece, pet their foreheads, and run exploring hands over their magnificent horns, that it did not occur to them to demand pay. They stayed in the yard all day, except when they ran outside to gather long grass and wheat, which they distributed with rank favoritism toward their respective pets.

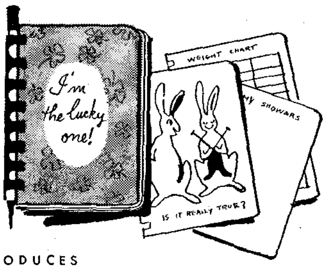
Six healthy rams can graze down a fair-sized yard pretty fast. Toward the middle of the second morning, when there was no sign of the missing workmen, Don José asked the girls to take the animals to pasture. This was clearly a job, so the usual bargaining ensued.

As there might be some need for running, the children carried only dolls, quilts, and a lunch. The rams knew the way, so they herded easily enough. The girls walked quietly behind and alongside the animals, trailing or cradling their dolls—three bareheaded, black-haired little girls with oval faces and eyes slightly larger than the law allows. They watched their flock until time for their noon meal; then they went home.

Before going back to the pasture, they demanded another lunch, and got a big one of cookies and divinity. Divinity consists principally of white of egg, sugar, corn syrup, vanilla, and chopped black walnuts. Then they returned to their charges, who received them graciously. Consuelo produced a length of blue ribbon, which she managed to attach, with a bow, to the horns of her favorite, Angelico. The other girls wished that they had thought of that.

The rams' business was eating. The girls knew that they should not interrupt it, and so they settled down in the shade of an oak clump to set up a social life for their dolls. Suddenly they heard, out in the field, a resounding smack. They started up. Angelico and one of the anonymous rams were fighting. The others shifted about uneasily, stamped, ruffled their nostrils, and looked threatening. The two combatants danced, lowered their heads, and charged each

Page Boy
FASHIONS FOR MOTHERS-TO-BE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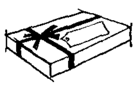

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other with another crash. Then for a long time they stayed head to head, pushing each other, trampling the grass, and snorting.

The girls were terrified. In an instant, the rams had become strange, their very appearance new and fearful. Carmen and Consuelo dropped their dolls. Then they all turned and ran for the pines at the edge of the pasture. They each climbed high up in a tree to safety.

They stayed in the trees, trembling, and watched the fearful battle. The rams might kill each other. Or there might be a general melee and a gory aftermath. Consuelo and Carmen were torn by fear for their dolls, which lay by the oak clump, much too near the scene of battle. Pepita had hung on to hers, but its dress had been torn and its arm scratched on its way up the tree. The children were thoroughly scared, a condition that was heightened by their sense of the dramatic, which even in their fright did not leave them.

Soon the two fighters lost interest in their quarrel and fell to grazing. Everything became quiet. The rams looked familiar once more, and harmless. Hesitantly, the girls climbed down. They picked up their dolls, checked on their quilts and their lunch. Suddenly they were very hungry.

The rams had meant no harm, the girls argued. Perhaps they had really been playing; such magnificent creatures might easily be terrible in their play. Anyway, they were quiet now. Angelico had lost his ribbon. Consuelo did not say so, but she no longer thought that a ribbon suited him. The girls opened their lunch. It seemed mean to eat all that divinity without letting their favorites have some, too. Tentatively, they approached the animals.

Wheatie, Angelico, and Chico Grande were used to eating out of the children's hands by that time. They had learned that what was brought to them thus was generally better than the provender underfoot. When the girls came up to them, hands outstretched, ready to run, if necessary, the rams raised their great heads amicably. They found divinity delicious; they liked the cookies.

Fear dropped away. The girls were delighted. They felt that somehow they had conquered and tamed raging beasts. Love and pride of possession rose within them. They ate evenly, unselfishly, with their pets. Consuelo, feeling sorry for the three nameless rams, divided a cookie among them. Finally, everything in the box was gone. All was

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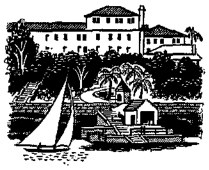

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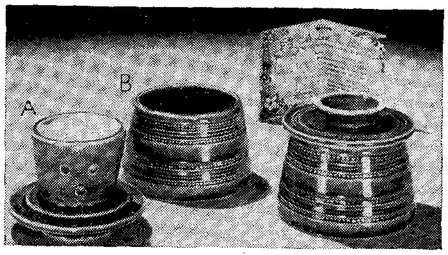

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THE RIGHT START

May 5, 1951

Vocational Advisory Service
432 Fourth Avenue
New York 16, New York
Dear V. A. S.:

When I read your appeal in the May 5 issue of THE NEW YORKER I suddenly remembered that I myself am an alumnus of the Vocational Advisory Service. Things have been going pretty well with me for the last few years, but I can still recall, ten years ago, the sense of bewilderment and confusion, the lack of confidence and self-respect, and your help. I hope that you will be able to help others, like you helped me, for years to come.

Please accept the enclosed check ($50) as a contribution toward your work, and do not hesitate to call on me in future years for any assistance I might be able to render.

Sincerely yours,

(Signed) G. W.

Wouldn't you, too, like to help? Send your check to the Vocational Advisory Service—devoted to guiding New York's young people to *"The Right Start"* in the working world.

peaceful in the pasture. When the sun went low in the sky, they herded the rams home, contented, looking forward to their pay.

The following morning, Wheatie, Angelico, and Chico Grande, several thousand dollars' worth of prize breeding stock, were found dead in the corral. The girls were heartbroken and bewildered. They mourned the rams and were deeply unhappy to see their father so upset. He questioned them, and when he learned what they had fed to their three pets, he assumed a manner of agonized restraint. The previous year, the girls had successfully raised a lamb, starting it on a bottle. Their father asked if they had fed it divinity. They had. They had always shared fairly with it, after it was off the bottle. Don José explained certain facts about animals' diet to them, with the same restraint, but his heart was not in it.

That lamb—possibly because it was a native animal and because they started it off young—had thrived, on grass, cookies, divinity, whatever affection prompted them to give it. How could the children know, then, that a sudden feeding of exotic items would be too much for the effete, aristocratic newcomers? How could a grownup imagine that they always shared their lunch fairly with their pets? Their innocence was patent, but for days they went about feeling like murderers. It was wiser, better for all concerned, for them to stick to simple jobs, such as trampling the corn or aging their brother's whiskey.

—OLIVER LAFARGE

•

At the reception which followed, Mrs. Williams received the guests in a two-ton dove grey silk crepe gown.—*Pasadena Star-News.*

Managed to muster a faint smile, we trust.

•

The glee club then sang Mueller's "Create in Me a Clean Heart" from the 51st Psalm and "There's Nothing Like a Dame" by Rodgers and Hammerstein.
—*Riverdale Country School Review.*

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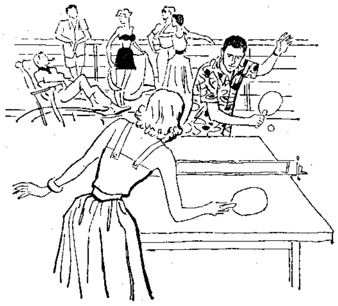

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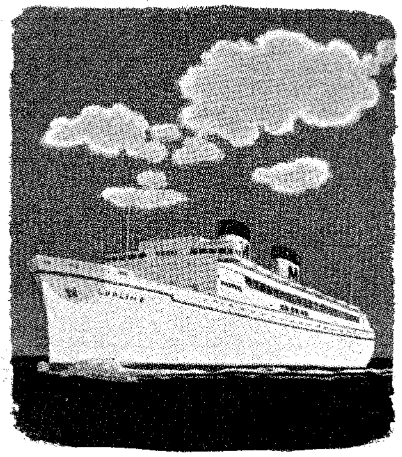

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THE RACE TRACK

At the Spa

FOR several seasons now, pessimists have been predicting the end of racing at Saratoga. They say people are getting bored with it. These crystal-gazers might have better luck if they stuck to picking favorites. Certainly the meeting at the old course on Union Avenue did all right last week; in fact, it drew the largest opening-day crowd on record, and the volume of betting was almost up to the management's expectations.

I venture to say that one of the most notable things about the first week was the success of the Greentree Stable horses. They won five races—exactly as many as they had won on the Long Island tracks all season. One Hitter galloped off with the Whitney Stakes; Hall of Fame, the probable favorite for the American Derby in Chicago this weekend, added the Wilson Stakes to his collection; and Northern Star, who hadn't done much to earn his oats since he was bought, for $75,000, just a year ago, came through in the Glens Falls Handicap. Then Ruddy and Toto raked in a purse apiece in overnight races. Greentree's luck wasn't all good, though. Last Saturday, Row Row Row, one of the stable's better two-year-olds, bolted through the fence shortly after the start of the United States Hotel Stakes, skinned his legs, and won't be under colors for some time.

IT'S not too soon to start suspecting that Cousin, who won the Flash Stakes on the opening day, is one of our better two-year-olds. Although he gave weight to practically everybody and was away slowly, he won as he pleased over seven well-fancied colts. And it was his fourth victory in a row. Jet Master, a two-year-old who ran up an impressive record earlier this season, also had an easy time winning the United States Hotel Stakes. Cousin and Jet Master won't meet in the Saratoga Special this weekend, because Jet Master's stable didn't nominate him for the race, but they'll probably meet in the Hopeful on September 1st. My choice right now is Cousin.

ONE thing you must do when you go to Saratoga—and of course you are going to Saratoga—is visit the new National Museum of Racing, in the Casino (Canfield's old gambling house) in Congress Park. Last August, an association was formed for the collection, preservation, and exhibition of memorabilia of the American turf. Since then, C. V. Whitney, the president of the organization, and his associates—especially E. J. Rousuck, of the Scott & Fowles gallery, and Clarence Knapp, the museum's curator—have worked hard, and they have done an excellent job assembling what in no time is going to be a famous collection. Right now, you can see paintings of the great horses of other days, some of the cups they won, the colors they carried, and even the shoes they wore. Also on view are such items as bookmakers' badges, programs printed on silk, the first Photochart camera used to photograph a finish, and the two pens Governor Lehman used to sign New York's pari-mutuel bill.

PEOPLE who went to Goshen for the Hambletonian last week saw a good show. No buts about it, twenty-one trotters going around that kite-shaped track was a spectacle. However, aficionados are still rather bewildered over the victory of Mainliner in straight heats. After all, he'd won only once this season and his recent form was pretty poor. No wonder he paid a $56.30 mutuel in the first heat. Maybe he liked the footing, which was damp. Anyway, he scored with no trouble at all, picking up $51,347.26. Mainliner is a gangling brown colt, owned by Ralph M. Kroening, a Milwaukee businessman, who, by the way, had never seen his horse in action till the Hambletonian. Because of the size of the field, the race was started in two rows—eleven in the first and ten in the second. Can you imagine starting the Kentucky Derby that way? There'd be such a to-do that it would wind up in a full-dress Congressional investigation.

—AUDAX MINOR

•

The result is like an infinite succession of those *New Yorker* jokes about hillbillies.—*London Times Literary Supplement.*

You can always switch to *Esquire*, iffen you wants to.

•

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[*From a movie review in Variety*]

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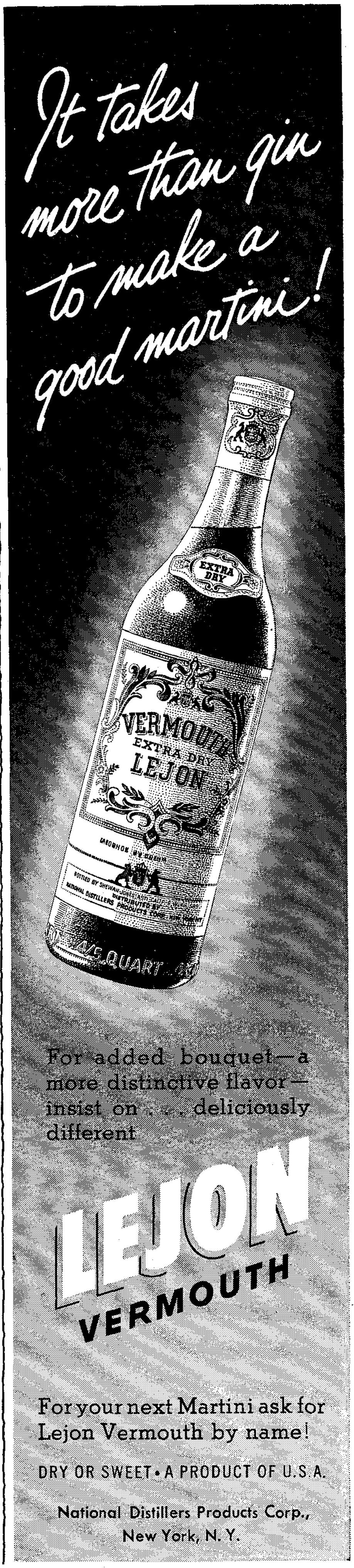

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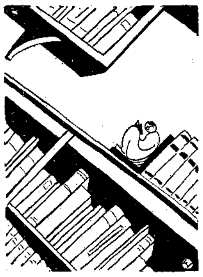
BOOKS

Out of the Dead Past



Ada Leverson was a woman of talent and courage. She followed Bernard Shaw and preceded Max Beerbohm as dramatic critic of the English *Saturday Review*, and when her friend Oscar Wilde had exposed himself to criminal proceedings by his ill-advised libel suit against the Marquis of Queensberry and was waiting for the final blow to fall, she took him into her house and sheltered him. So far so good, but she would write novels. Some of these are now being revived in England, and one, “The Limit,” has been brought out, for the first time in this country, by Norton. My British colleagues are apparently being bowled over by them. “Their wit seems as fresh as ever and they date only in the sense that in them wealth, domestic servants, and leisure are abundant and taken completely for granted,” somebody remarks in the *Observer*. (Messrs. Norton have been kind enough to suppress the names of the critics concerned.) Someone else, in the *Daily Mail*, remarks that “It is astonishing how they have stood the test. . . . Period pieces, if you like . . . but period pieces from which some of our sententious, repetitious, and long-winded modern novelists need not be ashamed to take a hint.” And the *Times* Literary Supplement goes on record as believing that “her wit, and—at its best—her understanding of life, are second to none among her contemporaries. Her style has an economy and directness that belong to a later school.” If “understanding of life” means what I take it to mean, and “contemporaries” means what I take it to mean, we have here a discovery—an equal of, say, Hardy and Conrad.

However, we have “The Limit” itself to look at as well as the critical opinions that festoon its jacket. It opens with Romer Wyburn and his wife, Valentia, discussing their friends and their affairs in a long stage conversation that is an exact copy of the exchange between maid and valet that introduced the cast in the conventional machine-made play of the eighties:

> “Oh, Romer dear, really! . . . You see, Harry is giving this dinner *on purpose* so that Daphne shall meet Van Buren by accident. You know all about Van Buren, *the* Van Buren—the millionaire, who turns out to be a dear creature and quite charming! . . .”

When I read this passage, I found myself instinctively rising from my seat and preparing to leave a theatre, and it was with some amazement that I remembered I was at home reading a novel. This stagy opening scene also contains a low-class booby trap, or swindle, in which the author breaks in on the characters to present the reader with some deliberately misleading information about Romer Wyburn:

> In a superficial way Romer was very effective, fair, and good-looking, well-made and distinguished; but the entire absence of all expression from his empty, regular face, and of all animation from his dry, colorless voice and manner, soon counteracted the effectiveness. . . . His personality was so extraordinarily *nil* that it was quite oppressive.

This is to prepare the reader for the dénouement, in which Romer, by sheer force of character, moral strength, and integrity (I am for the moment taking Mrs. Leverson’s opinions of her man at their face value), wins his wife back from the villain of the piece. In short, Romer is the equivalent in the realm of literary manners of an exploding cigar.

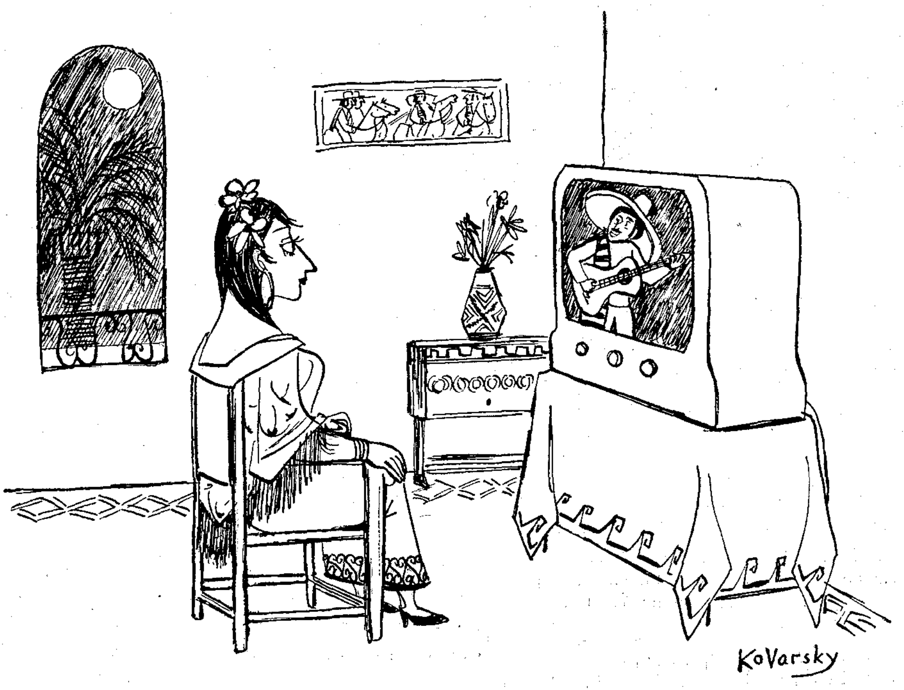
After this glimpse of the technical aspects of the thing, we may as well consider its deep understanding of life. In Chapter 4, Romer is needled by his mother about his wife’s obvious attachment to Harry de Freyne, so in Chapter 5, he

> . . . went home and sat down in front of his wife’s portrait. He often sat there for an hour when she was out, looking at it . . . he was worshipping. His passion for his wife was his one romance, his one interest, his one thought. He had been married five years, and had never yet expressed it in words. . . . As he gazed at the picture . . . the sadness melted away. The frail figure, bright yet dim, vaguely appearing through vaporous curtains, holding an impossible gold flower, had the effect on him of a beautiful Madonna on a deeply devout Catholic. It produced in him a form of religious ecstasy. . . . When she was actually present, she still dazzled him so much that he could show his feeling only by listening to and agreeing with every word she said, by doing what she asked him, and by trying to protect her, often without her knowledge, from any kind of pain or trouble.

The inner being of the Madonna is sketched in for us with the same profound knowledge of the human heart:

> At the end of the season, they would go down to the Green Gate, the lovely country house with the dream garden as Valentia called it, all built, planted, and arranged on purpose for her. Valentia was more herself at the Green Gate than anywhere else. Leisure suited her, and roses.

I will pass rapidly over the next twenty-eight chapters, all full of such good things, and come to the big climactic moment. Romer has gone for a walk by himself at the Green Gate, to leave the field clear for his wife and Harry to work up a compromising situation. A nail comes up through the sole of his shoe and bites him after he has walked half a mile, because he has to be brought back to witness the scene. Since he has to overhear it and not just walk in on it, he decides, as he is limping home, to tiptoe in, slip upstairs to change his shoes, and then “surprise them by coming to



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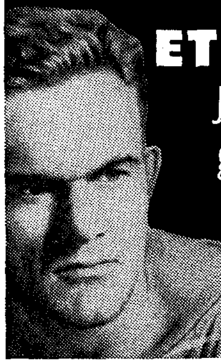

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tea in the garden." Naturally, his bedroom window opens over the veranda on which the guilty pair are having their heart-to-heart talk. Romer sees his wife weeping and hears her lover saying that he intends to throw her over, because a girl with seven thousand a year and a place in the country who is willing to marry him has turned up. Adultery with Valentia is a non-profit venture, so that is that.

What does Romer do? Kick Harry out and tell his wife not to be such a fool as to cry over a male cocotte? Not a bit of it. He gets Harry alone and bullies him into going back to Valentia:

> "I find that your — friendship, instead of being a pleasure to her, is making her miserable. For some reason she likes to have you about. She doesn't wish you to marry Miss Walmer. Well, you shan't. Do you hear that? You shan't. . . . Valentia's got to be happy. You're not going to have everything *you* want. You can surely make a little sacrifice to be her friend! . . . We've been married five years, and I've never said a word or done a thing that she didn't like. And *you* made her cry. You! You made her cry!"

And what does Valentia do when she finds how deeply her husband has insulted her by supposing that she would be delighted by the involuntary return of the man who had left her for cash? Are her powers of vituperation adequate to the occasion? No. She realizes that her husband really loves her, sends Harry packing, and slams the door of the loathly Doll's House shut, with herself inside.

> Of course she would have loved to cry, to explain at great length, to beg him to forgive her and have a reconciliation. But something told her that he could not have borne it; that the subject must never be touched; that she must spare him any reference to it—any scene.
>
> So she said nothing.

Her husband has nothing to say either, so that is the end of the book.

One can only presume that Mrs. Leverson's publishers were inspired by the biographical sketch of her included in Osbert Sitwell's "Noble Essences" and by the current vogue for revivals to rescue this dismal stuff from the slag heap. If Mr. Michael Sadleir can succeed in persuading the critics and the public that the long-winded, pedestrian novels of Trollope are worth reading; if Firbank's rhinestones can pass muster; and if the five-eighths of Scott Fitzgerald's work that was drink-blurred and offhand can be smuggled through on the strength of "The Great Gatsby," then it must seem that anything goes. But this book won't even get by as fashionable entertainment, to be read on the beach by young ladies in the shade of large straw hats and coated with Huile

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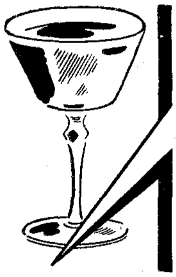

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de Chaldée. This type of reader has gained a great deal of literary muscle since Mrs. Leverson's day. She has now a healthy appetite for such things as the bracing pessimisms of Graham Greene, and for the real wit and more authentic snob stuff to be found in Evelyn Waugh and Nancy Mitford. As for the lesser members of the smart, glossy-paper school of writing, their work (whatever else it may or may not have) at least has the vitality of the current mode. The fashionable writer of today is, moreover, a technician infinitely superior to his predecessor of forty years ago. He has read Gide, Colette, Henry James, Virginia Woolf, Cocteau, Chekhov, Aldous Huxley, and Proust, and has learned from them not only a good deal about writing but as much psychology as he has from his analyst. He is no more capable of perpetrating a husband who can claim, after five years of the marriage bed and shared life, never to have said a word or done a thing his wife didn't like than he is capable of stooping to Mrs. Leverson's seedy stage mechanics for getting people "on" and "off." If "The Limit" is worth reading at all, it is as a demonstration of the vast improvement in taste, technique, and plain common sense in the fashionable novel that has resulted from the triumph of feminism and the disappearance of the overdressed, overfed, underexercised, undereducated, and intolerably idle nineteenth-century middle-class woman. It is only in the proletarianized literature of the pulp magazines and in advertising copy that one now encounters beings of the order of Valentia Wyburn, a compound of ignoble wish-fulfillment dreams of a love that involves no gift of self but only an unending taking of gifts and services.

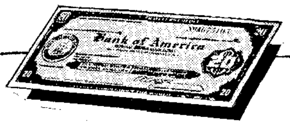
> It was raining—a chilly spring shower. Had Valentia got her wrap with her? He got up, went into the hall, and saw her fur cloak hanging on a peg. She evidently didn't care for it. She was tired of it—perhaps it was out of fashion; if so, she would never wear it. She might catch cold.
>
> He was not a prompt man, but he went at once to the telephone and gave orders to a shop in Bond Street that would result in a collection of fur-lined cloaks being sent for her choice that evening. This would please her; she would smile and try them on. . . .

Leisure suited her, and roses; republication did not. —Anthony West

BRIEFLY NOTED

FICTION

The Cistern and the Fountain, by Jean Matheson (Scribner). A delightful book about a Scottish guest-house and the people who come to



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stay there, at seven guineas a week. Miss Matheson is one of those natural, easygoing writers who can describe good cooking or a comfortable room or a group of people sitting around a tea table without sounding cozy or kittenish. She has a quick, light hand with her characters, and brings each onto the stage with no trouble. Unfortunately, some evil genius drove her to invest each member of this household with a guilty secret, and the last third of the book is somewhat bogged down in a series of lurid and rather unlikely scenes of accusal, confession, and remorse, but this is a small matter beside the pleasure of the rest of the story.

END OF THE LINE, by Stanley Baron (Knopf). A melodrama about American diplomats, their errant wives, sinister young men on the loose, love, the international situation, and the Communist Party. Mr. Baron writes in a clipped, foreboding style that is by no means new, but he handles it well, and is in firm command of all the touchy turns of his story and of the doomed puppets, American and European, whose fate can almost be foretold on the first page. Most of the action takes place in Paris.

THE CONSUL AT SUNSET, by Gerald Hanley (Macmillan). An account of a native uprising in an obscure African outpost, and of the changes it brings about in the lives of the British Army men who happen to be on hand. Mr. Hanley presents his people brilliantly but loses control when crises arise, so that some of his emotional developments seem forced. The story is exciting, colorful, and not very heartbreaking, like a good fast adventure movie.

THE CRUEL SEA, by Nicholas Monsarrat (Knopf). A dismal tale of men at sea and on land in the last war. At his best, Mr. Monsarrat is a dull, often sentimental writer. At his worst—that is to say, when women enter the picture—he becomes possessed by a gamy, winking coyness that clogs his pen even when he tries to deal with a serious love scene. The names of the ships are the Compass Rose, a corvette, and the Saltash, a frigate, on which are all types of men. The men are almost all natives of England, where there are all types of women. The Book-of-the-Month Club selection for August.

GENERAL

CRACKS IN THE KREMLIN WALL, by Edward Crankshaw (Viking). The

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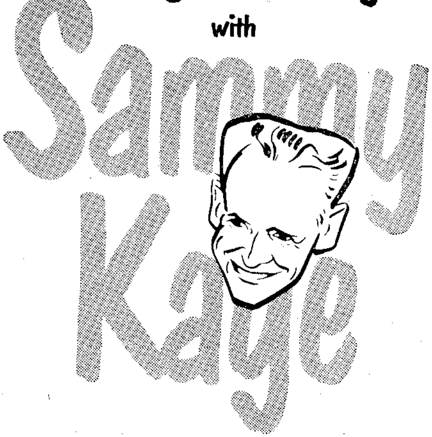

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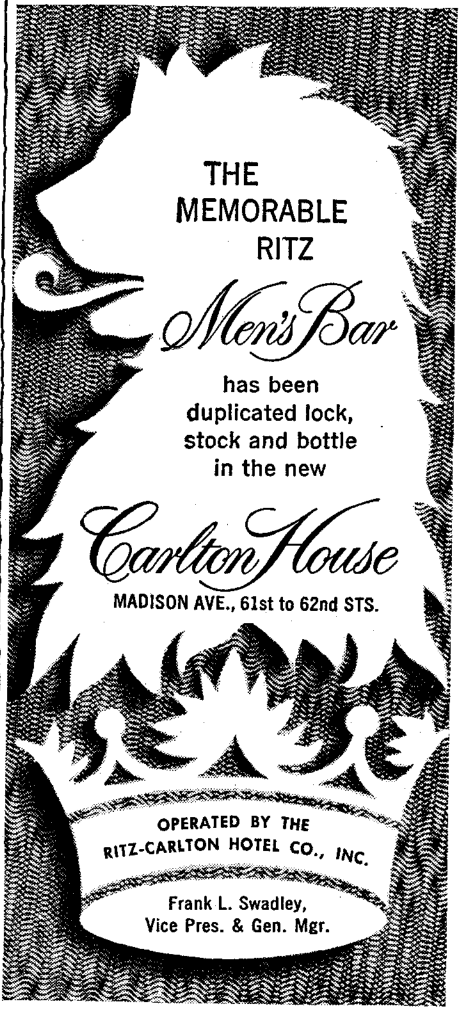

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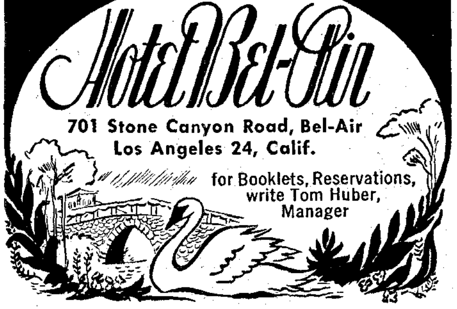

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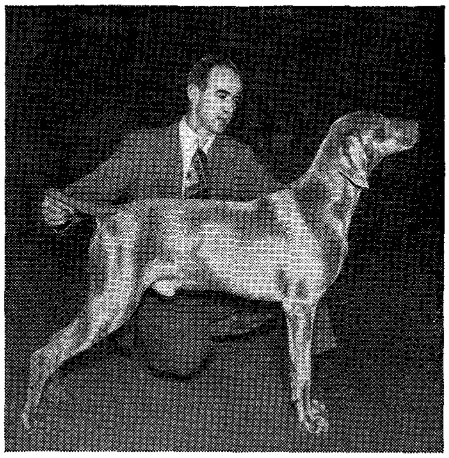
author of this book, an Englishman whose "Russia and the Russians" (1948) established him as an intelligent and realistic interpreter of the U.S.S.R. and its people, here examines the Soviet threat to the free world and finds it a very doubtful one indeed. He believes that Western statesmen have permitted themselves to be panicked into a terror of the Kremlin that is grotesquely out of proportion to the Kremlin's potential for war, and that Stalinism is not the implacable and masterly long-range conspiracy for world domination that the Western chancelleries have pictured it to be (a picture the Russians are not loath to accept), but merely an opportunistic, stumbling, and often stupid means of holding a vast land and a heterogeneous mass of miserable people together. He further believes that the Soviet leaders are in no position to fight an aggressive war—that they are militarily overextended, having an immense home area that has to be guarded constantly; that they have a well-founded fear of mutiny among their people; and that they lack the means, in terms of trained men, food, transport, munitions, and raw materials, to combat a coalition of European and American power. Perhaps the most arresting theory in this arresting book is Mr. Crankshaw's contention that when Stalin declared the Cold War, by pulling Molotov out of the Paris Conference at which the Marshall Plan was being discussed, he may well have assured the eventual downfall of the Soviet Union.

ROCKETS, MISSILES, AND SPACE TRAVEL, by Willy Ley (Viking). Since the publication, in 1944, of "Rockets," Mr. Ley's authoritative study of space travel, scientists have tinkered their way a good deal closer to the realization of the prophecies formerly made only by science-fiction writers. As a result of their labors, Mr. Ley is now able to advise us, in this greatly enlarged and revised version of his previous book, that such phenomena as Moon Messengers (unmanned space ships that will cross from the gravitational field of the earth into that of the moon and crash there) and orbital rockets, revolving unceasingly about the earth, will turn up in the very near future; that these orbital rockets will later be manned, to serve as space stations or terminals; and that ultimately at least some of us will be whizzing off to the moon and setting up headquarters (although admittedly not very cheery ones) for



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purposes of observation or of military advantage. All this, along with a detailed technical survey of the development of rockets, in which Mr. Ley had a hand in the nineteen-thirties, is presented so matter-of-factly and with such conviction that it would seem only plausible for space-conscious members of the younger generation to start drawing up lists of provender and equipment for the hazardous but undoubtedly alluring expeditions awaiting them. Photographs, diagrams, and sketches.

Good Food for Bad Stomachs, by Sara M. Jordan, M.D., and Sheila Hibben (Doubleday). Five hundred recipes designed to alleviate the lot of those gastronomically underprivileged persons who have been advised by their physicians to toss out their frying pans and subsist on what would seem mere pap to an even moderately sensitive palate. In planning this cookbook, Dr. Jordan, a leading gastroenterologist, and Mrs. Hibben, a stickler for the tenets of good cooking, have given imaginative as well as scientific consideration to the needs of the ulcer patient and the sufferer from chronic queasiness, and have succeeded, by various feats of culinary legerdemain, in devising dishes that will be thoroughly acceptable to the unafflicted members of their families as well. This book quite obviously will be a landmark in the life of any hard-pressed individual who has to cook for both contingents; thanks to the authors' ingenuity, she will now be able to set such dishes as oysters Florentine and even pumpkin pie on the family table with a clear conscience.

MYSTERY AND CRIME

A Time to Kill, by Geoffrey Household (Little, Brown). Colonel Roger Taine, who has an almost fatal attraction for desperate men and violent happenings, finds himself allied this time with a disreputable nautical character named Pink, who is trying to save England from a Communist-induced epidemic of hoof-and-mouth disease. In retaliation, the villains kidnap Taine's two young sons, and the subsequent chase involves a nightmare ride through the Portland Race in a small boat, and a fine, wholesale massacre at sea. Mr. Household is a good man at this kind of primitive foolishness, and the book, while not quite as satisfactory as his recent one, called "A Rough Shoot," is still reasonably satisfying.

Lament for the Bride, by Helen

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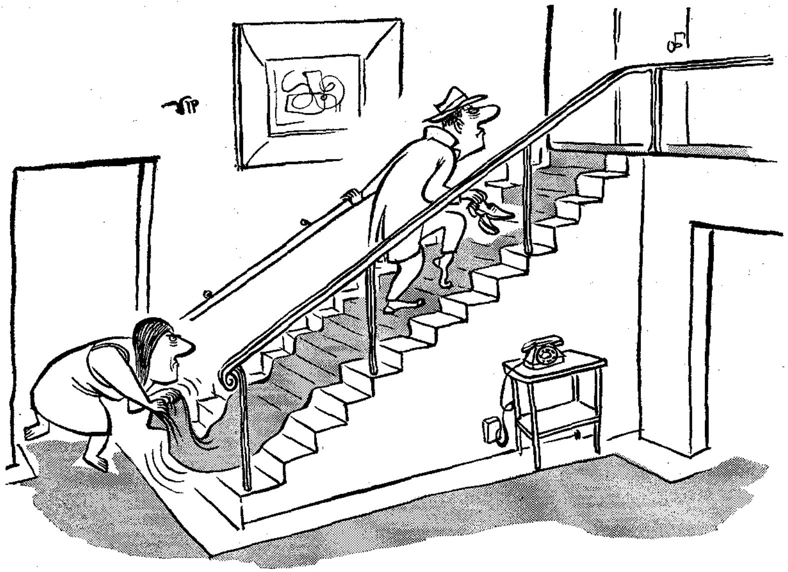

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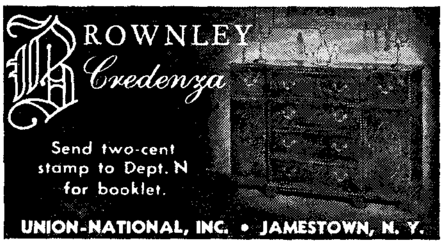

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Reilly (Random House). When her true love gets himself engaged to another girl, Judith Kingsly marries Horace Fescue, who seems to promise peace and security. She could hardly have been more mistaken, it soon develops, because not only is he a cold, unpleasant sort of fish, tangled up with an assortment of ex-wives, mistresses, and other ominous figures, but also there is somebody clearly determined to do him in. In the end, Judith extricates herself from this unfortunate alliance, but not before two more or less innocent bystanders have been killed and her former fiancé suspected of all the dirty work. Inspector McKee, following the trail from New York to St. Augustine to Key West, is occasionally discouraged by the complications of the case but finally tidies everything up neatly enough. Not one of Mrs. Reilly's best, but still well above average.

AN APE IN VELVET, by Rae Foley (Dodd, Mead). The action here takes place in a sanitarium, with the usual complement of escaped mental cases and suave doctors who are not precisely what they seem, and, of course, a couple of murders, executed either by an inmate or by a member of the staff. The principal victim is a lady who makes her living by giving the intimate details of her marriage over the radio, and while she is certainly no loss to the community, it seems advisable to restrain her killer before somebody else gets hurt. John Harland, the detective on the case, hasn't much to work with except the fact that his quarry is a handy operator with a knife, but that, it turns out, is enough. Fair, if a little intricate.

•

SUMMER THEATRE. Princeton Summer Theatre, McCarter Theatre, Princeton, N.J.—Week of July 30: John Barrymore Jr. and Ethel Barrymore Colt in "The Hasty Heart." (Note: due to cancellation of tour by John Barrymore, Jr., Herbert Kenwith has substituted Mae West.) —*Philadelphia Chamber of Commerce News.*

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[*Frank Farrell in the World-Telegram & Sun*]

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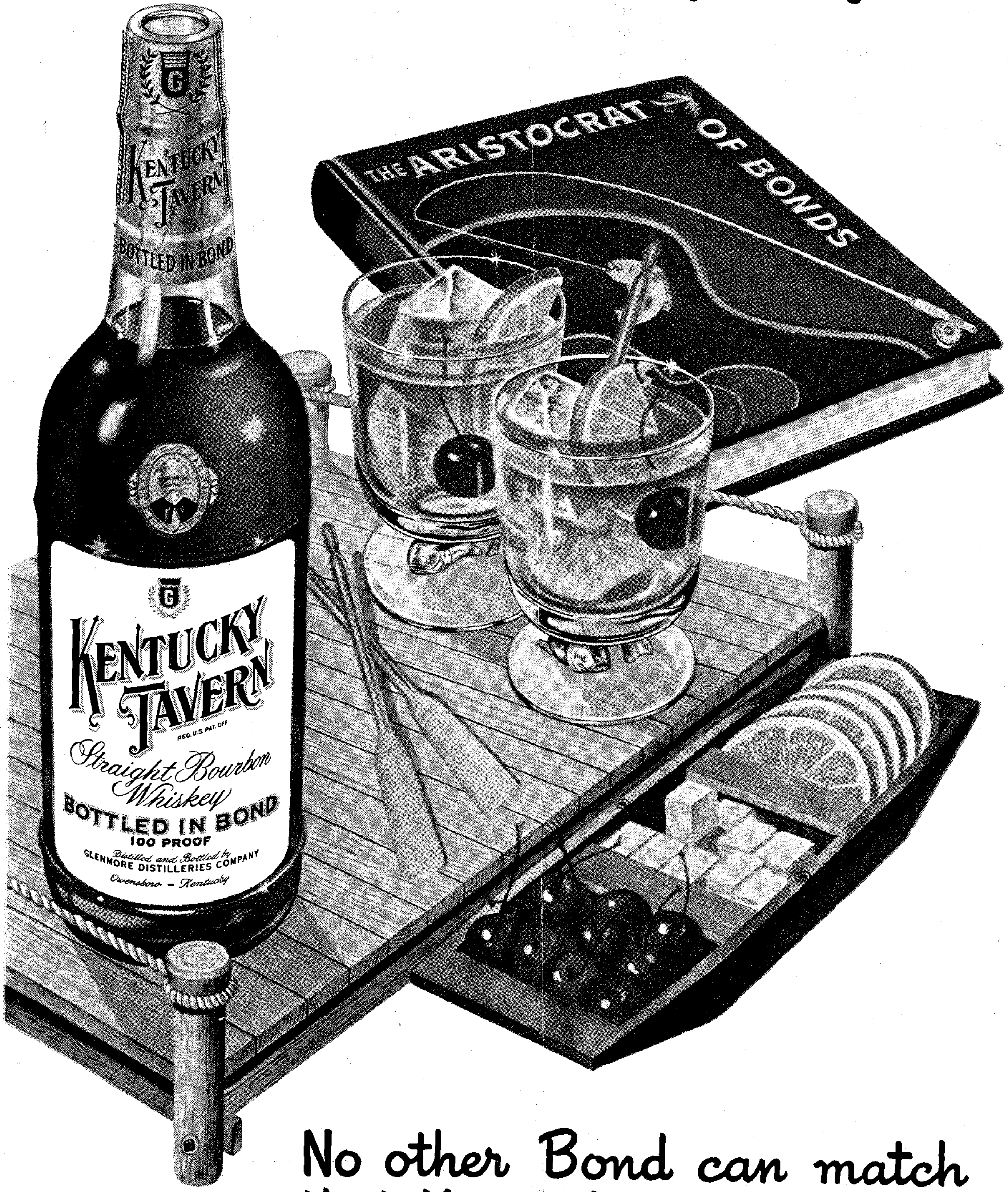
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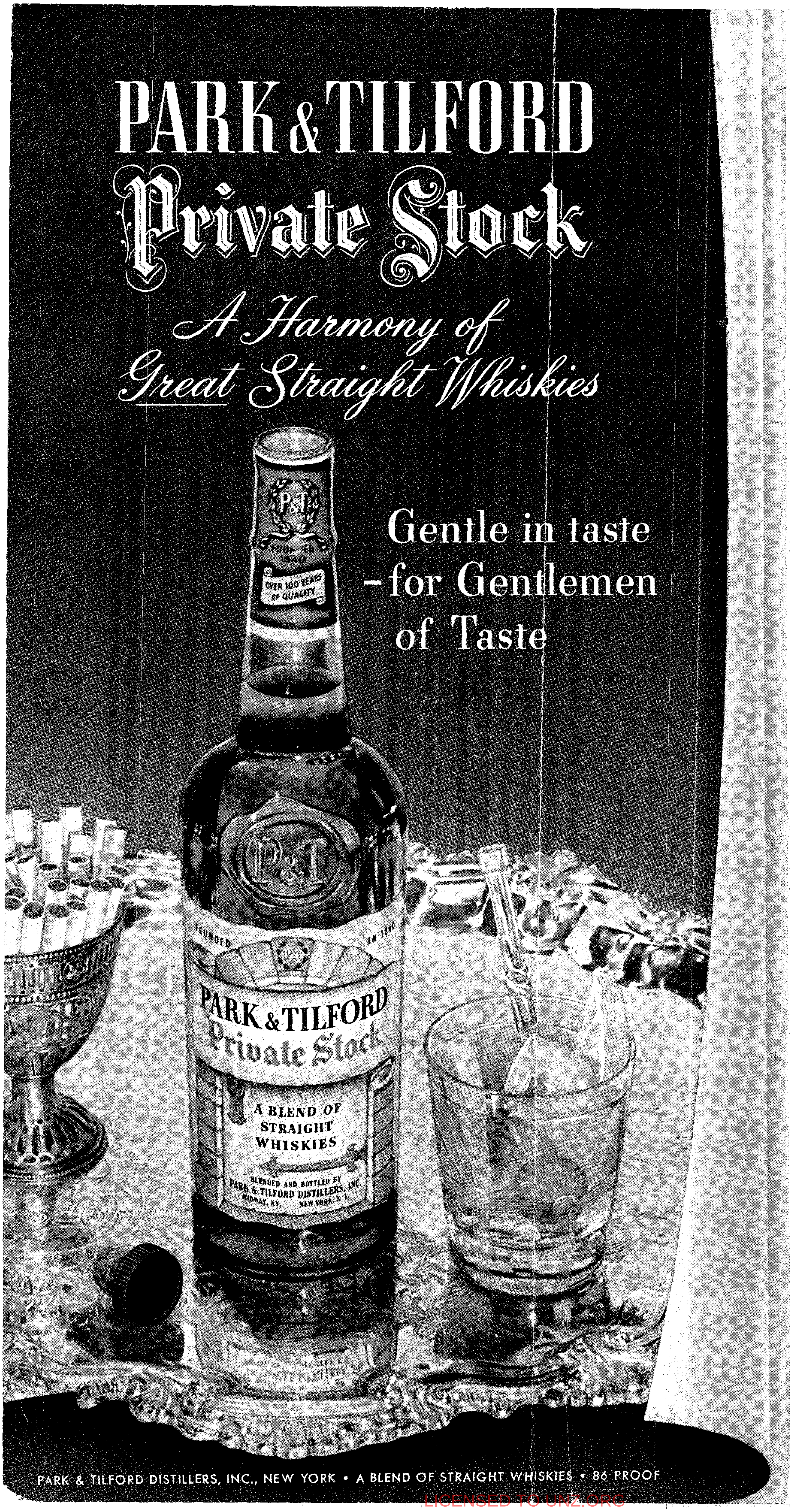
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